WEEK
ENDING
MAY 2, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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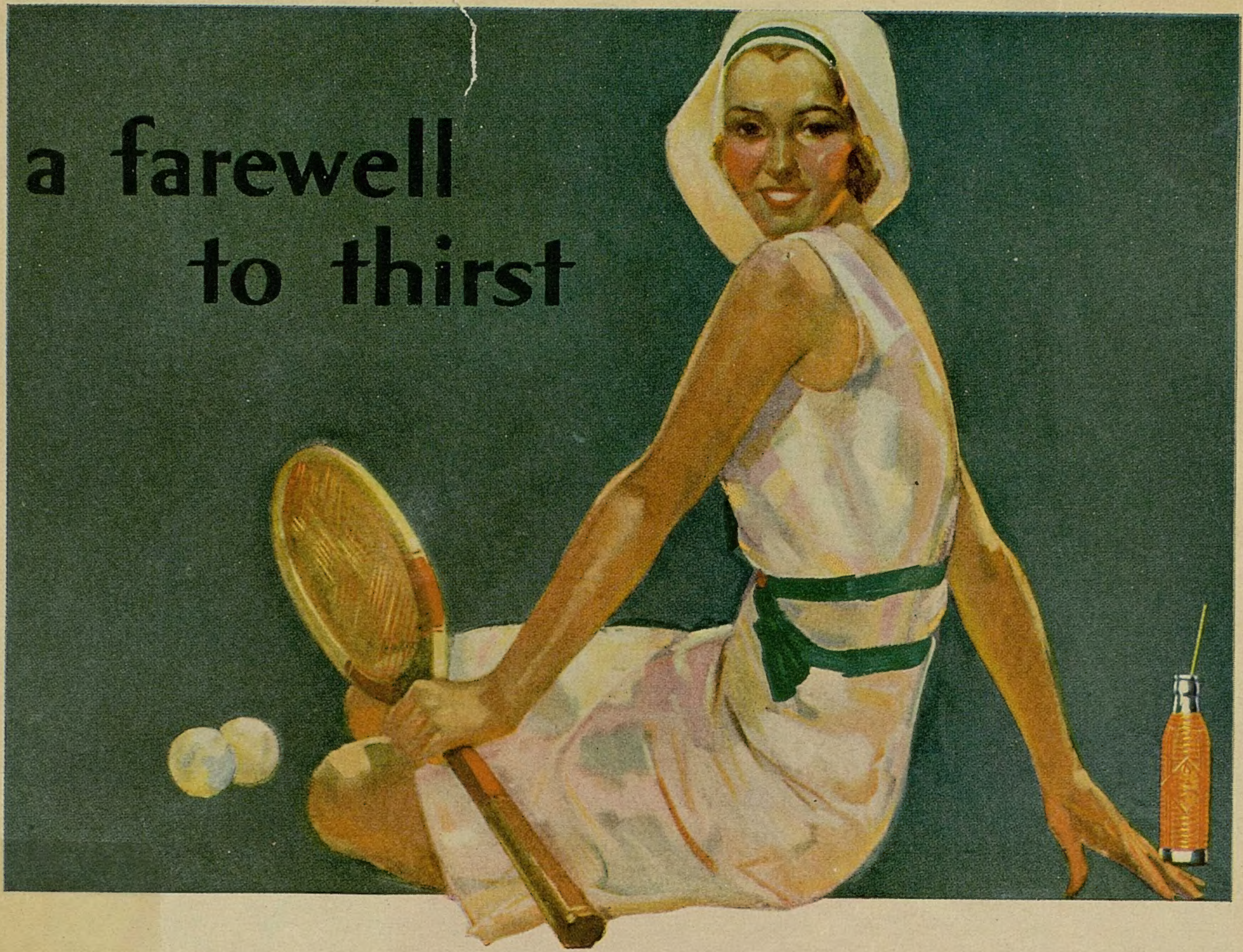
Leslie
Thrasher

RITA **WEIMAN** ~ ADELA ROGERS **ST. JOHNS** ~ EUGENE **JONES** ~ ROBERT **BENCHLEY** ~ EDWARD L. **MCKENNA**



ACROSS the Country Club bar . . . at the roadside barbecue . . . over the ice-box back home . . . wherever thirsts are to be quenched . . . there you will hear demands for Orange-Crush—the natural *fresh* orange beverage . . . Made from the rich, fresh juices of the whole orange, including the tangy flavor of the golden peel, sweetened with pure cane sugar, sparkling with carbonated water . . . Orange-Crush is praised everywhere for its delicious flavor. No after-thirst . . . No other orange drink is Orange-Crush. So to make sure you get it, be sure you say *one word more*—say Orange-CRUSH. On sale wherever thirst is quenched. In the *krinkly* bottle or at all the better fountains

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Say
Orange-Crush

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MADE FROM *fresh* ORANGES

MAY 2, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 18

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE MOST LAWLESS NATION ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

A magazine richly laden with alluring entertainment—that is LIBERTY.

There is too much dullness and drabness in life. We want LIBERTY to be a bright spot that will bring happy moments every day. We want it to add to the spirit of coöperation and friendliness. We want to help all our friends to have a good time, to make life in general splendidly worth while.

And we want our readers to help us carry out these constructive policies.

If you know how this magazine can be improved, if you have an idea that will add to its entertainment value, write to us about it.

And remember, we are just common folks—the editors and workers of this publication. There is nothing high and mighty about us. Whatever you do, avoid putting us on a pedestal. We are human like yourselves, living on the same level. We are just like your next-door neighbor. Treat us as you would your best friend and we will be mightily pleased.

Back of all the sparkling, theatrical embellishment we put in LIBERTY, there are some serious purposes, but our friends are never unduly bo ered with them.

We believe that the gangster is the greate menace this nation is facing at this time.

We believe that the prohibition law has been a tragical failure and that it should be annulled or radically changed, or the States should be allowed to legislate as desired on this important subject.

We are now the most lawless nation on the face of the earth. Something should be done to remedy this appalling situation.

We believe that greed and graft in politics have become monumental sources of evil. This satanic force should be attacked and destroyed root and branch.

We believe that the American home is suffering to an unspeakable extent because of the materialism of these modern times. Money and the getting of money have assumed too much power.

Parents are not receiving the respect from their children that is justly due them.

The rigid discipline of past generations was doubtless too severe; but the lack of this educational influence at this time is an appalling evil.

Life itself is at all times a disciplining force; and if we have not learned self-control, reasonable consideration for others, at maturity, the penalties for our shortcomings are always severe.

We confine our upbuilding, constructive activities to the editorial page of this magazine. We do not flaunt them unduly, for LIBERTY must be a magazine devoted preëminently to live, up-to-date entertainment—the greatest stories, told by the greatest writers and illustrated by the greatest artists—a theater in magazine form, in which we are trying to add to your daily enjoyment.

Tell your friends about LIBERTY! We want to add to the millions that are now reading this publication. You can help us, and we will try so hard to please you that it is our hope you will automatically recommend LIBERTY to everybody.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Write to Mrs. Ruth Stone—the well-known Supervisor of Styling for Hickory—about any personal question or your particular needs. Address 1171 West Congress Street, Chicago.

Ruth Stone says

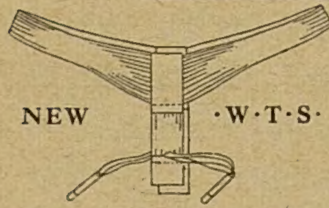
One word solves a dozen problems

Naturally—it's Hickory

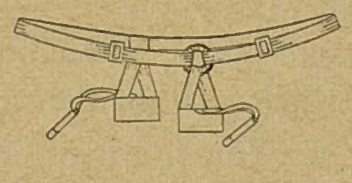
"For most women—and I have interviewed them from coast to coast—'Hickory' has come to mean the best. Not only in style and comfort—but also in value and perfect dependability. Pictured on this page are just a few of two types of the wonderful Hickory offerings you should find at your favorite Notions counter.

"The stylishly correct, perfect fitting Belts shown below are famous for six reasons: they're recommended and approved by medical authorities; they're the kind that never bind; are scientifically constructed of long-wearing, good looking materials; made *by* women *for* women; and they're so inexpensive. Be sure to see the new '·W·T·S·'—for perfect fit and utmost comfort."

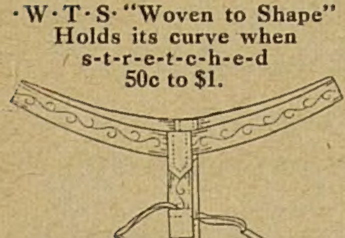
BELTS by HICKORY



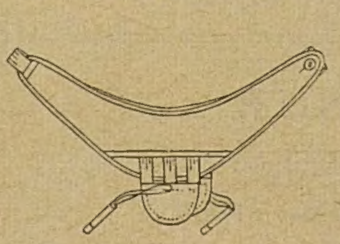
·W·T·S· "Woven to Shape" Holds its curve when s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d 50c to $1.



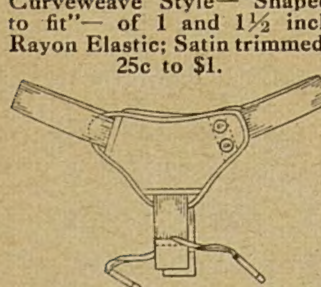
Petite Style, of ⅜-inch Narrow Rayon Elastic, adjustable, with taped-on pins or patent clasp. 50c. Other styles 25c.



Curveweave Style—"Shaped to fit"— of 1 and 1½ inch Rayon Elastic; Satin trimmed; 25c to $1.



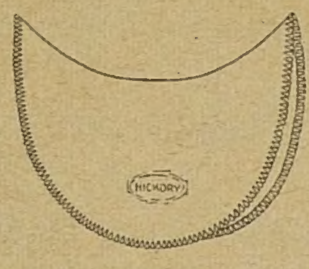
Shaped Shield Style, Button Belt—Sateen Cloth. Waist measure sizes, 50c.



Shield Style Button Belt—Elastic sides and pendant. 35c to $1.

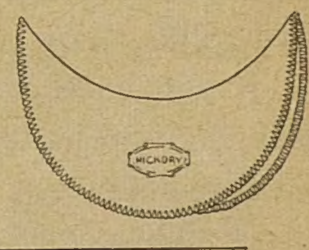
HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS

"The Ounce of Protection"



Fine quality Nainsook, double covered, fresh gum lined. Regular and Crescent shapes. White, Flesh, and Black. Guaranteed—25c to 50c.

Fine Jap Silk, double covered, fresh gum lined. Regular and Crescent shapes. All the season's favored colors. 50c.



"And what a joy are these blossom-light, refreshingly cool and comfortable Hickory Dress Shields! I know you'll be surprised and pleased to find how much charming feminine daintiness, delicateness and comfort these Shields of Youth possess. I find them gaining in popularity among debutantes, Misses at school, clever business women, and modern home managers. I do want you to enjoy them, too. Really! You'll never know you're wearing them—they're just the most sensibly designed things in the world—created expressly for today's modes. They're perfect—fully guaranteed—and so inexpensive."

Good Notions Departments also feature these fine Hickory Products: Sanitary Aprons—Bloomers—Step-ins—Shadow Skirts; Girdles; Elastics; Rubber Household and Tea Aprons; Bathing Caps; Children's Waists and Garters; Baby Pants and Crib Sheets.

HICKORY

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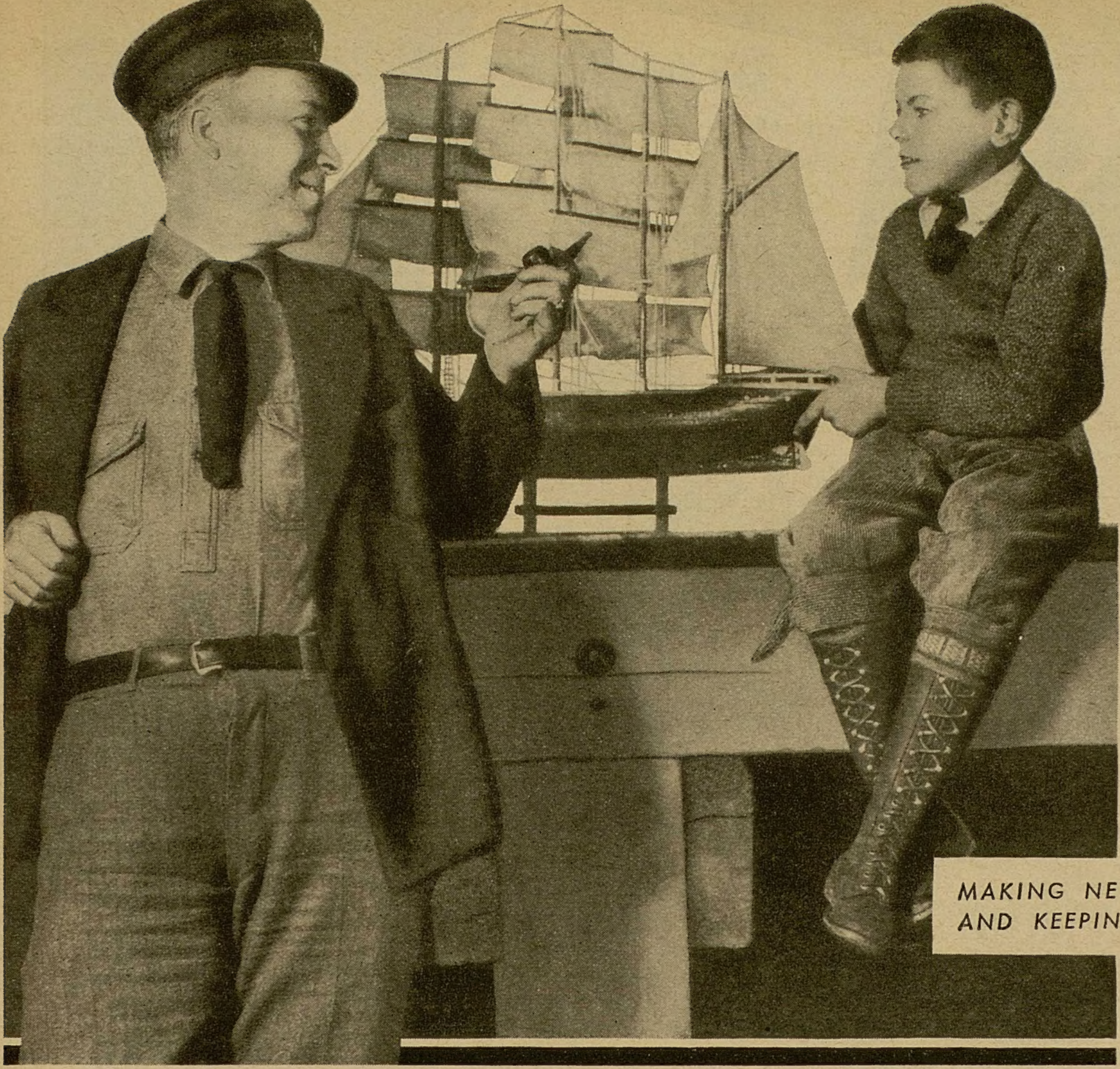
A. STEIN & COMPANY CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO



MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

KNOWING WHAT TO DO . . . AND DOING IT

What a wealth of friendly feeling arises from doing things for people! Knowing how and then carrying through, no matter what the difficulties may be.

Every motorist wants quick acceleration in his car, so we decided that Oakland and Pontiac owners should have that advantage in extra measure. And now it's interesting to look back and see how we got it. . . .

Increase the compression ratio . . . therefore strengthen connecting rods and wrist pins. . . . Build the crankshaft and its bearings to take the heavier power thrusts—strengthen clutch, transmission, universals, propeller shaft and axles. . . . Check everywhere to see that with the new quality we kept every desirable old one. . . . New materials, new design, new precision manufacturing . . .

Was it worth all that time and expense, just for a few seconds' speedier getaway? We thought so, and now apparently thousands of motorists agree with us.

Of course you don't want the endless details involved in giving you more and smoother power, larger brakes, Fisher bodies of even greater comfort. You go by results. And so, with apologies for this one excursion into mechanics, we will let the cars speak for themselves. You'll find them surprisingly responsive.

OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

She thought:
"If you only knew that 'B. O.' is what keeps you unpopular!"
Yet, to be polite,
She said:
"Maybe you'll be invited next time."

Left out again! 'B.O.' (Body Odor) robbed her of good times until . . .

OTHER girls got flowers, candy, invitations, attentions—other girls not half so pretty as she! Why was she left out—forced to be a stay-at-home always?

"B.O."—*body odor*—that was the reason. It killed her charm—ruined her chances for popularity. Then one day she discovered the truth . . . Now she is popular—invited everywhere. Let her tell you the easy way to end "B.O."

• • •

"Imagine the shock it was to discover that *I* was guilty of 'B.O.'! But it's so easy for *anyone* to offend and not know it. We all perspire. Even on cool days our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste, my doctor told me. We're so used to this ever-present odor that we don't notice it in ourselves. But others do instantly!

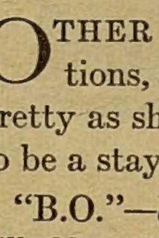
"So I don't take chances any more. I *always* wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. It's a wonderful toilet soap—marvelously refreshing. You feel like a new person after a Lifebuoy bath. No danger of offending now. For Lifebuoy's creamy, abundant, gently antiseptic lather *purifies* pores—protects against embarrassing 'B.O.' Its pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you that you're cleaner, safer with Lifebuoy."

Watch complexions freshen

You'll never know how radiantly fresh and clear your complexion *can* be until you try Lifebuoy. Its gentle, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—tones and stimulates dull, sallow skins back to healthy glowing beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

New

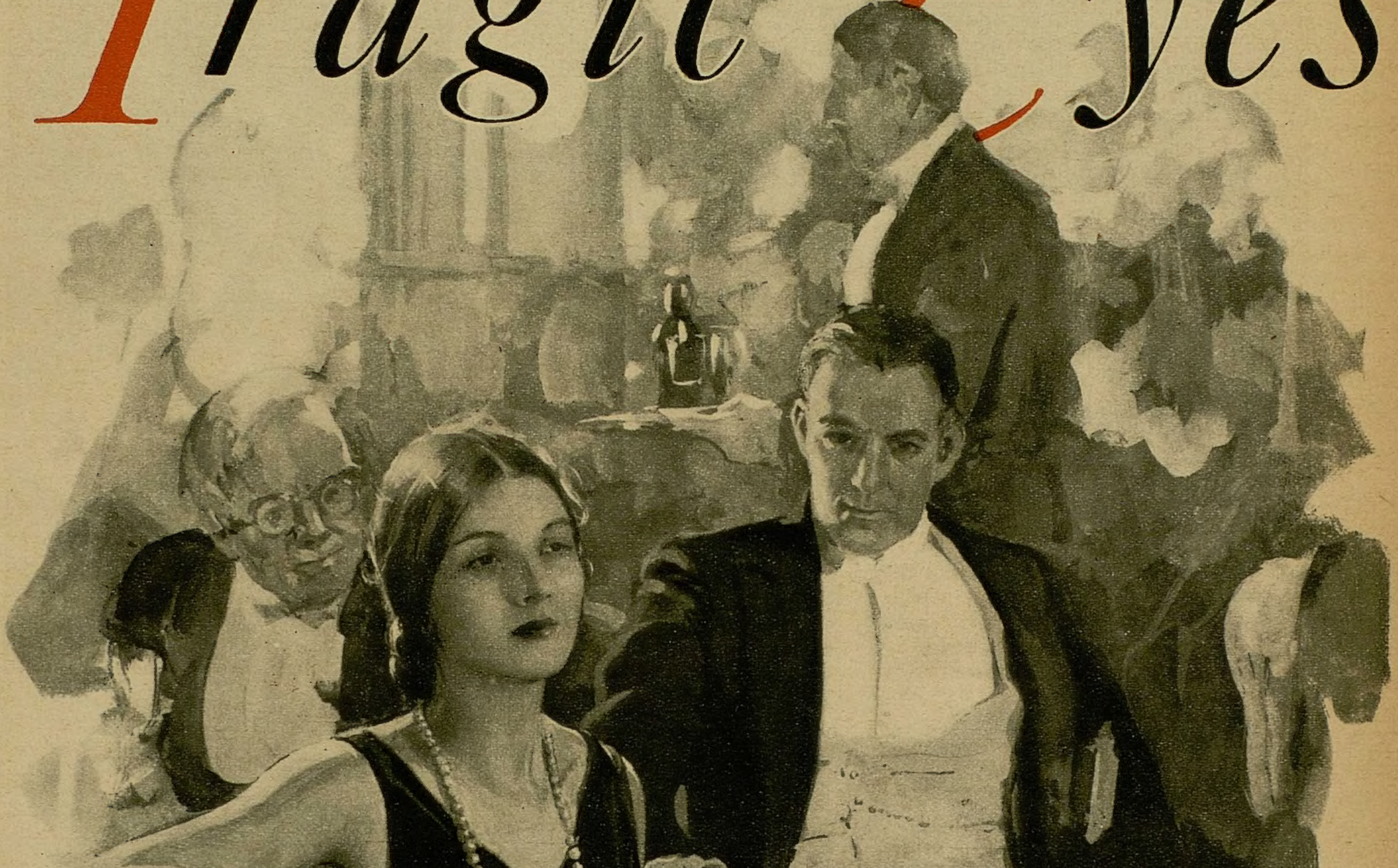


Lifebuoy
SHAVING
CREAM

Tender spots from shaving vanish like magic when you use this new double-dense, soothing lather.
At your druggist's

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—*stops body odor*—

Tragic Eyes



TONIGHT he deliberately held the place opposite hers.

The Story of a Wise Man's Folly

Pictures by
J. M. Clement

(Reading time: 33 min. 50 sec.)

HE thought he had never seen such tragic eyes. Their depth matched the black velvet gown she wore each night as she entered the Casino, silently approached one of the boule tables, and as silently played. They seemed to look beyond a man, emptily, as though filled with visions which had no link with her surroundings. The desire to make them meet his humanly with some faint recognition of his interest was becoming an obsession.

By

RITA WEIMAN

who has been a writer since her school days in Philadelphia, where she was born. Her first book was published in 1917, and she has a long list of novels and short stories to her credit, some of which have been dramatized. She was married in 1924 and lives in New York City.

Nightly for a week he had spent hours in this room, bored by the circumlocutions of the rubber ball that pirouetted like a silly, indecisive woman until finally it settled on some inconsequential number. "*Faites vos jeux.*" "*Rien ne va plus.*" The drone of the croupier's voice was on his nerves.

He wondered what held her to this tepid excitement. Why not baccara, the tension of a decent gamble? But

TRAGIC EYES
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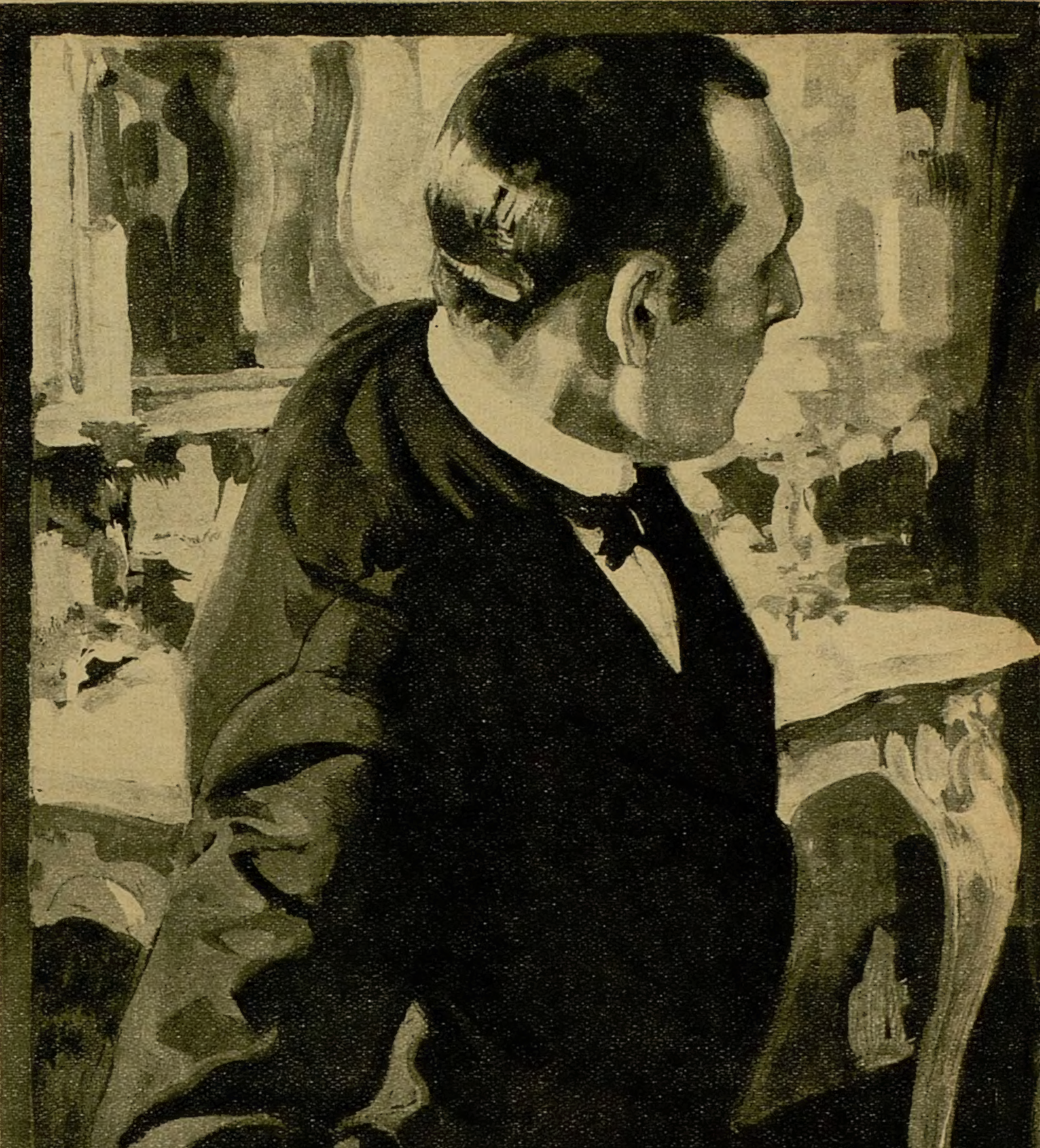


“To think, monsieur,” she murmured, looking up—

she came regularly at eleven and, whether she won or lost, left two hours later.

With resigned patience worthy of a paid attendant, he sat each night waiting for her appearance. As she came along the corridor, like some phantom moving within its walls, an unaccustomed disturbance occurred in the region of his chest. Unaccustomed, because in all his well balanced, well organized forty-one years of living, Judson Potter had never allowed a woman to approach closer than the pigment of his emotions.

Product of New England, his family long the backbone of a state that shall be nameless, he had early dedicated his devotion to two goals: A million dollars. And election to the United States Senate. Both had been achieved. The first through giving valuable legal advice to the owner of his city's most important newspaper. The second, as a result of the first.

In the regulated tenor of such an existence women had no place as a factor. Those who swarmed about him were flicked from his sleeve like buzzing flies. Occasionally he considered the possibility of marriage. But always as a future annoyance, necessary to carry on his name. The functions of biology were awkward and undignified hokum parading under the banner of poetry.

THE Potter ancestors boasted keen eyes and shrewd noses. Senator Judson Potter was a fine example of his line. Among his Washington colleagues he was known as Silent Judson. Even in the midst of heated political harangues the cloak of cool impenetrability never dropped from his shoulders. Tall and aloof, he could be depended upon for self-control in any emergency.

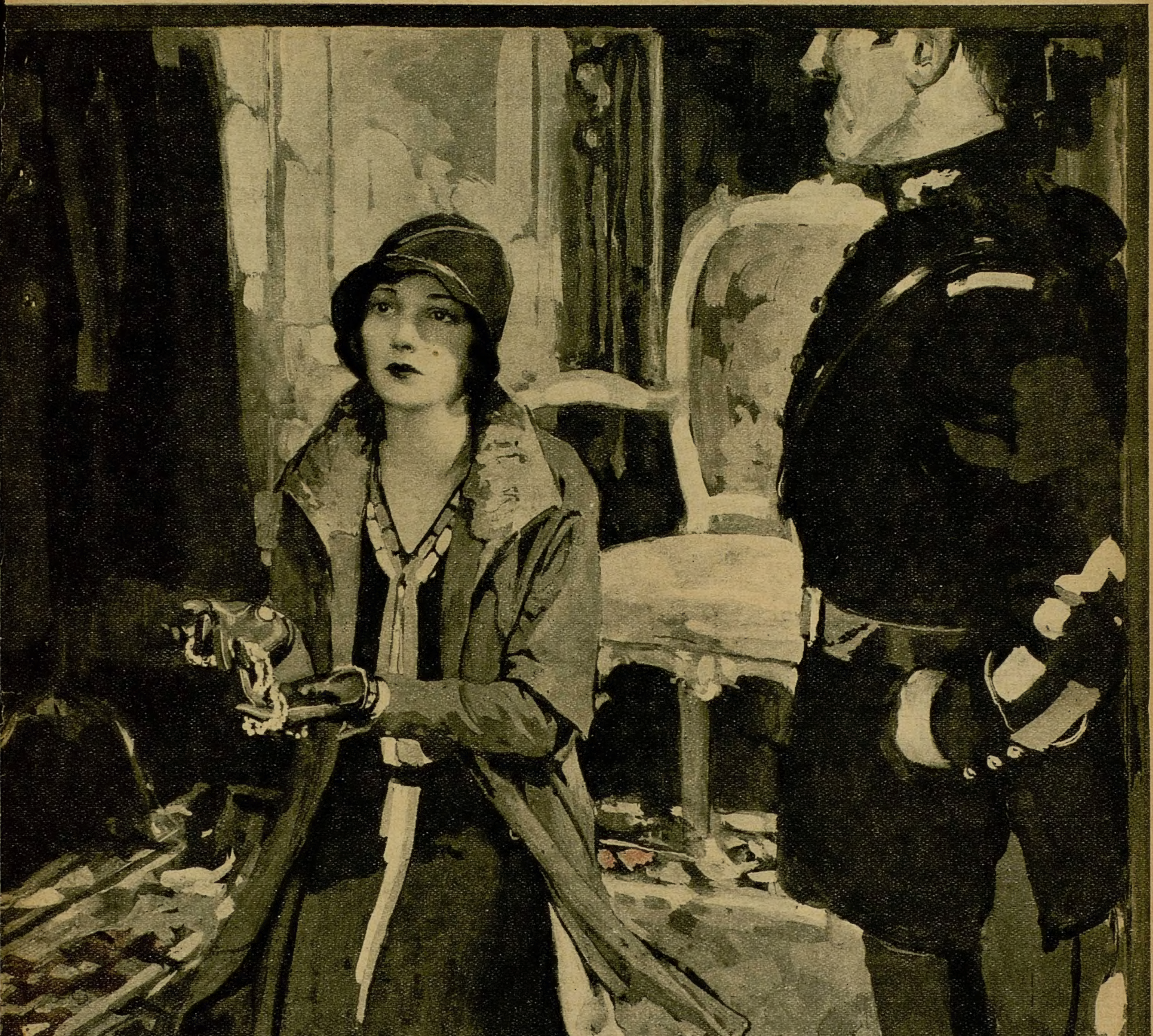
What then did this confusion, this contraction, this stirring of unknown forces mean? Why was he staying on at Biarritz when all plans had been set to meet his brother in London five days ago?

It was early September, the season when tourists evacuate and Continental Europe begins to congregate at the resort on the Bay of Biscay. Glitter canopied the Casino like a star-clustered sky. Glitter of jewels, of overripe nails, of gleaming teeth, of many-faceted laughter, of champagne before it goes flat.

Into this scene, as a wraith at a banquet, glided the woman who so strangely disturbed Judson Potter. The dense black gown she always wore dragged from her limbs as if weighted. Pale hair swept back from her forehead with the symmetry of carved marble. Against the ghost-white throat a single strand of pearls looked actually rose-tinted. She was etched in clouds, draped in mist. Yet, with all her tragic suggestion of another world, Judson suspected a throbbing vitality. Burning coals under ashes. She made the other women look like painted marionettes.

Tonight he deliberately held the place opposite hers, watching the white arm flash across the green table, fascinated by his desire to reach out and discover whether her flesh was cold or warm to the touch. An insane desire. Fortunately she could have not the slightest consciousness that for seven nights the imaginations of the calm American in boiled shirt and impeccable evening dress had been toying with such an idea. He watched the chips fall from her fingers mechanically on number seven. She always selected one number and played it throughout an entire evening. Tonight she won. Quite a sum for one who risked only fifty or a hundred francs at a time. But whether luck was for or against her, the expression of those doomed eyes did not change.

Rain was slashing against the wide windows. Presently there came the rumble of far thunder, marching



"to think you should have so outraged a woman who trusted you!"

nearer like a battery of guns. The skies tore apart in a blinding white flame that might have signaled Judgment Day. Then the whole place went pitchy black.

Silence held for a second, followed by laughter. That curious, nervous, disembodied laughter, drifting through the darkness of long halls. Hum of whispering voices, the frightened child instinct to whisper in the dark. Shuffling feet sounded along glazed floors. Although the curtains were drawn, lightning struck through and played eerily across the walls.

It lasted only a moment or so. Almost immediately the lights flashed on again. Judson Potter glanced at the woman. She had not stirred. But her face held a look of rigid terror. She brushed a hand across it as if to wipe out the expression, and pushed back her chair.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRAGIC EYES
Continued from page nine

Judson waited until she had cashed the pile of chips, then followed quickly out of the salon. He kept a few paces behind as she went down the corridor to the women's check room. When she came through the doorway, he was outside, turning up his overcoat collar against the pelting rain.

Judson counted on two contingencies. First, the impossibility of corralling a taxi on such a night—and he had observed she had no car. Second, the fact that she could not wait indefinitely on the chance of one arriving with passengers who would dismiss it.

The doorman signaled helplessly. Judson made no move to call his own limousine, which stood in the parking space, his chauffeur dozing inside.

"*Je regrette, madame,*" apologized the attendant. "*C'est formidable.*"

His glance swept the regiment of cars. A despairing lift of the shoulders, and Judson heard her instructing the man to telephone the nearest garage.

It was the cue he had waited for. He approached the doorman and placed his car at madame's service.

She turned when the message was delivered.

"You are most kind." Her voice had a foggy cadence, like muffled music. The English was slow, with the careful choice of words that made it sound charming on foreign lips.

SHE said nothing more until Judson helped her into the car.

"If you'll give my man the address," he suggested, "he'll take you wherever you want to go."

It was merely a gesture. He felt certain she would not reward his courtesy by asking him to wait at the Casino while she drove home.

"But you will accompany me," she said quickly. "That is, if you wish."

He slipped a hundred francs into the doorman's hand. The door slammed upon that swift intimacy generated by the shut-in sense of a comfortable car on a stormy night.

Judson settled back with the satisfaction of achievement. His companion sat with eyes closed for a moment. Then she turned to him and spoke softly:

"I am grateful to you for more than the use of your car. For your escort, monsieur. I am so afraid—"

"Of the storm?" he put, recalling her fixed look of terror.

"No. Of the dark," she corrected. "That sounds absurd. But I cannot bear darkness. It—it chokes me. You may have noticed—when the lights went out—at the Casino."

"Yes," he confessed. "I saw how frightened you were."

"I was a little ashamed—that you saw."

"Then you knew I was watching you?"

"Yes."

"It wasn't the first time."

"No—I know that also."

"How long have you known?"

"For almost a week."

"Then I must apologize for my rudeness."

"Not at all. Americans do not look at women in the manner of Continentals. They do not strip them with a glance."

Judson looked hastily out of the rain-draped window. Did she realize his concentration on the white arm that lay luminously against her velvet cape within a few inches of his hand?

"You don't resent my interest?" he hazarded.

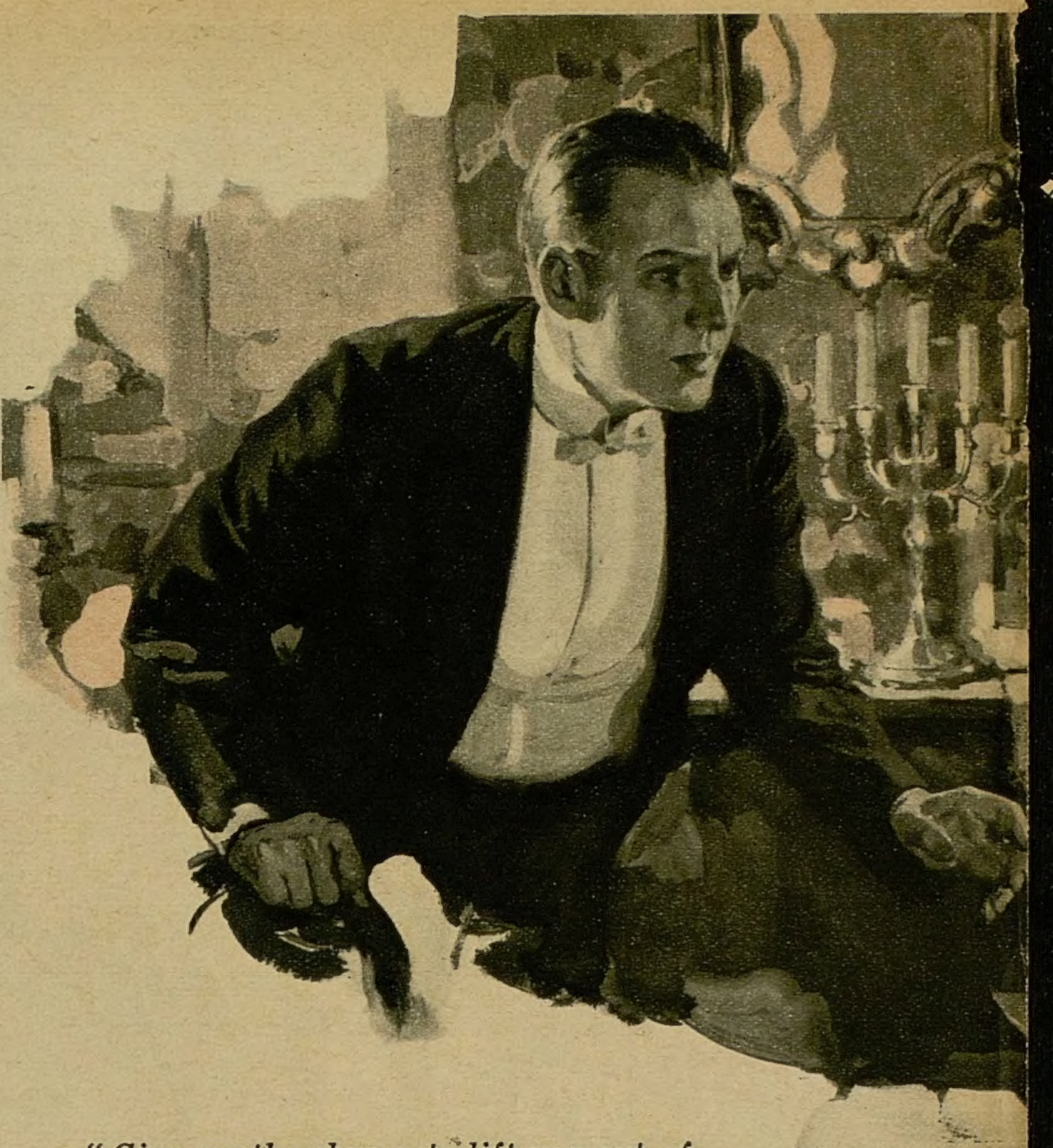
"No. I have merely been wondering why you chose me—among all those beautiful women."

"They're—tarnish."

"And I?" She said it completely without guile.

"Real," Judson answered, turning to her again. A black hood attached to her cape was drawn over the pale hair. It blocked out all but the chiseled line of her profile. "I know nothing about you. Whether you're French, Scandinavian, or—"

"Russian," she supplied briefly. "My name is Marie Politcheff."



"Give me the chance to lift you out of the misery of all this."

They swung round the Place de la Liberté and along the broad avenue bordering the sea. Thunder came from a distance once more, but the roar of waves breaking against rocks might have been a chorus of drowning voices.

She shivered slightly. He bent down, tucked the robe closer. In that apparently careless gesture his hand swept the tempting arm. Her flesh felt like glossy marble on which the sun has beaten.

"That tells you little," she went on, miles away from Judson's tumultuous thoughts. "But my husband was Count Alexander Politcheff. Our home was in St. Petersburg before it became Petrograd. I am a widow."

Her directness flattered Judson. He had heard the legend that foreign women build a wall of mystery round their lives, past and present. Well, if she volunteered information about herself, certainly their acquaintance was not to end with this short drive. He did not intend it should.

THEY turned into a side street and stopped before an old house reconstructed into flats. Judson rose, but she held out a detaining hand.

"Please—no. You will be drenched. Unless you should care to share my little supper."

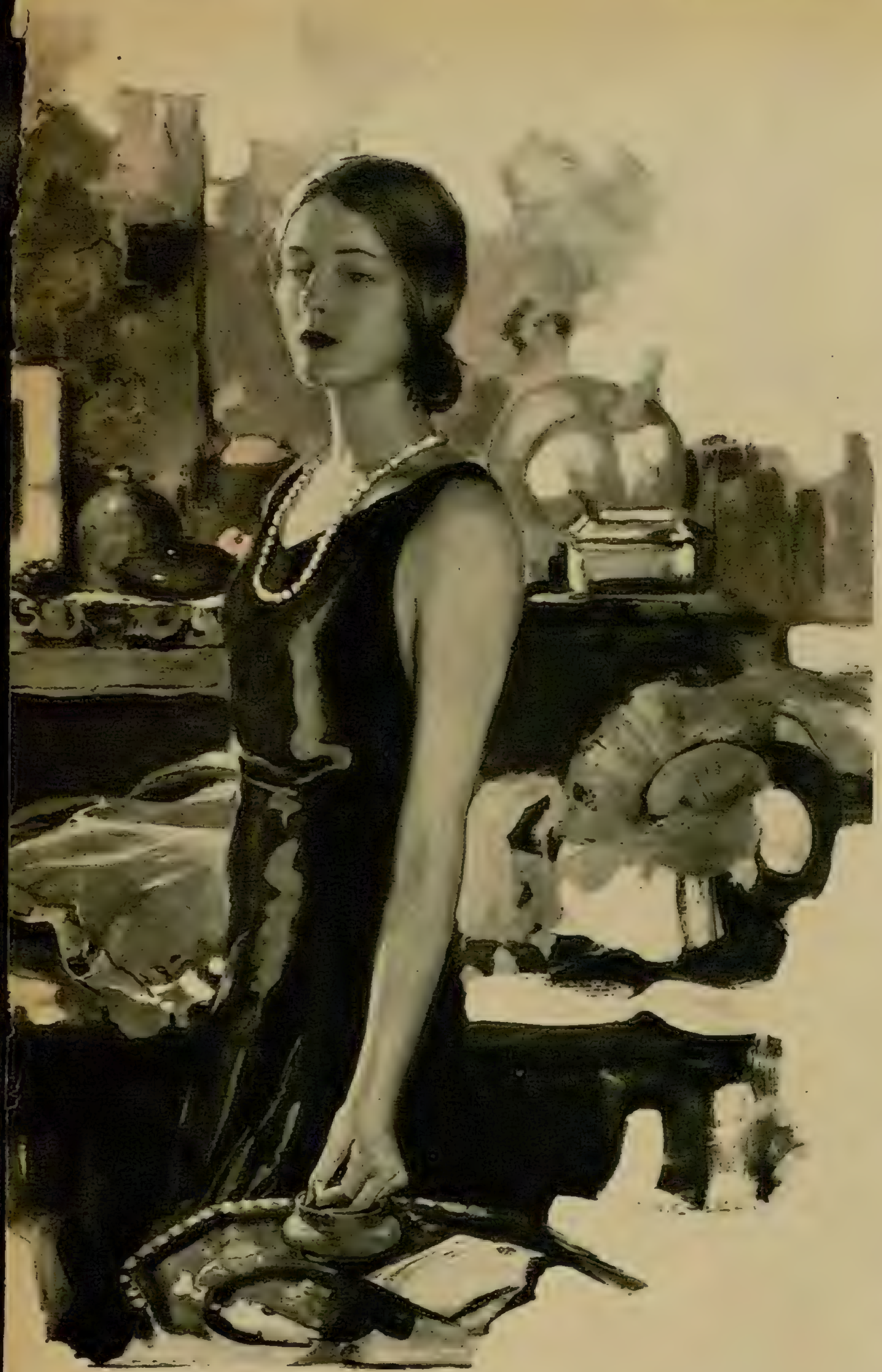
"If I won't inconvenience you," answered Judson avidly.

"Not in the least. It is prepared every night. I shall be glad to return your hospitality—even in a small way."

He helped her out of the car. The French chauffeur glanced after them and climbed in to continue his interrupted sleep.

The musty odor of age hung over the house. Stairs covered with a dingy strip of carpet moaned under Judson's substantial tread. But when she unlocked the door of her flat on the second floor he entered another world. A mystic world, peopled by memories.

It was not that the room held any distinguishing feature. Not the dim gold Russian ikon, before which candles burned. Nor the mellow bits of gold-threaded brocade hanging on dusky walls. Not these any more than the few photographs in tarnished frames. But



rather a feeling of the past, hazy as the mottled mirror over a long low divan built into one corner.

A servant of about fifty, in gray dress and black silk apron, took Judson's hat and overcoat.

She served supper at a table set within the bow of windows across which dark crimson curtains were drawn. Moving about in felt slippers that smothered noise, she gave an impression of being part of the furniture. Judson might have been completely alone with Madame Politcheff.

The little supper was quite simple. Cold meats, a cheese omelet, and Russian tea in tall glasses. There was no wine.

They chatted impersonally. She was widely traveled and, like so many Continental women, informed as to European politics. He told her something of himself. Not too much, but enough to give her the assurance that her acceptance of him was not misplaced.

Over their modulated voices, the casual interchange of ideas, floated a sense of anticipation entirely apart from what they were talking about. Judson wondered if she responded to it as he did, the age-old draw of man to woman which has nothing whatever to do with conversation.

When the dishes had been cleared away, his hostess lighted a long cigarette and those tragic eyes suddenly met Judson's with the expression he wanted, acknowledgment of him as a man.

"You are the first man who has been here," she told him.

"But surely you must have friends—"

"My friends are all gone," came slowly. "Or scattered—the four corners of the earth."

"But, good Lord, it's enough to make a woman morbid—living here alone, without contacts—"

"Morbid!" Her breath caught. She rose quickly, moved to the mantel. "You wonder, perhaps, why I fear the dark." She picked up the photograph of a man in Czarist uniform, a handsome bearded figure, and handed it to Judson. "They took him out of his bed—dragged him across the courtyard and crucified him. . . . I tried to reach him, but they had barred the doors and windows. . . . It was quite black—like tonight. . . . All I heard were his groans—" The sheer monotony of her tone was piercing. "Always that picture comes to me when lights go out. The nothingness. And what imagination tells me they were doing to him."

Judson did not need to ask who they were. Those early days of insurgent Russia ruthlessly turning tables on autocracy were familiar enough.

HE stood silent a second, examining the rather stern face, the bold signature: "Politcheff."

"It sounds heartless to say you shouldn't live in the past," he said finally.

"That is why I came to Biarritz, when at last I could get away. It seemed the change, the coming and going of many kinds of people, must help."

"And it hasn't?"

"A bit. But it is all something apart—moving round me—not touching me. I play at the Casino only to be among the gay crowds. But I have no real opportunity to mingle with them—and no desire. The things you see here and these pearls are what is left of all I had." She touched the pearl necklace clasped with an antique emerald ornament. "Insurance against an evil day." Her shoulders lifted faintly. "I have just enough to live on—this way. And often—I wonder why I care to go on living."

"Nonsense!" protested Judson. "You're young, beautiful—"

"A husk—"

"Beautiful and vital."

He put down the picture, went close to her. A reckless force was driving him. His temples throbbed as though her warm fingers were laid on them. Rain beating against the window echoed a beat in his brain.

The fingers that fascinated him dipped into an onyx box on the table. She took out a cigarette, placed it slowly between her lips. The very lethargy of her movements was a spell.

He flashed his lighter. She bent to the flame. He leaned down quickly so that the ripple of pale hair touched his face. Unscented, with a peculiar silken quality, it felt like clinging cobwebs. Strange, that quality! To an observer, she was marble. Yet the touch of her was velvet soft.

He still held the flame so that hazy light swam like a halo round her head. Through it, as she looked up, their gaze merged. Hypnotically, so that his limbs went weak. The snap of his lighter as he closed and thrust it in his pocket was the only sound.

"You lock yourself up here like a nun," he found himself whispering. "You deny yourself the right to live."

"What is there worth living for?"

"Much. You're the last woman in the world who should be alone."

"You speak of a man's love, perhaps. I have been for six years without it. My own countrymen—I despise them. The serfs have become aristocrats. The aristocrats have become serfs, living at the expense of rich women whom they must please." She smashed her cigarette into the tray. "Bah—I do not want any of them!"

"Tell me," put Judson, "did you want me to come home with you tonight? Or was it just a courtesy?"

The flicker of a smile touched her lips.

"I do not do things because of courtesy."

"But you must know I deliberately put myself in your way. You must have known it from the start. From the time you saw me watching you, you must have guessed—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRAGIC EYES
Continued from page eleven

"Perhaps I did."

"And I'm not the sort of fool who falls for every new face."

"I know that," the cloudy voice answered.

"You have everything to give a man—everything to make him adore you."

She was silent. Her fingers fumbled in the onyx box, but her eyes did not leave his.

"You'll go crazy if you keep this up," he pleaded.

"We're both a bit mad now, I think. Strangers flung together by the storm. Quite mad—"

"Then let's be. Give me the chance to lift you out of the misery of all this. Just the chance. I can do it—make you happy—give you everything a woman should have—"

"I will take a lover if I choose," she cut in abruptly. "But I will not take a lover—for money."

"I don't mean that. I'm not trying to buy you. You're not the sort a man buys. But I do want you—your voice—your touch—"

Her hand brought a cigarette from the onyx box, raised it with that slow, familiar movement.

Judson reached out.

"Please don't smoke. Not now."

"But you must go—now."

Just a few moments before, three distant chimes had told him the hour. Yet her softly spoken command came as a shock.

"You're not sending me away?" he asked.

"I must. Now—at the moment you wish to stay."

"You—want me to go?"

She hesitated. But only an instant.

"No. But we must have time to consider. There must be no regrets."

"You won't regret—"

"Please—go. Tomorrow night, if I decide—we will meet at the Casino."

The words died in a deluge of blackness. Swiftly and completely, the lights went out. Judson heard a gasp, more like a frightened moan. He seized her two hands. The fingers interlaced convulsively with his. He brought the hands to his shoulders.

Suddenly they seemed floating in darkness together. The beauty of her eyes filled space. He closed his and reached for her lips.

. . . . .

As Judson Potter descended the steps faint glimmering in the east promised a bright day. The street was dry, the air warm, with the untouched sweetness of early morning.

Judson roused his peacefully sleeping chauffeur and settled down under the carriage robe. How ridiculously young he felt! Sophomoric, in fact, and not ashamed of it. This playboy exhilaration he had not experienced since college days. A sensation new—yet old, old as the world. Spirit of adventure—youth's reckless envisioning of passion, of romance long ago buried in the vast graveyard of forgotten dreams.

ALL the qualities that made Judson Potter a dependable, controlled statesman appeared suddenly to belong to another man. He was in a land where the word "inhibition" was unknown, where his own countrymen shed their shams like so much waste cargo. Let the shrewd noses of his ancestors go out of joint. Let hypocrisy whistle in the wind. Time enough to listen to its shrill shriek when the flag of freedom waved over him.

For the present, the spell of this woman! Marie Politcheff! Imagination lingered over the name. The amazing softness of lips that looked immobile. The darkness which had enveloped them as a fragrant cloud. Unreal—yet how real!

Months from now he might recall what was happening as something that could not possibly have happened. An oasis at which he had momentarily slaked his thirst in the desert sands of reason.

But the next few weeks! There would be dinners at the Casanova, at the Mirasol, at the Réserve de Ciboure; longer visits at quaint inns tucked into the arms of the Pyrenees.

He must immediately wire his brother not to expect him. They had planned sailing together the end of the month. Well, he could embark at Cherbourg.

The car pulled up at the entrance to his hotel, one of the choice in Biarritz. Placed royally in the midst of rolling lawns, guarded by iron gates, it had the dignity of ancient palaces.

As Judson called for his key, the night concierge smiled benignly.

"We will have a beautiful day, monsieur."

"Looks that way," agreed Judson.

He went to his room, opened a window. How lazy the sea looked! Languorous. Not in any way related to the violent waters of last night. In a few hours, what a change of mood!

He undressed, stretched luxuriously between the sheets, sank into dreamless sleep.

THE peremptory demand of the telephone wakened him. He sat up, not quite sure it had rung, then jumped out of bed and went to the little instrument on the wall. A casual glance at the clock registered ten fifteen.

"Monsieur Judson Potter?"

"Speaking." Judson was sleepily annoyed.

"Oh," came a cloudy voice. "I am sorry to waken you—"

"Ah—it's you—"

"Yes. I waited to telephone because I did not wish to disturb you, but will you tell me—when you left here, did you happen to find my pearls?"

"Your—what?"

"Pearls. My necklace. It is gone. I thought perhaps it might have been caught in your clothes."

"Wait—wait a minute."

Judson dropped the receiver. He took his clothes from the chair on which they lay heaped, shook them piece by piece.

"Not a sign of it," he told her.

"We have looked and it cannot be found."

"Look again. Of course it's in your place somewhere—probably under the divan or rug—"

"We have looked everywhere," she repeated desperately.

"Now don't be upset. Just search again, systematically. I'll jump into my things and be over to help you."

She rang off without another word.

Judson conquered the longing to stumble back to bed. His eyes were still glazed with sleep. Automatically he went through his dress suit, annoyed as he did so. Why was he bothering? She'd find the thing, of course. Women were like that, confound them! Every mishap was a tragedy. A cold shower put him in better humor. He ordered breakfast, hoping to hear the brrrh of the telephone before he finished his coffee. His wish was granted.

"Didn't I say you'd find it?" he put pleasantly.

"But I have not. And I ask only when you come here that you have the kindness to bring my necklace with you."

For a second Judson was speechless. The anxious tone of her voice demanding—What the hades was she demanding?

"You ask—what? What the deuce—"

"Somewhere, I am sure, in your possessions you will find mine. It is all I have of value and you have much—"

"Look here—are you insinuating—" Judson's voice locked in his throat. He couldn't go on.

"I insinuate nothing. I have complete faith that in a short while my property will be in my own hands." The words trembled, yet there was no threat, merely earnest pleading. She rang off.

He stood, completely without breath, staring at the telephone instrument. The situation had to be faced. The woman he had held in his arms last night actually believed he had walked away with the rosy pearls from her throat. Whether deliberately or accidentally, he could not tell. The detached voice at the other end of the wire gave him nothing more definite than the conviction that the necklace was now in his possession. He must convince her to the contrary, that was all.

But long legal experience and the caution which comes with daylight made him deliberate on the advisability of going to her flat unaccompanied and empty-handed.

Beneath the control of that mellow voice he had sensed hysteria. Female hysteria. How often had he encountered the thing in his law-practicing days. A distinctly unpleasant prospect under any conditions. And under the present—

He went through his clothes again, shaking each garment violently. Absurd, the whole performance! She must be aware of the fact that he was the last man in the world she could suspect of theft. No, he most certainly would not go to her flat and face the contingency of an ugly scene.

He started for the telephone. It shrilled as though by signal.

"I am waiting for you," he heard.

"No use. I haven't found a thing."

"Then I must come to you and help you search."

"Good!" said Judson. "That will settle matters to your satisfaction."

He rang off with a decided sense of relief. Let her turn the place inside out with her own hands. That would convince her more rapidly than all argument. But not alone. He had no intention of receiving her without a witness to the proceeding. Strange how swiftly the fragrant cloud of romance had floated from his horizon!

He sent for the manager and related the incident of the night before—in part, that is. But the manager, being French, needed no minute details.

"You were with madame long?" he questioned gently.

"Several hours. You understand, I haven't asked you up here because I anticipate trouble. But I'm a conservative man and a foreigner—"

"I understand, monsieur, perfectly. And you have been wise. Of course—pardon me for asking this—it is not possible you have omitted looking in some little place, perhaps?"

"There are my clothes, just as I left them—"

"But your hat—your overcoat?"

"By George!"

Judson hurried to the hall outside the salon. Overcoat and top hat had been tossed to a hook when he entered. They hung nonchalantly, the hat to one side, recklessly reminiscent.

"Cockeyed," observed Judson under his breath.

He went through all the pockets, brought forth white silk muffler, handkerchief, gloves, and a crushed cigarette.

"It's ridiculous," he explained sheepishly, "even bothering to look. The woman's an hysteric. By the way"—he turned to the Frenchman—"do you happen to know this Madame Politcheff?"

"Not by name. But it is possible I have seen the lady. There are many of her type in resorts like this."

Judson frowned. Just what did he mean?

A FAINT knock sounded. Judson opened the door, then stepped back as if the delicate black-gloved hand had struck between his eyes. With the Russian woman stood a uniformed gendarme.

"My dear lady, this is absolutely unnecessary! I assure you, a police officer—"

The somber eyes met his and a brief gesture indicated the Frenchman.

"Who, then, is this gentleman?" she asked quietly.

"I am Monsieur Paul Dupres, manager of the hotel. Monsieur Potter invited me up to help him search for your necklace."

"Ah, I see. And you have perhaps been more successful than he?"

"Unfortunately, madame—"

"I hope you will pardon me"—the tragic eyes again rested on Judson—"but I am not accustomed to—to this sort of mission. It embarrasses me to enter your rooms, Monsieur Potter, so I thought it wise to have accompany me someone who has the authority to search—and who knows how."

"As you wish, of course."

Judson led the way to the salon, while the hotel man demanded to see the credentials of Madame Politcheff's companion. Apparently they were unimpeachable.

Striding up and down, Judson watched the gendarme pull out trunk, suitcases, examine the depths of armoire, bureau, tables, chairs, bed, couch, even to shaking out pillows. The process made his blood boil. She had dared to bring a policeman to go through his effects.

Why? Presumably for her own protection. But that was nonsense on the face of it. He paused, glanced sidewise at the woman whose hospitality he had enjoyed the night before, and found himself searching for the lure of Phryne that had sent his senses spinning. In the morning light she looked almost faded. It was startling, the difference.

SHE sat waiting for the officer to complete inspection of the two rooms, then quietly rose, followed him to the foyer, and watched him go through Judson's overcoat. Suddenly her hand darted to a faint bulge in the hem. He took a small knife from his pocket. There was the sound of ripping and the seam sprang open. From it, like some white-bellied snake with a green head, curled Madame Politcheff's necklace.

With a cry she dropped on her knees, stroked it as a mother caresses a child who has been lost and found.

"To think, monsieur," she murmured, looking up—"to think you should have so outraged a woman who trusted you!"

Judson Potter had the sensation of a man knocked out who is just regaining consciousness. But only for a second. Buncoed! Cornered! Shrewd politician, clever statesman that he was, he had let himself in for nothing more nor less than a new version of that old and tried institution, the badger game. Judson Potter the victim of a pair of tragic eyes! It struck him with the force of lightning.

"You know what this means as well as I do." He wheeled round, faced the hotel manager. "That necklace was placed in my coat—but not by me."

In a flash Madame Politcheff was on her feet. Her rich voice leveled its battery on the anxious Frenchman.

"Monsieur, I shall ask you to witness the fact that this American stole and secreted my property."

The Frenchman found his breath. He had watched the search with amused tolerance that turned to horror as the necklace revealed itself. Now his hands flung out violently. She could not cause the arrest of a gentleman as important as Monsieur Potter. She must not. It was disastrous—impossible. Judson felt a little unsteady. But he halted the torrent of French, trying to keep his own voice under control.

"One minute, Monsieur Dupres. Before we discuss this further, will you be good enough to send for the jeweler in the shop downstairs? I'd like a rough appraisal of these pearls."

Madame Politcheff regarded him with a faint satirical smile.

"You must know they are real," she said, "or you would not have taken them."

Monsieur Dupres hurried out, still murmuring his agitation.

Judson Potter was left alone with the Russian woman and a gendarme on guard at the door. Judson walked thoughtfully to the window. He stood there for perhaps five minutes, gazing at the shining, lazy sea. Languorous—peaceful. Then he turned to Madame Politcheff and bowed. His hands were wet with cold perspiration. His lips were dry. He was an alien in a tight place. But his bow was ceremonious.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRAGIC EYES
Continued from page thirteen

"My dear lady," he ventured, "may I have a word with you—privately?"

He drew out a chair. She hesitated—then approached and remained standing. Judson assured himself that the police officer was beyond the range of hearing, though the man presumably understood no English.

"My dear lady," he repeated, "I must compliment you first on your good sportsmanship."

The eyes under the black brimmed hat met his without wavering.

"And I—you, monsieur. For a man practically under arrest, you are amazingly cool."

"Pardon me—impractically under arrest. You will find it impractical to go one step further in this prosecution. Though of course you haven't the slightest idea of doing so."

"I have every intention of making you pay for what you have done."

"Exactly—with a slight correction. You intend to make me pay for what *you* have done. You risked an apparently valuable necklace on the assumption that I cannot afford to risk newspaper notoriety. You counted on the fact that a scandal of this sort would hold me up to the ridicule of the entire American press."

"I have no idea, Monsieur Potter, what you are talking about."

"No? Then perhaps there's a more eloquent method of making myself clear. Would it be worth the value of your necklace to forget the entire episode, including my humble self?"

He saw her laugh for the first time. A curt, brittle laugh that changed her entire expression. The tragic eyes became hard as coals.

"My friend, you amuse me. A scandal of this sort would cost your career."

"In other words, the amount is not enough. Then, dear lady, I must ask you to enlighten me. What, on this side of the water, is the value of silence?"

"To me," she said abruptly, "it is worth a million francs."

A million francs! Forty thousand dollars. Forty thousand American ducats!

"You play for high stakes," he said.

She merely raised her shoulders.

"It is not *my* wish to keep you out of jail."

BUT he knew she was laughing at him, as the world would laugh if he let the story get beyond these four walls. He picked up his overcoat, examined the lining, turned the pockets inside out.

"So," he said, and managed a smile, "someone has cut a hole in this top pocket and sewed it up again. Come to the light—you'll notice it's stitched with a brand-new strand of silk—and the others with black thread."

"Indeed?" she asked without the slightest concern.

"Quite easy, you see, to drop the necklace into the hole, then stitch it together. Clever job, too—obviously a woman's. The stitches are so fine. Now let's see—what woman could be my accomplice?" He glanced round the suite as if the accomplice might be concealed as adroitly as the pearls. "I can think of only one possibility. That sleek-footed servant of yours must have taken a violent fancy to me last night. Who'd have thought she would present me with a token of esteem?"

"One million francs," said Madame Politcheff softly.

"There are several items"—he placed the coat on a chair and counted the items on his finger tips—"I'd like to check up. First, how did she manage to get the pearls from your neck without your assistance? And when?"

Madame Politcheff gazed out of the window. She appeared not to have heard him.

"One million francs," she reiterated.

"However, we'll have her over and ask her a few questions. Perhaps we can persuade her to explain her infatuation."

"Perhaps she too has learned," observed the Russian woman, "the value of silence."

Judson bowed again with the air of a courtier.

"Not quite. You made one miscalculation. No silence today is worth a million francs to an American. In my country, we thrive on notoriety. With gangsters and municipal scandals practically usurping the news, it's an achievement for a mere senator to land on the front page. Now, all I have to do is submit to arrest, enlist the services of our consul here, and prove that I've been victimized."

Madame Politcheff's dark eyes turned upon him incredulously. "You are not attempting to tell me, Monsieur Potter, that you will permit this arrest?"

"ON the contrary, the more I consider it, the more I welcome the opportunity. You'll make me the most talked of man in America. Headlines in the newspapers. Interviews on my return. Of course I'll have to engage the best attorney in France, but there isn't a chance of conviction. And when I arrive in New York I'll laugh with reporters over the whole experience. It's bound to add to my popularity. We like nothing better in my country than a laugh. And today's scandal is tomorrow's joke."

Madame Politcheff said nothing.

"Obviously," he added, "you've met few Americans. Had you deliberately set out to render me a service, you couldn't have done better than this."

"Then why"—she put after a pause—"why did you suggest buying my silence?"

"I wanted to see just what your game was. I've found out. It will assist enormously in proving my innocence."

She concentrated attention on the pearls, lacing them slowly in and out of her black-gloved fingers.

"By the way," continued Judson, "I must ask Monsieur Dupres whether the lights went out all over town at three o'clock this morning. I recall hearing a clock strike three at the moment your flat was plunged in darkness. It would be rather easy, if two people were working in collusion, for a small object like—say, a string of pearls—to change hands in the dark, wouldn't it? And what is the penalty for blackmail in France?"

The strand like a white-bellied snake wriggled from the gloved fingers into her handbag. The bag closed with a click.

"I believe," she remarked, "I have changed my mind about the arrest. I am a sentimental person, and you plead your cause so well—I have not the heart to subject you to such humiliation."

Judson wet his lips before he spoke.

"As you wish, of course. But please remember that I'm ready to go through with it—to the limit."

"No," said Madame Politcheff. "I prefer to let the matter drop. Will you explain to Monsieur Dupres when he returns—any way you care to?"

Judson took several banknotes from his wallet. She frowned—drew back.

"Oh, not for you," he said hastily. "I wouldn't insult such genius by offering a few thousand francs. It's to compensate the gendarme for guarding my door. But, if you don't mind, I'd like to give you some advice—without charge, dear lady. The next time you turn those magnificent eyes on a foreigner, select one who has *not* made the law his profession."

The eyes rested on him with a look of poignant regret.

"One lives to learn, monsieur, that even the cleverest of us can at times be exceedingly stupid. And when one learns that, one becomes a human being."

"Quite so," said Judson Potter. "It's a thought I won't forget."

"Au revoir, monsieur."

He watched her go, stood without moving for a time after the door closed. There was something in what she said. He had at last discovered himself. Not as the stuffed shirt he had imagined for years. But a human being, capable as any other human being of making a complete and utter ass of himself.

THE END

Clean inside-well outside!

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THEY LOOK IT

and so can you!

★

GREAT days, weren't they, whether you were the motorman or the passenger! Remember? Couldn't do it today? Don't you believe it! You can still feel like riding the handlebars, even if you are a grown-up. Do you want to know how?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

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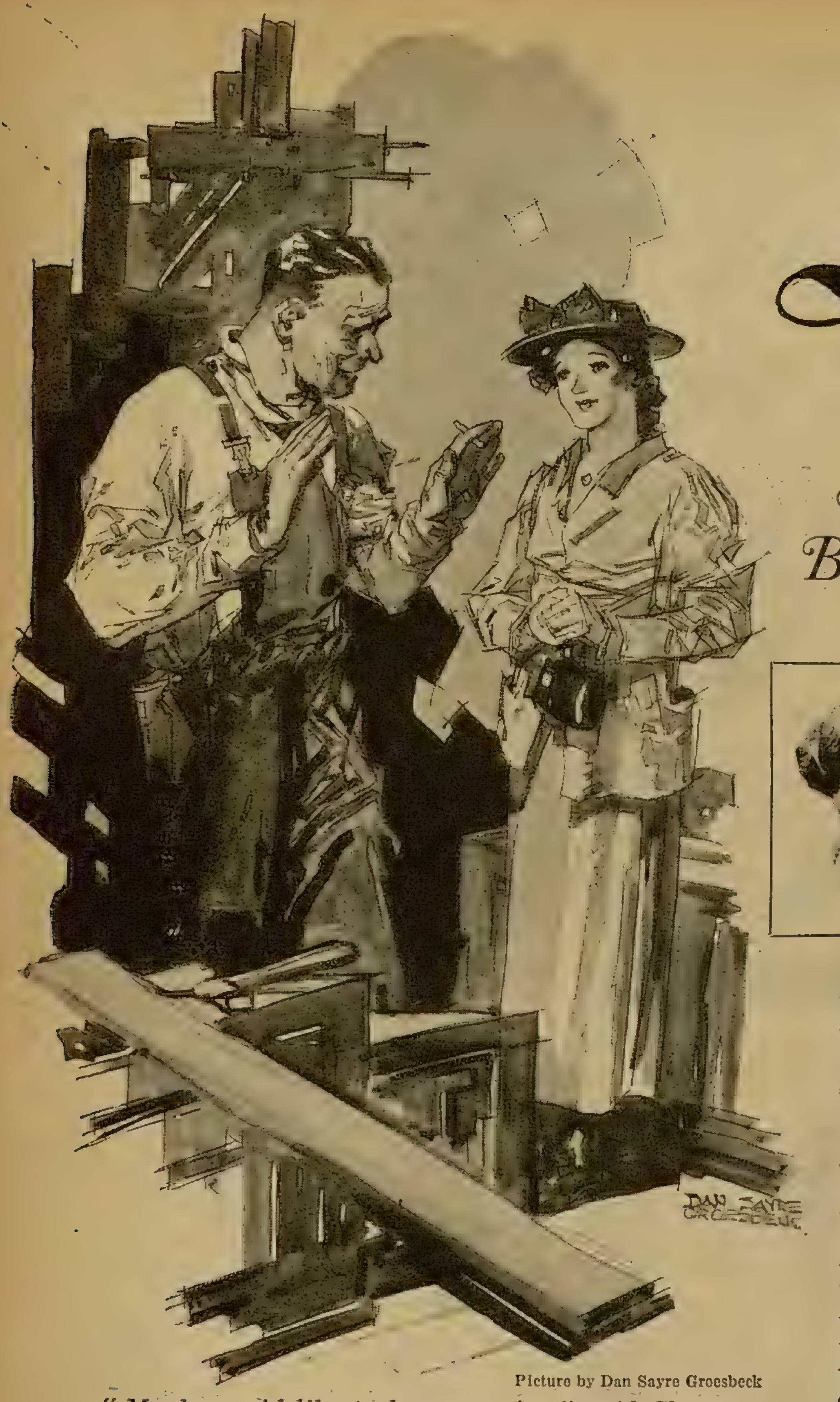
Lon

A Portrait of the Man Behind a Thousand Faces

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

who has won note as a writer for the screen and about the men and women who animate it, and whose life stories of motion-picture stars, several of which have appeared in Liberty, have stood out as vivid and searching portraits painted from first-hand acquaintance. She was born in Los Angeles, grew up there, and still lives near by.



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

"Maybe you'd like to hear me sing," said Cleva.

(Reading time: 31 minutes 12 seconds.)

PART ONE—"LAUGH, CLOWN!" AND LOVE

THIS is the first time that the story of Lon Chaney has ever been told.

For many years he lived in the world's spotlight. His famous characterizations seemed in some magic way to hide the man himself.

He was the man of a thousand faces and of no face, the man who earned millions in the picture industry and for it, yet whose doorstep had never been crossed by a motion-picture star or a motion-picture executive.

He was the greatest make-up artist the world has ever known, but even when his cherished make-up box had been laid aside, the slight figure in the old blue suit, with the inevitable red necktie, the inevitable old cap pulled down on the right side of the lean, lined face, revealed little. He fought for silence on the screen to the bitter end and he kept complete silence concerning himself.

It was part of his great showmanship to destroy Lon Chaney as a man. Unlike any other star who has ever been before the camera, he sold not one iota of his own personality. Instead, he touched it with some gray alchemy and it vanished, past, present, future. No one must be conscious that behind those faces, which were his Rembrandts, lived and moved Lon Chaney, the man.

But there was a man.

Against the glitter of Hollywood's background he moves, the symbolic figure of the common man—the average two-fisted, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, self-made American, clean but hot-blooded, square-shooting and simple, loving his friends and hating his enemies, never forgetting a good turn or forgiving a bad one. A man of one idea, without culture but with a shrewd, dogged determination.

It is a type that belonged more to the last generation than to this.

His is the poignant epic of the man in the streets, who fought his way up alone and single-handed. Within it are all those common heartbreaks and tragedies, those joys and sorrows, defeats and victories which make of every human life a drama, which go on beneath the smooth surface existence of your next-door neighbor, which are buried in the forgotten past of every family.

As the marines in full dress stood at attention beside the casket of Lon Chaney, an old studio organ and a trembling violin began to play the melody of that great song associated always with his name, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

It was his last request, spoken almost with his last words.

"I want Sam and Jack to play 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' for me—if the time comes," he whispered, and tried to smile as the mysterious hand of death began to close about his tired throat.

So Sam and Jack Feinberg, two boys who had played for him on every picture since The Hunchback of Notre Dame, bravely played for ears that could not hear the music Chaney had loved so well.

Perhaps Lon knew best.

Perhaps in death he chose for himself the theme song of his life, as it had been in some measure the theme of every picture he ever played.

I wonder what was in Lon's mind as he chose that song in those last short minutes when a man's unalterable life passes before his blurring vision.

Did he remember the young wife he had divorced on April Fool's Day so many years before? The girl with the golden voice who passed out of the picture before the world knew or cared about Lon Chaney, but who left him a son and indelible things written on his soul?

Chaney

Lon Chaney in The Road to Mandalay.

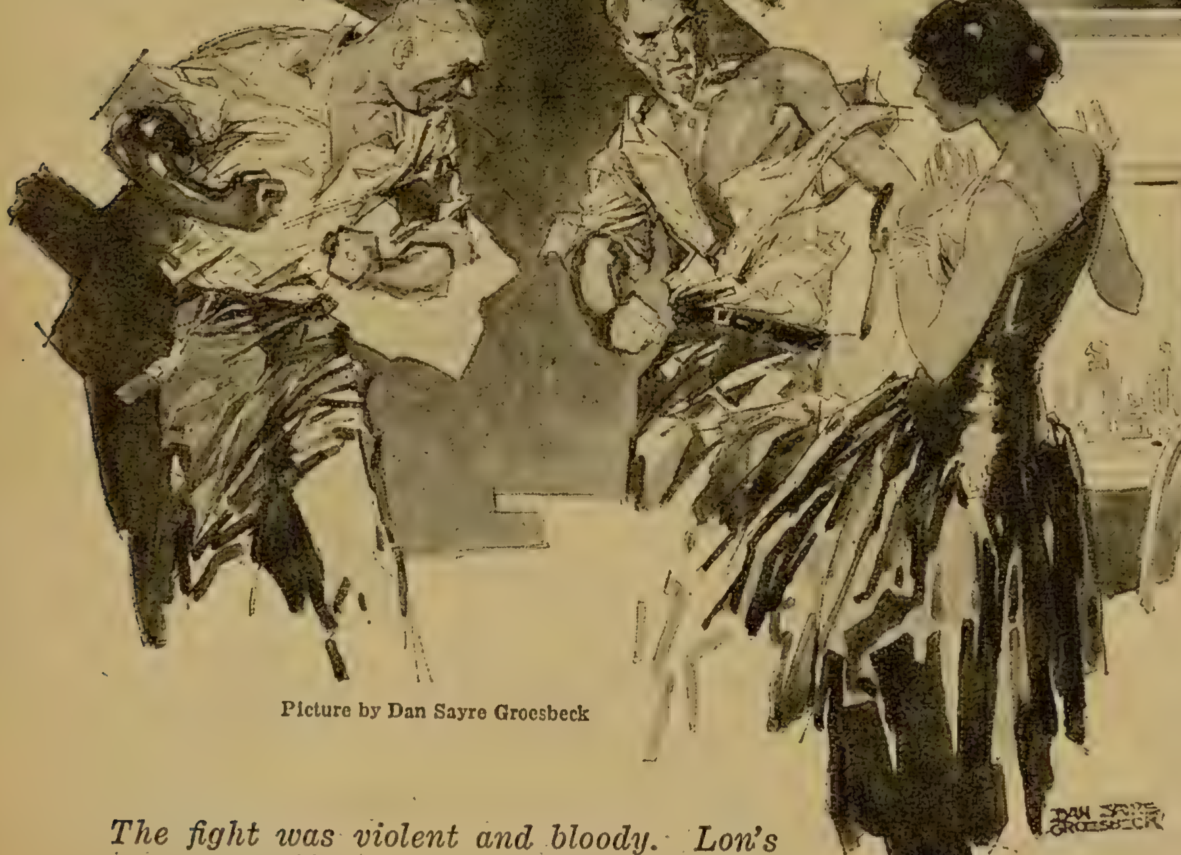
Did he thank God for the Balzacian tragedy that had given him his second wife, the beautiful Italian who now mourns in passionate, consuming grief the passing of the man who for fifteen years of married life remained always her great lover?

Did he ask a final, defiant question of the Lord of life—the why of the great fear which so often made him sacrifice what life offered, the fear of poverty and of a defenseless old age? The why of that careful preparation for years that were to be snatched from his hands?

Or did he find that in the end he could afford to laugh, since life had yielded to his naked hands so much of success and love and living?

ABOVE his still form, the voice of the marine chaplain spoke those exquisite words of the marine burial service, "Lon Chaney—hail, farewell, and welcome home."

Lon Chaney was gone, leaving a memory shrouded from the millions who loved him in that mystery with which he felt his art forced him to conceal his life.



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

The fight was violent and bloody. Lon's young wife ran down, only to faint.

The day of his showmanship is over and for the first time we may go back and live with him the extraordinary childhood, the hectic youth, the upward struggle of young manhood, and know those things which made Lon Chaney what he has been called by those authorities who claim to know values, one of the seven famous people of the world.

Lon Chaney was born on April Fool's Day, 1883, in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

On that April morning, Pop Chaney came to work in the barber shop of the famous Antlers Hotel beaming with delight. Another boy. Such a fine, healthy boy. He couldn't tell his customers about it, though some of them said to him, "Well, Pop, who left you a fortune today?" Pop read the movements of their lips with his keen eyes, but he could not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LON CHANEY
Continued from page seventeen

answer. Lon's father was not born deaf and dumb. When he was a baby he was terribly poisoned, and could neither speak nor hear from that time on.

He had married a deaf-and-dumb girl, Clara Hennesey, whose mother was head of the first deaf-and-dumb school in Colorado. Back of them were Irish and Scotch, English and French ancestors, who had melted into the great farming and industrial population of the Middle West. People of strong sinews and high courage. The best blood of the land for stamina and grit and progression.

They had handed down that heritage to these two who were to become the mother and father of Lon Chaney.

It has been said that every great man had a great mother. Lon's mother was an astounding woman. A tiny little person, with a bright, round face and expressive black eyes that twinkled appreciation and admonition to her strong, unruly brood of youngsters. As a cook and housekeeper she had no equal.

When the San Francisco earthquake came, all her children had left the nest and were in California. John, the eldest, a stage hand at the old Burbank Theater. Lon, trying to find a foothold in the theatrical world. Carrie, the only girl, married and living in Oakland. George, the baby, following wherever Lon led.

Motion Picture Publications photo

Lon Chaney and his second wife saying a word at the première of a picture.

NO use telling Mrs. Chaney that all was well, no use showing her telegrams which said that Carrie and her children were safe in Los Angeles with John. She couldn't speak or hear, but her mind and heart were equal to any journey. Little Mrs. Chaney got on a train and went to California, to see that her "babies" were all safe.

"She would have gone if oceans and continents had divided us," said John Chaney. "There never was such a mother."

When she had ascertained that all was well, and looked over her fine grandchildren, she kissed them all good-by and went back alone to her home and her husband.

If she had a fault, it was that she spoiled them all. Many a time she drew herself up to her four feet ten inches and silently defied teachers who complained of John's wildness and Lon's truancy. She even defied Pop himself, who was a genial, round little man very popular with the customers of the barber shop. Still, Pop would have used the rod now and again upon his riotous sons. He would have had to use it on their mother first.

The Chaney home wasn't a rich one. Pop Chaney, for twenty-seven years behind that one chair, made a good salary, but the needs of a family of six were large and Mrs. Chaney was determined that her kids should have everything that other kids had.

No matter what the cost or the sacrifice, on Christmas morning the clean front room, with its enormous stove blazing against the snow without, was centered about a great Christmas tree. Little Mrs. Chaney strung popcorn and cranberries for ornaments. She made red paper streamers for the cut-glass chandelier, she wove wreaths of holly and evergreen, which the boys had gathered, for the long lace curtains at the windows.

The gifts were not rich, but they were those which through the year her children's hands, in fluent sign language, had told the mother they wanted. Lon's first set of tools, his first bicycle. Clay for modeling.

A closed family circle. Mrs. Chaney didn't like and didn't want outsiders. A great love of homelike things, of a home as the center of life, was born in Lon in those early days.

IT was a Puritan home. Pop Chaney, in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the Antlers Barber Shop, had gained a wider, more tolerant view of life. But Lon's mother had no time and no patience with all that. There it was, set down in the Book, just as it came from the hand of God to Moses on Mount Sinai. All the rest was just weak-willed, self-indulgent quibbling. Nothing could be plainer than the thou-shalt-nots, and the fact that if you were good you went to heaven and if you weren't you went to hell.

The most indelible memory of the whole Chaney family—John, Carrie, and George still live with their families in California—is of the deep devotion between Lon and his mother. He was her favorite and they accepted it without question. Long before the older brother, John, could teach him to speak in words, the baby Lon talked with his mother on his fingers. Expressive hands that were to serve him well later.

He had then, and always, a rare aptitude about the house. The close association with his mother gave him some feminine quality, some almost maternal tenderness, that he never lost. Lon Chaney could cook, could sew, could always fix anything that went wrong, whether it was a door squeak or a blown-out fuse.

Came a day when he made clothes for his baby son, when Cleva Creighton Chaney stood before wildly applauding audiences in dashing evening gowns made for her from odds and ends by her husband's quick, canny fingers.

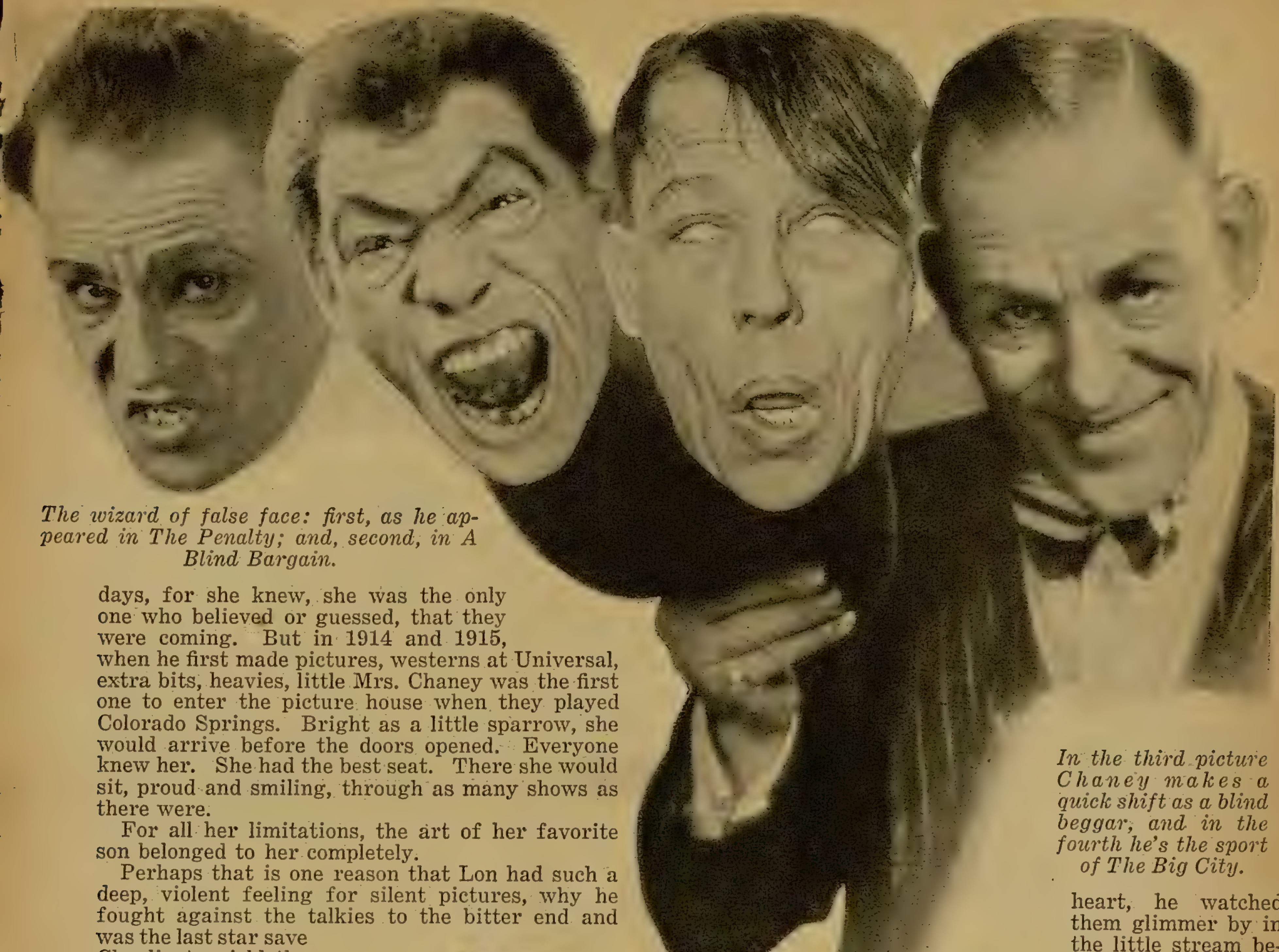
A born nurse. When his mother was ill with the rheumatism that sometimes quenched her fiery spirit, Lon stayed home from school to take care of her—and loved it. A little fellow who could just reach up to her on the tall, old-fashioned bed, he shifted her pain-racked body, smoothed the sheets, prepared her meals and medicine.

But that wasn't enough. There could be nothing in that room but silence. It was necessary for him to lighten the hours of pain.

Into that spotless quiet, for he was neat as a pin, he brought the world as he knew it for his mother to see. The teachers at school. Mimicking. His playmates at their games. The neighbors and their children and the gossip of the street.

Thus began the pantomime of Lon Chaney. There, for his deaf-and-dumb mother, he developed that genius which was to find its perfect medium on the silent screen.

It is too bad that she didn't live to see his great



The wizard of false face: first, as he appeared in The Penalty; and, second, in A Blind Bargain.

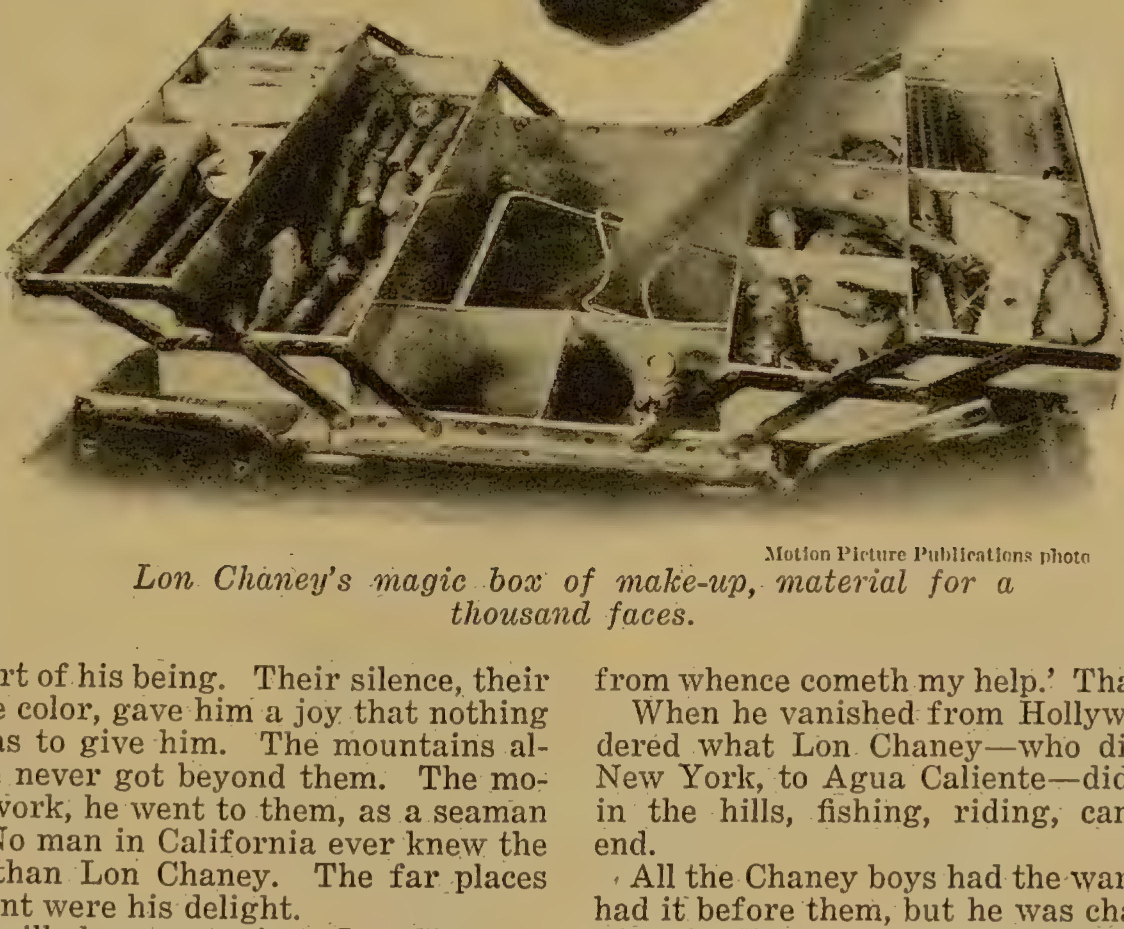
In the third picture Chaney makes a quick shift as a blind beggar, and in the fourth he's the sport of The Big City.

days, for she knew, she was the only one who believed or guessed, that they were coming. But in 1914 and 1915, when he first made pictures, westerns at Universal, extra bits, heavies, little Mrs. Chaney was the first one to enter the picture house when they played Colorado Springs. Bright as a little sparrow, she would arrive before the doors opened. Everyone knew her. She had the best seat. There she would sit, proud and smiling, through as many shows as there were.

For all her limitations, the art of her favorite son belonged to her completely.

Perhaps that is one reason that Lon had such a deep, violent feeling for silent pictures, why he fought against the talkies to the bitter end and was the last star save Chaplin to yield the great art of pantomime to the lesser art of the mechanical word.

Except in his devotion to his mother, Lon was no model child. Indeed, he was a thoroughgoing little devil. His only record in the grammar school at Colorado Springs is that he played hooky oftener in one term than any other boy.



Motion Picture Publications photo

Lon Chaney's magic box of make-up, material for a thousand faces.

The magnificent mountains that surround Colorado Springs grew to be part of his being. Their silence, their majesty, their infinite color, gave him a joy that nothing else in all his life was to give him. The mountains always called him. He never got beyond them. The moment he was free of work, he went to them, as a seaman returns to the sea. No man in California ever knew the high Sierras better than Lon Chaney. The far places where man seldom went were his delight.

The one home that will always remain to Lon Chaney's memory is a cabin in the Sierras.

Lon spent the last happy days of his life there, when he returned from the doctors' fatal failure in New York.

Sick unto death, suffering silently, clinging to his wife like a child as he faced shadows deeper than those of mountain twilight among which he must soon walk, he found peace with those last days in the mountain cabin. Too weak to fish for trout, the sport always nearest his heart, he watched them glimmer by in the little stream before his doorway, watched the sunshine patched among the great trees, watched the sunrise bring light to a waiting world. There the fear of death, which he had acknowledged to but one soul on earth, left him.

TO his devoted friend and servant, John Jeske, he said, "There is a line in the Bible that my mother used to love. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' That is a good line, John."

When he vanished from Hollywood, when people wondered what Lon Chaney—who didn't go to Europe, to New York, to Agua Caliente—did with himself, he was in the hills, fishing, riding, camping for months on end.

All the Chaney boys had the wanderlust. Their father had it before them, but he was chained. They were not. The pleadings of their mother, the commands of their father, who wanted them fitted for life with a good education, could never control this one thing. They were born with the itching foot.

None of them would finish grammar school.

John left the classroom early and became a stage hand at the opera house in Colorado Springs. It was he who finally brought Lon into the world of the theater.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LON CHANEY
Continued from page nineteen]

Each year Lon went back to school more and more reluctantly. He loathed it. He never became a student or a reader. Experience developed him, but his tastes were always those that he had when he left home.

It may be, too, that with his young eyes sharpened by love for his mother, he felt that he should take the burden of his support from his father as soon as might be. Unconsciously, he understood in those early days the ceaseless struggle of the workingman to meet his financial obligations. Perhaps there was planted the seed of his fear and hatred of poverty.

During the summer months he acted as a guide around the Pike's Peak country. He dug souvenirs out of the mountain sides and sold them to tourists. Most of the boys in that locality spent their vacations that way. Lon, according to the man who ran the place then, was best of them all because he loved it so. His face grew so eager, he was so anxious that others should love it.

Motion Picture Publications photo

The Chaney home in Beverly Hills, California.

Sometimes John got him a job as prop boy or scene shifter at the opera house. The boy's keen young emotions were stirred, his curiosity awakened. Through dressing-room doors he peered at the great Mansfield, made up as Jekyll and Hyde, as humpbacked Richard. Saw Robert Mantell, Frederick Warde, Louis Mann, Maude Adams as they held their audiences spellbound.

"How do they fix themselves up like that?" he would whisper to John. "Gee, that's wonderful."

Once, many years later, he met Frederick Warde.

"I don't expect you remember me, Mr. Warde," said the great Lon Chaney.

Mr. Warde paid him some graceful compliment upon his work, but admitted that he did not remember meeting him.

"Do you remember, once when you played Colorado Springs, a scene shifter who got so excited watching you he stayed on the stage holding a big blue jardinière while the curtain was up? That was me."

He went to school less and less. Finally not at all. Worked as errand boy, helped in a bicycle shop. Eventually he ran away. Not far. But he wanted new places, wanted a look at "city life," above all wanted to be on his own. So he departed, A. W. O. L., for Denver.

"My first job was laying carpets and cutting window shades," Lon told me once. "Don't believe that business they print about interior decorating. Boloney. We hadn't got that snooty in Denver in those days. It was a carpet-laying and window-shade store, that's what it was. If the talkies put me out of business, I can still lay linoleum and hang window shades. Man's got to have a job."

LON never forgot the things from which he came. Rather, in every act, he flaunted them. The self-made man. Of, by, and for "the common people," was Chaney. His tastes, habits, principles were theirs. Perhaps the story that is best known about him, the one that he allowed to be publicized most frequently, was the fact that he carried his card in the stage hands' union to the day of his death.

With all his soul, he believed in the rights of labor against capital. He lived up to that principle when he became the big shot at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Many the battles he fought for the under dog.

No other star who has ever been in pictures has been the open, avowed champion of the laboring man. Most of the stars give mere friendliness and courtesy. But Lon Chaney was a leader who belonged to those for whom he fought.

The great tide of gold and glory swept Reid and Valentino away. It swept by Chaney, leaving him what he had always been, a simple, common man. Kipling has said:

> If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
> And talk with kings nor lose the common touch.

Lon Chaney did that—and turned the studios upside down, as I will show you.

For his job with the carpets and linoleum Lon got seven dollars a week. He paid three dollars a week for his room and the rest was his. If he spent it in riotous living, he jolly well went hungry. If he ate all his young stomach would hold, he stayed in his room nights. It was swell. It was life. There was always free lunch.

HIS father had told him, in their last sign-language talk, that if he wanted to drink, to drink beer. Beer was five cents for a big glass in those days, good, healthful, harmless stuff, which a fellow could enjoy and at the same time grab a ham sandwich and a slab of roast beef to plaster an empty belly. Puppies cut their teeth legitimately instead of upon bootleg poison. Thus they might grow up to be men, not morons.

Young Chaney, slim, quick, hot-headed, full of vim, vigor, and vitality, bummed, fought, laughed, and loved like any normal boy under twenty. He stood in barrooms and listened to men talk—and since in Denver barrooms sang such poets as Eugene Field, spouted such tale-tellers as Van Loan and Runyon and Floto, he may well have heard great conversation.

Wherever there were men, Chaney forgathered. He was no lily, but his code was sound—never double-cross a pal, never do a girl dirt, earn your own living, and be honest.

His quick smile got him out of some tough places, his quick fists out of others. When the going got too tough, he could always write home and Pop Chaney would manage a few dollars.

While he labored long daily hours and enjoyed free nights, destiny, in the hands of brother John, was shaping his unexpected ends.

John was a wild youth who had caused many a sleepless night to his father and mother, but he was a worker. With a flair for stage management, he had put himself in a position to strike out for himself. With a young actor named Holmes he had got backing for a small musical-comedy troupe to tour the sticks.

He sent for Lon to come and help.

Now somewhere, in those days backstage, no one seems to know exactly where or when, Lon had learned to dance. Rumor to the contrary, he was never a contortionist. He was an amazing eccentric dancer. A virile grace and suppleness belonged to him. When he was a big star, I have often loitered on his set to watch him tap-dance for hours at a time. It was one of his ways of keeping fit and of relaxing.

Lon left the floors and windows of Denver to get along as best they could and entered the world of make-believe for good and all.

In the new company he did dance numbers, he shifted scenery, he was head property man. All his theatrical days, Lon Chaney doubled in brass. They let him do his stuff before the footlights to save a salary or two, and because he was such a great man backstage. Until he had been some time in pictures, no one took Lon seriously as an actor. He belonged behind the scenes.

In spite of the presence in the cast of the great Lon Chaney, who made no impression of any kind as far as I can discover, the troupe didn't do so well. John was a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"YES_I am 39 years old!"

SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood's 613 important actresses know

Photograph by
Autrey, Hollywood, 1930

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says, "and have for years."

Surely *you* will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for *your* skin.

IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS (left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."

IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap Youth Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

good stage director, but the day came—as it has come to thousands of theatrical managers—when he couldn't pay salaries. One of the chief causes of the disaster appears to have been a show called The Little Tycoon, which the Chaney brothers wrote in their spare time when they weren't acting or shifting scenery. When all seemed darkest, an angel—a theatrical angel—appeared upon the horizon. A Denver manager suggested that he take over the scenery, the repertoire, and the company and allow them to fill an engagement in the Southwest. John maintained his dignity—but sold quickly.

The new manager wanted to keep Lon. His dancing act wasn't bad, and he had begun to develop a talent that kept him going through many lean years. As a trainer of choruses he was okey. He could take a bunch of green girls and make them into pretty fair chorines.

"What'll I do?" Lon asked his brother.

"If I were you," said John, "I'd go. You're young. You'll be learning all the time. A good stage manager can always make a living and you might get to be one."

Thus, in the early spring of 1905, when Lon was twenty-one, the Columbia Musical Comedy Repertoire Company landed in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and prepared to knock the inhabitants out of their seats.

By that time, as usual, Lon Chaney was doing three jobs of his own and half of several others.

The day after their arrival, he inserted an ad in the local paper: "Chorus Girls Wanted."

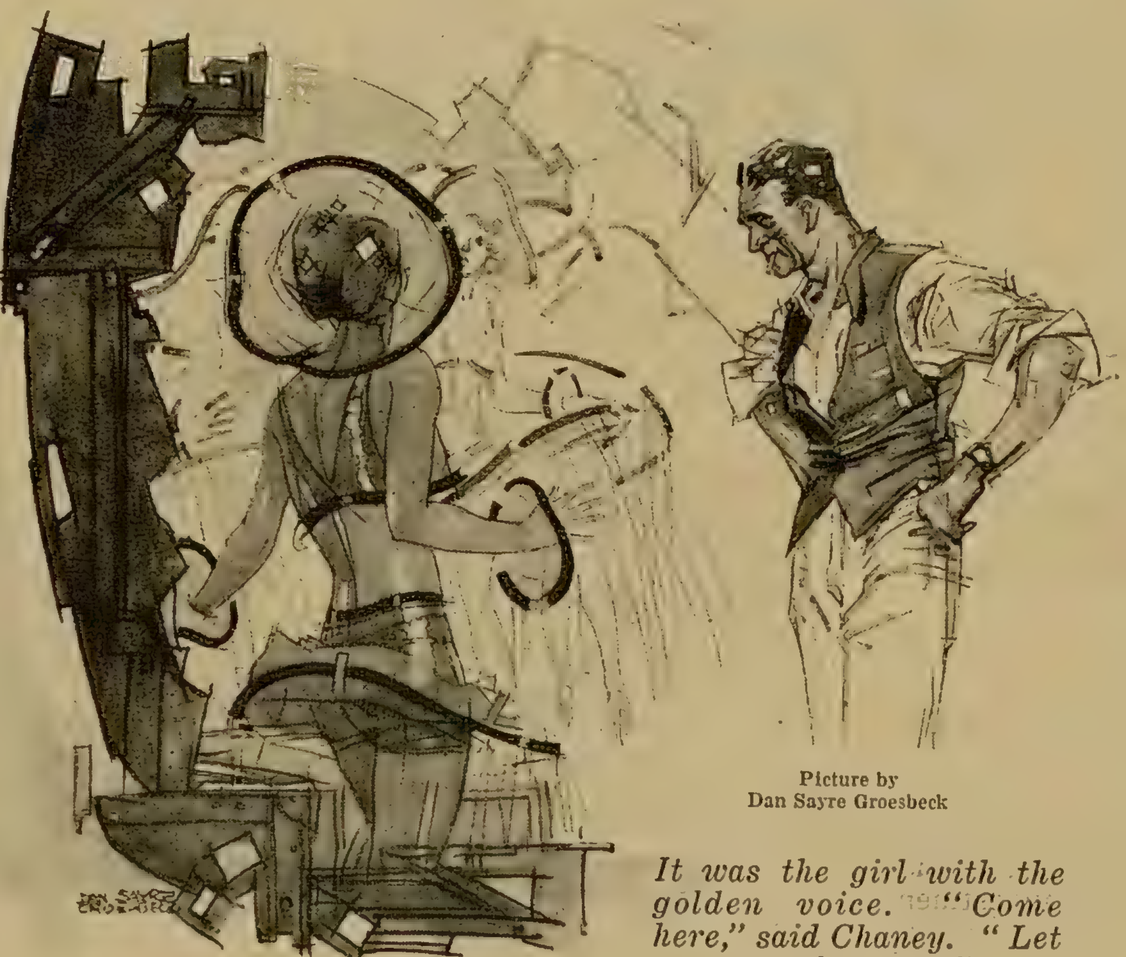
In the background you might have heard a tiny click, when the rails of his future shifted, as a tiny switch shifts a whole railroad system.

THE little troupe couldn't afford to carry a complete chorus. So in each town they picked up girls with theatrical ambitions, daughters of their fair city, who not only cut down expenses but helped to fill the house with admiring friends and relations.

The paper containing the ad drifted into the telephone office and fell into the hands of a fat girl who knew that the chorus was not for her. But next to her on the switchboard was a girl who everyone said should be on the stage.

Her name was Cleva Creighton and she was only fifteen. Her mother held a unique position in the town. They called her a practical nurse, but she was really a first-class trouble-shooter. When anybody had a baby, Mrs. Creighton went in, took care of the mother and the new arrival and the house and saw that the other kids got to school and had their meals. She mothered sick kiddies, took care of troublesome old people, filled the gap as cook, nurse, washerwoman, comforter in every family where there was trouble. A drunken husband had left her with four kids to raise and she was doing an excellent job of it.

Cleva was a tall, dark-haired young thing, with the wide, changing-blue eyes of her pure Irish ancestry. Not beautiful, but with a warm, soft appeal that is sometimes as effective as beauty. There was something so vivid, so eager, so breathless about her—and a peculiar sweetness. There are remnants of it now, when life has used her with tragic hands.



Picture by
Dan Sayre Groesbeck

It was the girl with the golden voice. "Come here," said Chaney. "Let me show you."

Above all, she had a natural singing voice that swelled out of her girl's throat with all the free ecstasy of a bird.

Between calls the girl friend said: "You ought to go try out for that, Cleva. Gee, with a voice like yours! Look what you might do. Get to be an actress."

That night Cleva asked her mother.

"You stay away from there," said Mrs. Creighton. "I don't hold with girls going on the stage. It's not your class. You've got a good job. Stay where you are."

Too late. The girl's Irish imagination had been stirred. Visions, the same ones that have glittered before every stage-struck girl for centuries, danced before her. She did have a voice. She might become famous, make a lot of money, help ma and the kids.

EVEN now, there is a warm, appealing sweetness about this woman. Even now, when she is middle-aged, worn by years of hard work as a waitress, as a cook, as anything to keep soul and body together.

Sitting with her in her clean, poor little living room where she was preparing to go out the next day to cook for forty-five ranch hands, I found in her graciousness, tolerance, a lack of bitterness, that made me ache over the terrible price she has paid for folly, for ignorance, for wild blood.

Nothing can separate her story from the life of Lon Chaney. He could shut the doors of memory and never mention her name. But her name was there, part of his character, his viewpoint. He could cut her off in his will with a dollar "because he owed her no obligation." But she repaid his stern justice by taking the dollar to buy a little bouquet of flowers to scatter before the door of his last resting place. No obligation. But he owed her his son. And the pictures upon the walls of that tiny brown house write a story of years that cannot be removed from Lon Chaney's span of existence.

You see, little Cleva Creighton, crying that night into her pillow because her mother wouldn't let her be a chorus girl, didn't know that within her was a terrible weakness which was to undo her, which was to make waste all her loyalty, her sweetness, her great talent.

For at that time Cleva Creighton had never had a drink.

So her dreams were the dreams of any young girl, who believes that the world is kind.

The next day she talked her mother around and Cleva Creighton, her blue eyes round as dollar chips, applied for a job.

A young man came out from behind some scenery. Unconsciously, she felt the impact of his nervous, vibrant force. He wore a pair of overalls and an old sweater, but he looked clean and strong. His black eyes moved swiftly over her thin, childish body, noted with the dancer's eye the awkwardness of her movements. He took the cigarette out of his mouth, smiled, and said, "Nope."

That smile undid her. She had never been in love. The warmth that crept over her, the throbbing of her heart, were new and nameless. She didn't want to go away.

The young man forgot her instantly. He hammered away blithely, whistling, his swift hands moving surely.

When he turned around, the girl was still there, watching him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Sensational News!.. Now-a blade so much better and keener

IT'S *Bonded* TO GIVE 5 PERFECT SHAVES!

Down with the high cost of shaving! Down with the high cost of two-shave blades! ● Men —meet Ammco!—the blade that's so much keener it gives at least *five* perfect shaves! The blade that's so much better it is wrapped in the bond of a $28,000,000 surety company, guaranteeing 20 shaves for a quarter or money back!

Ammco's amazing satisfaction due to
TRIPLE FACTORY INSPECTION

Every Ammco blade is inspected—re-inspected —then inspected again! No nicked, cracked or imperfect blade can ever slip through! Result —every Ammco blade is a perfect blade—ready for at least five perfect shaves—the kind your favorite barber gives you! ● Take the word of millions of satisfied men buying through 50,000 stores in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Ammco was tested in these great cities—and the verdict was unanimous! *"It's a winner!"* ● Now you'll find Ammco on sale at independent stores everywhere. Start tonight. Pack up your shaving troubles in your old kit bag and trade them in for Ammco! Remember—money back if not satisfied. You can't go wrong.

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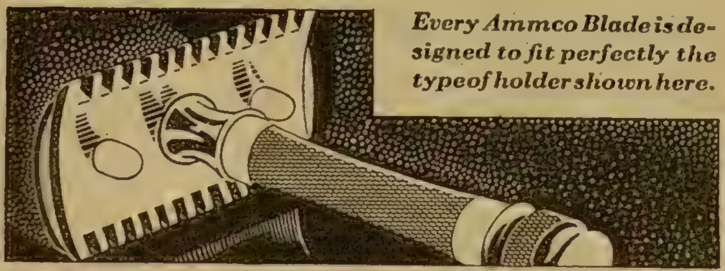

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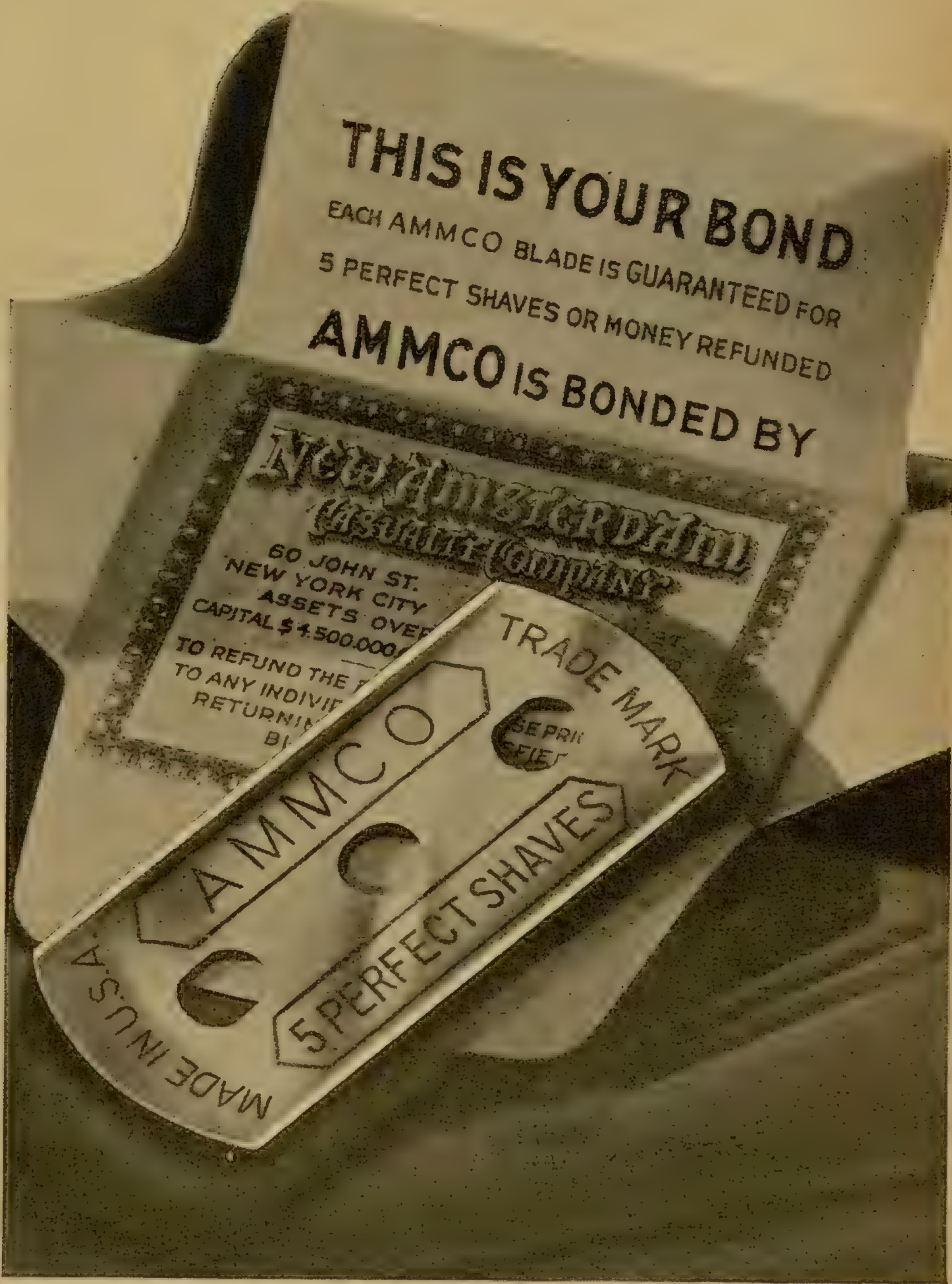
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NOT FOR SALE IN CHAIN STORES

[LON CHANEY
Continued from page twenty-two]

"Maybe you'd like to hear me sing," said Cleva Creighton.

"Sure," said Lon Chaney, "but I'm awful busy this morning."

"I can sing," said the girl wistfully.

He stared at her a minute, brows down over his eyes. Then he laughed. She looked such an absurd young thing, standing there in her plain, childish dress.

"Shoot," he said.

Through the empty dark theater, without even a piano, rose a clear young voice. People who heard her later in the cabarets of San Francisco and Los Angeles tell me they never heard another voice like it until Helen Morgan sat on top of a piano.

Chaney loved music with a blind idolatry. Not good music. He knew nothing about it. But the sob ballads, the waltzes, the folk songs moved him deeply. That morning he listened and was lost.

"You're hired," he said.

He remembered the voice but forgot the girl until a few days later at rehearsal. Something was wrong. Someone in the back row was always out of step. With a yelp, he called the girl out.

It was the girl with the golden voice.

"You others get out," said Chaney. "Come here, you. Let me show you."

After that he worked with her every day. He couldn't understand how one with music like that in her throat should lack rhythm in her feet.

NEXT WEEK—

An extraordinary short story

A Doll for the Maharanee

By

GUY GILPATRIC

—AND—

What a golf champion thinks about women who play golf

The Fair on the Fairway

BY

GLENNA COLLETT

She never did learn to dance. She wasn't built for dancing. The Irish-American stock of the Southwest had built her strongly for hard work, for motherhood, for endurance, and at the last moment had slipped in that voice. But dance she could not.

"I was always in the back row, until I got songs to sing by myself," she told me, her eyes gazing back through dark years to those days of youth and hope. "Lon was so kind, trying to help me. I never knew anyone with such patience. Never would admit he couldn't lick anything. Then, too, I made him laugh. He was such a clown. When he found he couldn't make me graceful, he tried to make me funny. My, I used to sit and watch him and laugh till the tears ran down my face. I was a fool kid. Skinny as a rail. When the chorus wore tights they always had to hide me behind a table or something. I—I've put on weight since. A woman does."

The fantastic fortunes of the theater overtook the company. Oklahoma City didn't support them. They took to the road. One-night stands, through sparsely populated towns. Lon Chaney keeping up their courage, making them laugh, trying to make life endurable.

AFTER a bitter struggle with her mother, Cleva Creighton had gone with the show.

When they came back to Oklahoma City, she was just sixteen. Two days later, on May 31, 1905, she and Lon Chaney were married by the mayor at his home. Mrs. Creighton had always taken care of the mayor's wife.

Mrs. Creighton wasn't there.

"Probably you better marry him," she had told her daughter. "I can see you're too friendly with him now. But I can't come to the wedding. Mrs. Smith is sick and her baby's got croup."

So, with no member of either family present, the bride of sixteen and the bridegroom of twenty-two took the majestic vows, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Their tenure of office was to be far shorter than that. But they didn't suspect it then.

It was Chaney's first romance. He was never a man who cared for women just as women. A one-woman man. A man's man. He loved man companionship, bull sessions, drinking bouts. No women. Great friendships with men came into his life. I have never in my life seen as many men—hard-looking, weather-beaten, middle-aged men, too—weep as I saw at Chaney's funeral.

There were only three women in his life. All of them bore the name of Chaney. His mother, Cleva Creighton Chaney, and Hazel Hastings Chaney. Very few women for an actor and a picture star. Their rôles were big.

Cleva left her home and her mother and followed her man into the strange, upside-down, mad life of a theatrical road company.

SHE had never had a drink, never slept outside her mother's home, until she met Lon Chaney.

In September of that year, from Dallas, Texas, where they were playing, Cleva Chaney wired frantically for her mother. She was going to have a baby. She was frightened and her young husband was nearly as bad. The "almost inevitable consequences" hadn't been in their gay young plans. Lon's cocky worldliness was mostly pose. They were a couple of ignorant kids. What in the world could they do with a baby in their gypsy life? How could they take care of a baby in cheap hotel rooms, in drafty theater dressing rooms? How could they carry a baby about from one town to another on cheap trains at impossible hours? They found out.

Mrs. Creighton arrived and soon had the situation well in hand. She was a pioneer woman who had raised children in any and all conditions. Babies, in her opinion, survived anything—and so did women.

"Of course you'll have your baby," said she. "It'll be a fine baby, too. Don't you worry, child. I don't hold with all this foolishness about babies. It's nature and nature takes care of it. It's been going on a long time and a lot of us are still here."

Cleva stayed with the show until December. In those months she learned many things about her husband. His tenderness to her was so beautiful that it has given a glow to all the after years. But she saw in him, too, that hard streak which never forgave an injury and which believed in the righteousness of revenge.

There was a quarrel with a man in the company. Something about a shirt. The man said it was his, when it came back from the laundry. Lon said it was his. The feud grew. Lon said little, smoldering. One night the man came into Lon's dressing room. One word led to another and the last word led to a blow. The fight was violent and bloody. Lon fought then, as he did later, very silently and with the swift menace of a panther.

The noise reached the women's dressing rooms and Lon's young wife ran downstairs, only to faint at the sight of the blood which flowed from two young faces.

Lon cared for her tenderly. Then he sought the other man.

"I'm telling you something," he said. "If my baby is marked because of what you've done, I'll kill you, no matter where you are. Remember that, because it's the truth."

Two days later the man left the company. But Lon kept track of him, without comment, until the day when he could release him from that declared vengeance.

The Chaneys left the show in December and went back to Oklahoma City. Mrs. Creighton had prepared a little house for them near her own, and it was the only home Lon and Cleva Creighton Chaney ever had.

Lon got a job at fifteen dollars a week in the local furniture store. He could still lay carpets and he did. Fifteen dollars a week wasn't much and Lon resented the fact that there was so little he could do to prepare for the great event. But they managed to be happy.

On a terribly cold night in February, a son was born.

The girl-mother bore her long struggle well. There was joy in it for her because beside her every minute, his hands holding hers, was the man she loved and whose only child she was bringing into the world. It is the memory of those moments that has kept Cleva Creighton sweet through the years, while she watched Lon Chaney climb the heights without her.

In the dawn, she lay back in his arms, her face white and drawn, and together they looked down upon their son.

They called the boy Creighton Tull Chaney, Creighton for his mother and grandmother, Tull for the kindly old family friend who owned the furniture store and had given Lon his life-saving job.

THE happy, peaceful days soon ended. Taking their baby with them, the young Chaneys went back to the theater. They landed in Chicago broke, and they stayed broke. A week or two with small musical companies that played the suburbs was all they managed to get.

It wasn't just gay, gypsy poverty now, wasn't a question of laughing it off any more. Cold and hunger became real things to the Chaneys and they left scars that wealth itself did not heal.

At last he wired his father for money enough to go to California. The promised land. The land of sunshine and plenty. Motion pictures? They had heard of motion pictures, of course. But Lon Chaney didn't travel west with any idea of motion pictures. Hollywood meant nothing to him. The future was veiled. The dark days ahead were veiled.

And it was well they were.

From those coming years emerged the man Lon Chaney was to be. Darkness and chaos lay between him and the heights.

There may be a greater love in a man's life than his first love. There may be a higher love than he knows for the woman whom he first calls wife, who lays in his arms his first-born son.

No love holds the intensity, the hopelessness, the disillusion.

The next six years were to prove both those things to the serious, dark-eyed young man who in 1906 got aboard a train for California with his wife and baby.

Lon Chaney was bound for Hollywood, but he didn't know it.

The gags and the grief that mingled in the life of Lon Chaney until his first love came to wreck in divorce will be told by Adela Rogers St. Johns in next week's Liberty.

Drink your own health *in the Saline Cocktail*

GO right on drinking your own health in tomato juice, clam juice, sauerkraut juice, fruit juice. These "health-cocktails" are a fine idea.

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Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist. And tomorrow morning, if you wake up sluggish, headachey, depressed, pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water.

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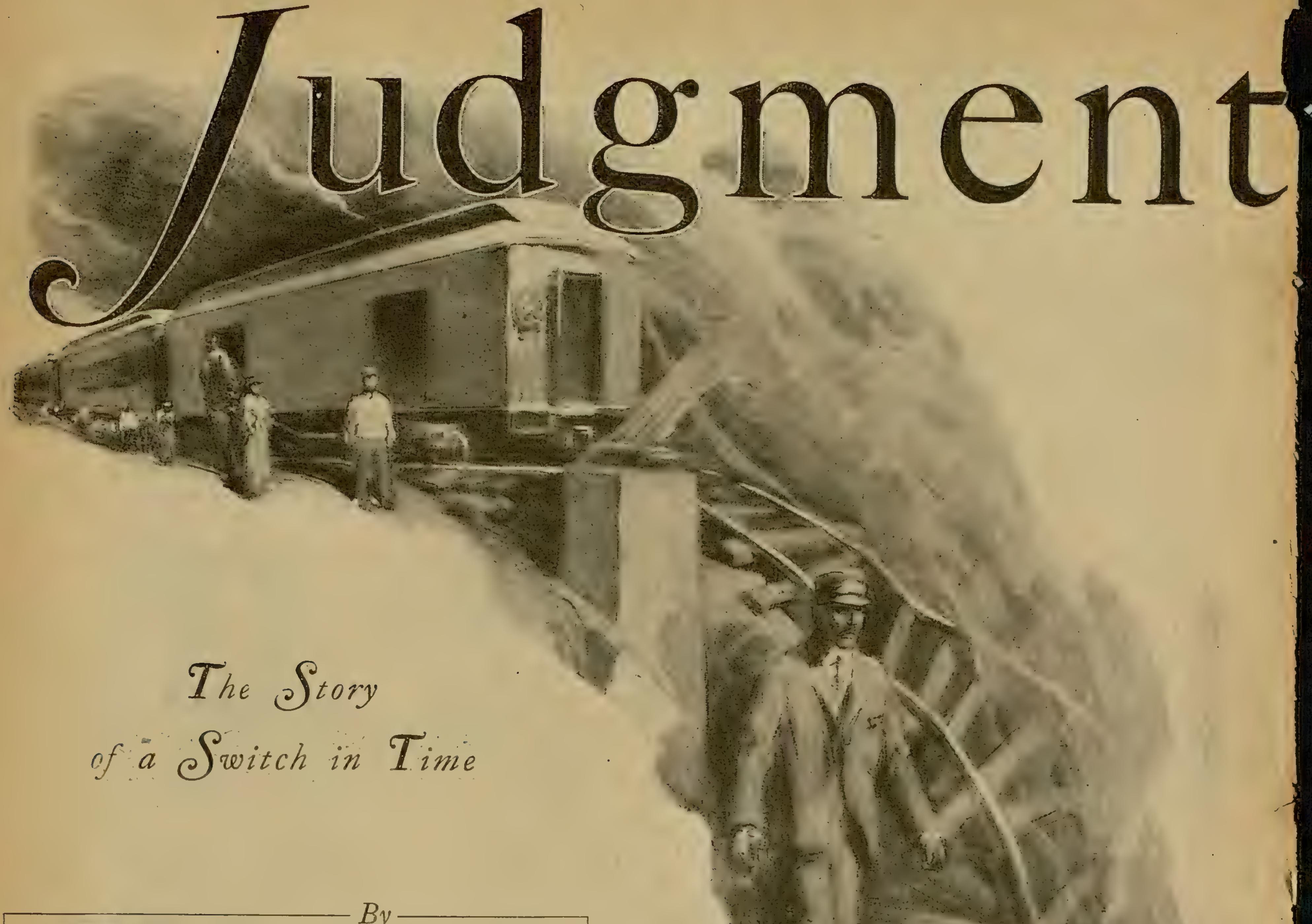
Judgment



The Story of a Switch in Time

By

EUGENE JONES

who writes fiction and advertising and was formerly a newspaper man. Born in Tarrytown, New York, he grew up in the south and studied at Harvard. He fought the World War, he says, on the muddy battlefield at Camp Sevier, South Carolina. He's married and lives in Sarasota, Florida.

Pictures by J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

(Reading time: 26 minutes 55 seconds.)

TOM HARRIGAN, veteran engineer on the T., C. & W., was headed for trouble. Headed for it at sixty miles an hour. But not the sort of trouble every hog head expects to come popping at him around the next curve. That's the trouble with trouble, particularly in the railroad business.

Harrigan's blue eyes behind their goggles and under his greasy black cap squinted along the right of way as the big six-driver Atlantic-type 1701 turned the mileposts into a picket fence. Half in and half out the cab window, he resembled a gigantic string bean caught on the sill. His left hand hitched the throttle open another notch.

Faster sped the Limited—sixty-five—seventy. Ahead rose a three-per-cent grade, the worst on the division, which meant disastrous loss of time unless the heavy train built up plenty of momentum. Harrigan had told 'em back at headquarters the schedule was cockeyed; other engineers had agreed. But orders were orders, particularly when issued by a new broom. And the super was new—painfully so; determined to please an eastern board of directors who apparently thought more of minutes than of lives.

Harrigan, among the majority of employees, cursed the day the T., C. & W. sold to the Chicago & Pacific. Flooey went the old régime. No longer could Ed Boles heed an engineer's suggestion or talk it over with an executive-minded dispatcher; for Superintendent Boles was on the way out, only standing by, in fact, until Hargrave, his successor, got the feel of things. Boles—kindly, slow, but straight thinking; Boles, beloved by hog head and nut jammer alike—what a pity!

With the passing of his authority had come innovations, some of them advisable, none of them welcome to the men who had given the best of themselves to the road. For example, the automatic block system—a splendid protection when properly installed, but a menace to schedules and nerves under existing conditions. A red board at the bottom of a grade meant "doubling the hill." —breaking the train in two and pulling over the lighter tonnage separately to a convenient siding, like a mother dog carrying one pup at a time. Had not the Mountain Division operated through the cañons and cuts and over the stiff grades of this western country for thirty years with a minimum loss of life and property? Operated without block system or automatic train controls. And also without that mass of official red tape which chokes every colossal organization like the Chicago & Pacific.

Since the T., C. & W. had been absorbed train orders cluttered up the keys in a never-ending stream; operators loosened their collars and swore and sweated; dispatchers went gray trying to adapt a system suitable for a four-track line between New York and Washington.

And Tom Harrigan, veteran hog head? Well, Harrigan made less fuss than anybody else. What difference did ownership make to him, after all? He still handled the Limited, still coupled his pet 1701 flyer every morning to the crack train of the division. To the public Harrigan and the 1701 meant nothing; to railroad men much. While to that mysterious providence which averts accidents by hair-trigger margins he appeared a vital cog. Luck? Partially perhaps, but, back of that, conservatism, skill, experience, judgment—all the attributes a painstaking engineer may develop during thirty years in a cab.

Nevertheless Harrigan, pulling the second section of the Limited that afternoon, was traveling at express speed straight for trouble, although he couldn't have dreamed it. Far ahead the grade swept up, topping the divide, while plumb at the bottom stood one of the new block-system semaphores. He saw it in plenty of time, recognized the significance of the red board extended at right angles, but never for a moment checked his train.

"RED!" yelled Fireman Wallace from the other side of the cab.

"Red," repeated Harrigan calmly, allowing the throttle to stay just where it was.

Apparently the warning had made no more impression than a passing tree branch. In reality he had been watching that confounded board with narrowed eyes ever since it had leaped into view.

Well he knew that the board was set against him to protect the first section, which was probably three-quarters through the block. No east-bound traffic would be operating this side of Red Gulch.

To stop at the bottom of the grade would mean the loss of an hour while he broke his train and doubled the hill. And the new super didn't hand out bonuses for a smashed schedule.

Judgment—that was what made Harrigan valuable to

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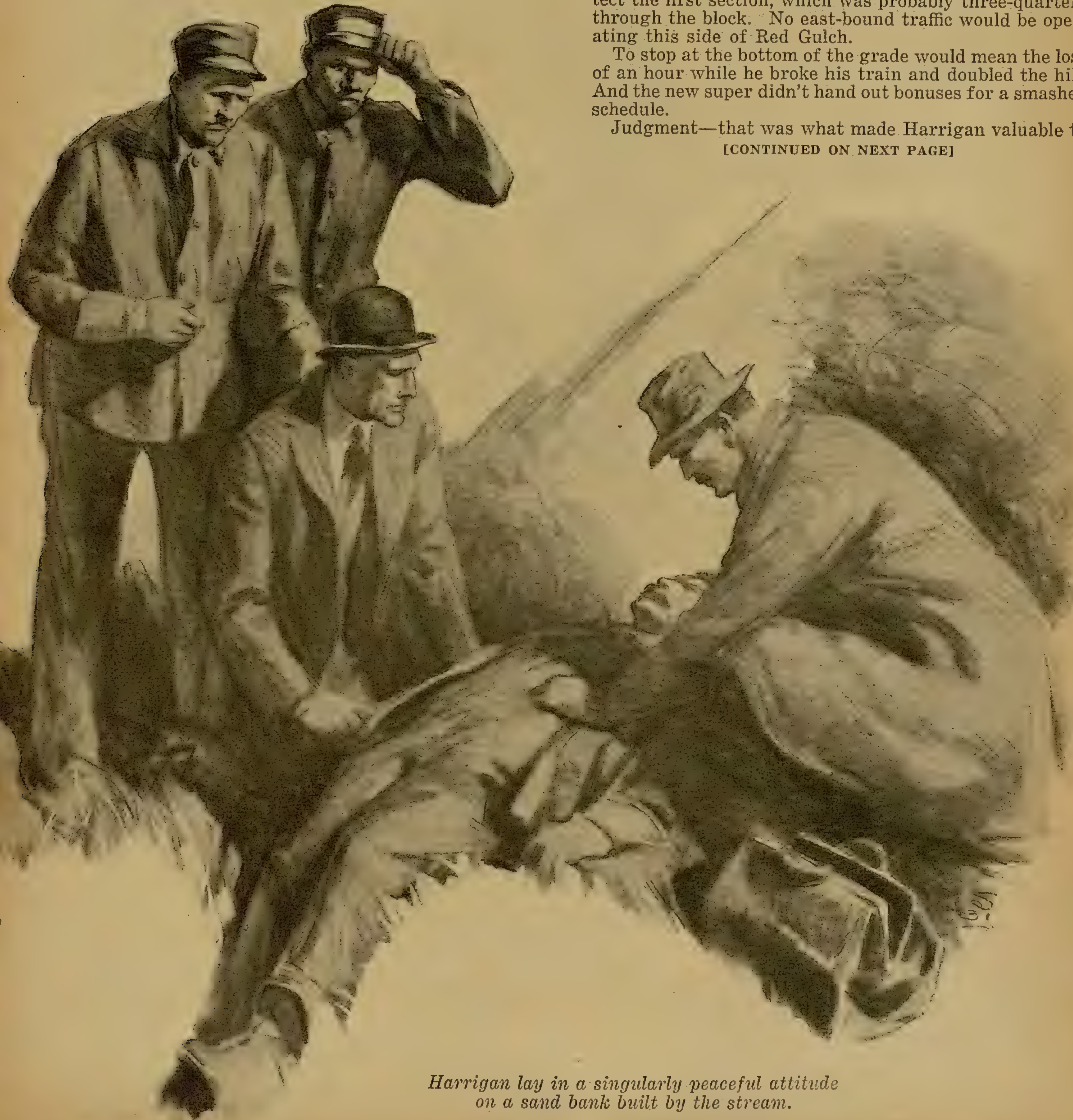
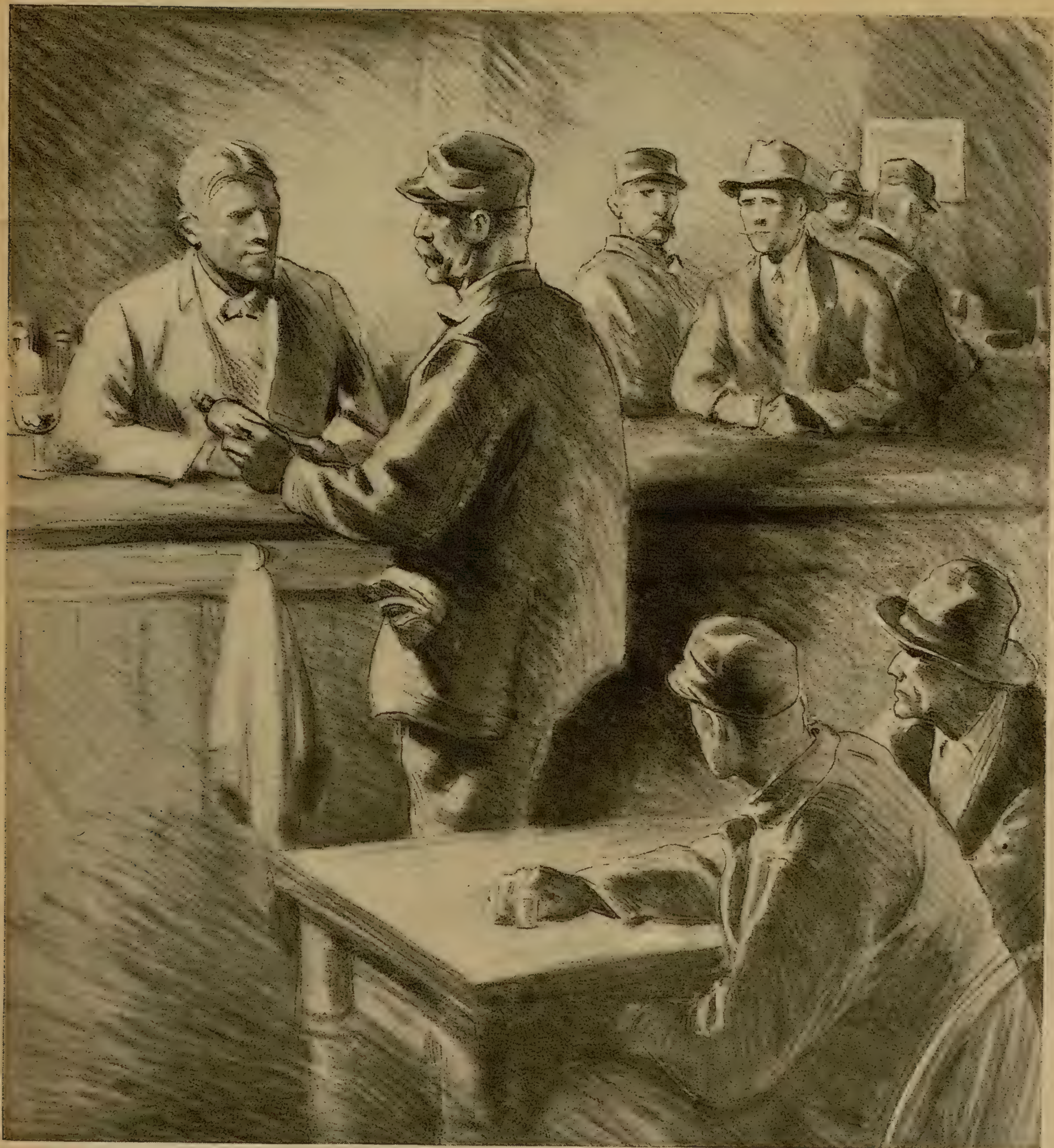


Harrigan lay in a singularly peaceful attitude on a sand bank built by the stream.



From under the bar he produced a flask, explaining, "This yere is special fine stuff, Tom."

JUDGMENT
Continued from page twenty-seven

the road. It was good judgment to take the grade at full speed, allowing the rise to kill momentum gradually—good judgment based on his vision of a clear track. No risk, no delay, just human interpretation of a mechanical message.

The Limited thundered on, shooting its force-draft exhaust high into the heavens. On to the crest where, reduced by gravity to a mere twenty-five miles an hour, it crawled over to face the descent. No error in judgment here despite the red board left far behind. There in the distance was the tail of the first section more than two miles away; and by the time Harrigan picked up the next block he got what he expected, a clear signal. And so he forgot the matter, giving his attention to the 1701 and his schedule.

But back on the rear platform a brand-new assistant trainmaster with the determination to profit by the mistakes of others was not forgetting. He would report the matter, never mind what happened to Harrigan. Sooner or later all hog heads ran boards—occasionally to someone's advantage.

ON time at the terminal, Harrigan uncoupled and ran down to the roundhouse. Wallace, his fireman, joined him on the ground.

"Hope you find your old lady better," he observed kindly. "What's the doc say about her?"

Harrigan was squinting at the drivers, fingering the rods, not thinking much about his "old lady," apparently.

But that was Harrigan's way.

"She's not doing so well, Jud; it's her heart—"

"Hey, Harrigan!" A nut jammer stuck his head out of the pit in which he was working. "There's a call for you."

Harrigan suddenly looked old as he picked his way across the network of tracks toward the chief mechanic's office. Beneath the soot on his cheeks his face was white; and beneath his faded overalls his heart was hammering. Lucy, his wife, meant even more to him than the 1701, which will explain much to railroad men. Lucy, the woman who had waited for him night after night, prayed for him when the rails were icy and the snow clotted against the cab windows. Lucy had phoned during working hours!

Pushing through the group of engineers, firemen, and mechanics who offered him a word of welcome, Harrigan crossed the room to the phone. A hush fell. Everybody understood, feared what the telephone might tell. And fearing, waited silently, because that was the way they had learned to meet crises.

"That you, Mrs. Mullens?" asked Harrigan. "Lucy called me. . . . . Oh, then she's—"

He listened to the woman at the other end, nodding occasionally as if the instrument possessed eyes. "Thanks, Mrs. Mullens; I'll attend to it. Yes, I'm on my way home now. Good-by."

WHEN Harrigan turned he looked like a new man. "Nothing to worry over, boys. The—the missus is all right. Her nurse wanted some medicine."

Praise God! He would have preferred an open switch or a broken rail to the message which might have come to him. He swung out of the roundhouse with a lighter heart, leaving behind relieved comrades, for Lucy was as beloved as her husband. Out of the roundhouse, across the yards where switch lights twinkled green and red like colored stars, and on up the main thoroughfare of Butte City. But not directly home.

He halted before a darkened doorway against the frame of which hung a sign advertising "Rooms Cheep." Two men on the same side of the street paused to stare—men who knew Harrigan as well as they knew what lay beyond that doorway. When the engineer had entered one of them said:

"I'll be damned!"

And the other snapped, "So will he. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, Boles."

New tricks? Well, this looked like a new trick for Harrigan all right, judging by his hesitation once he had crossed the sill. He was embarrassed by the presence of unfamiliar smells and sights—that is, unfamiliar for many years. Over at a corner table a flagman in plain clothes turned his head away quickly. Harrigan here? But of course flagmen didn't belong in speakeasies, either.

The proprietor, sensing an unusual visitation, came forward.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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for Kotex is shaped to fit

Then, too, Kotex absorbs scientifically, giving more secure protection.

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Kotex filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding—takes up five times its weight in moisture—is so amazingly efficient that 85% of our great hospitals now use it for all kinds of surgical dressings.

Kotex owes its unique dependability and comfort to the fact that it absorbs laterally, leaving the pad soft and delicate despite its amazing efficiency, leaving the sides unpenetrated, which prevents chafing and irritation.

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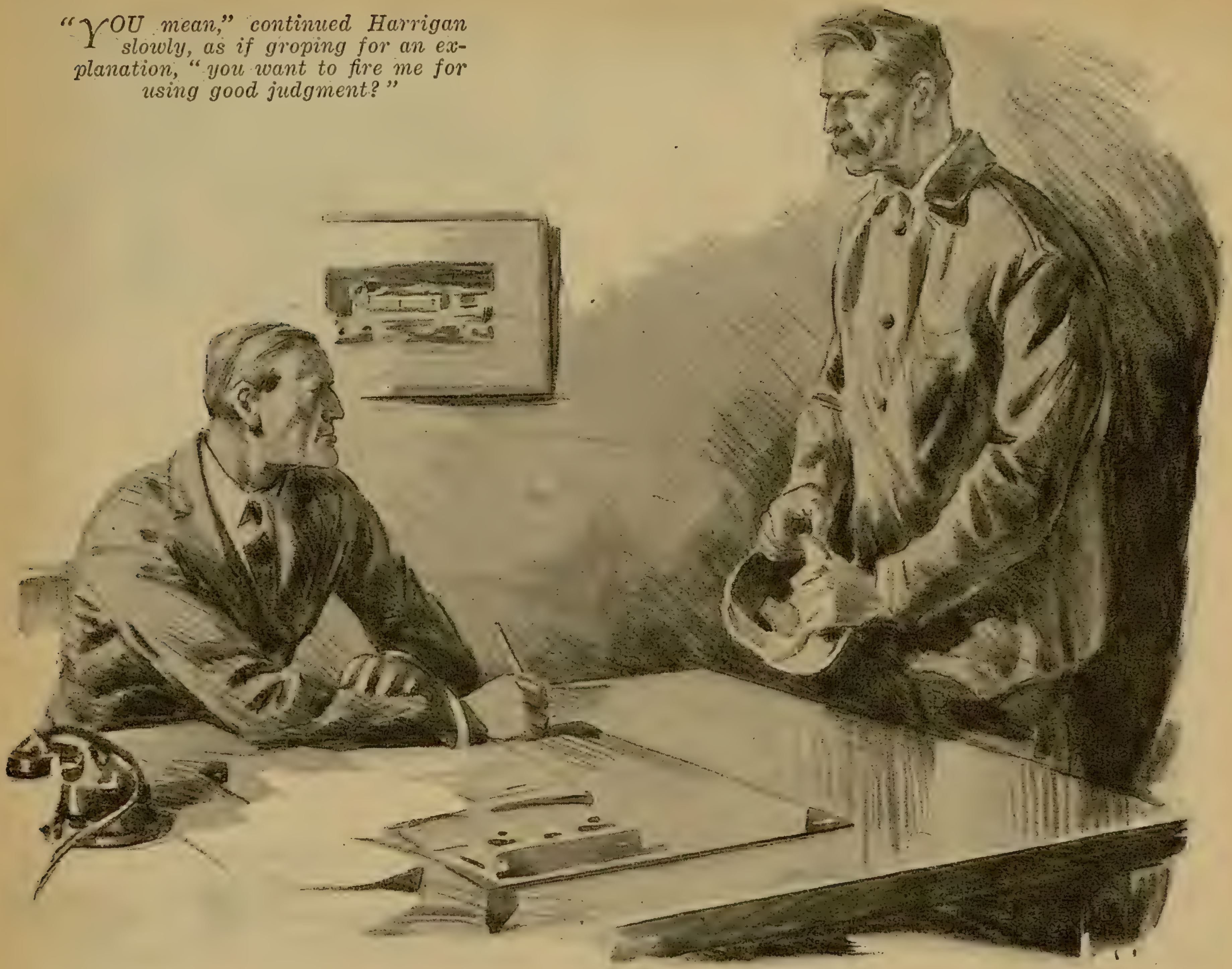
(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

"YOU mean," continued Harrigan slowly, as if groping for an explanation, "you want to fire me for using good judgment?"



JUDGMENT
Continued from page twenty-nine

"Hello, Tom." Everybody knew Harrigan.

"Hello, Doyle. I want a pint of good whisky."

"Sure, Tom"—without enthusiasm. Selling liquor to hog heads was poor business.

"Not for myself," explained Harrigan soberly. "The doctor ordered whisky for the missus—and our prescription's out."

So that was it. Doyle looked relieved. From under the bar he produced a flask, explaining, "This yere is special fine stuff, Tom. Good luck to her."

Harrigan paid and left, conscious of following eyes and whispering tongues. But he knew Doyle would explain; knew, also, the speakeasy habitués would believe him. Nobody in Butte City had ever seen Harrigan take a drink. Harrigan and booze—that was funny! Which suggests another story—an old, old love story that might be told about Tom and Lucy Harrigan and liquor; but that would be sidetracking this railroad yarn, which has "rights through" to the terminal.

Harrigan, entering the roundhouse next morning, glanced at the board to find a notice for him: "Tom Harrigan, engineer: Report division superintendent's office at once." It was initialed "E. H." E. H. stood for Edgar Hargrave, new and busy broom. Every message which had decorated that board for the last three months had been initialed "E. H." Peculiar, the psychology of it! E. B. were pleasant, friendly initials. But then, Ed Boles, old broom headed for the discard, was human, considerate, one of *them.* While Hargrave typified the block system. Machinelike precision makes enemies, particularly when devoid of sympathy or understanding.

Harrigan presented himself at the super's office. Ordinarily he would have gone in and taken a chair by the desk. But one didn't sit down in Hargrave's presence—not without an engraved invitation! Strangely enough, this was the first time Harrigan had come into personal contact with Hargrave. The first time, that is, in the offices of the T., C. & W.

The new super didn't look up at once, allowing Harrigan a moment to study him. Thirty years! Occasionally time softens faces, removes some of the intolerance of youth. But not so here. Hargrave's features had been cast in a precise mold and of granite-hard material. His eyes were quick, cold, clear; his chin as rigid as a rock fill. And the lines from nose to mouth corners went down in two deep seams.

There was a stillness about him, a physical poise that somehow suggested tremendous mental activity. It was as if his very blood had been called from the surface of his body to aid in the work of his brain. Secret work behind a mask!

AFTER a while he looked up with a blank stare. But his unmoving pupils took in Harrigan, thin, weathered, mild of face. Harrigan with his red nose and black, greasy cap. Harrigan who had saved more lives by judgment than Hargrave would ever save by efficiency.

"Good morning, Mr. Hargrave. I guess you remember me."

Of course the engineer didn't know it, but Hargrave had planned this. It was an old trick of his—letting the other fellow make the first move.

"Yes, I remember you." His voice was toneless, precise, built of clipped words. "Thirty years ago I fired you for drunkenness from the Central of Jersey."

Harrigan took his cap off then, running his fingers through his thin hair. "Yes," he admitted with a faint smile; "thirty years ago."

"Do you still drink, Harrigan?"

Again the smile. "No, sir; you taught me my lesson. You and—my wife."

"Not a drink for thirty years, eh?"

"Not a drink."

Hargrave drew a paper from a file on which it had been stabbed. "Harrigan, yesterday you ran a board. Is there any reason why I shouldn't fire you?"

"Fire—me?"

"Precisely."

"You mean," continued Harrigan slowly, as if groping for an explanation, "you want to fire me for using good judgment?"

"I mean no engineer under me can disregard a signal more than once. Block systems were invented to protect the public from just such displays of—judgment."

What was this man saying? No, it couldn't be true. He didn't understand. Harrigan's thin body quivered as if he had been struck by a lash. "But, Mr. Hargrave, I only ran to the top of the grade to save doubling the hill. It meant an hour's delay. The board was set to protect the first section—nothing else. Surely, sir—"

"We won't argue the point. You ran a board. Do you admit it?"

Harrigan made a hopeless gesture. "Yes—if you put it that way."

"Now," continued the super inexorably, "we'll get on to the matter of liquor." He leaned across his desk, his first physical action during the interview. "Harrigan, there are two things I abominate in a railroad man—lying and drinking. You are guilty of both. A moment ago you told me you hadn't taken a drink in thirty years, yet last night I saw you go into the most notorious speakeasy in town. Boles was with me. It is a perfectly clear case; you drink. You've always hit the booze. You always will. Maybe you ran that board sober, but the chances are you didn't. And I'm not taking chances on the judgment of a liquor hound."

DAZED, that was Harrigan's trouble. The mortal hurt had not yet registered. And so he stood limply before the desk, allowing Hargrave to continue:

"I have examined your record. You have been hauling trains on this jerk-water road for twenty-five years without an accident. Good records should be considered, yet the lives of the public are due even more consideration. I am going east to headquarters today, and I shall recommend your permanent discharge to the president. If you care to take up the matter with the brotherhood, that is your privilege. And one thing more: the only reason I don't fire you on the spot is because of other employees; you're popular. . . . That's all."

Harrigan caught the desk edge in straining fingers, white angry now. "No, Hargrave, it isn't all! I don't drink; I haven't touched a drop for thirty years. It wouldn't be hard to explain the speakeasy except to you—"

"Because you might find me a bit skeptical?"

"Because you're a damned machine, a— And when you call this a jerk-water road you're not fit for a wiping job on it!"

"Get out," ordered Hargrave without raising his voice, "before I change my mind and fire you now."

"Go on!" challenged Harrigan. "Post it on the board: 'Tom Harrigan fired for drinking.'"

"No; my judgment is to let the president do that."

For an instant the engineer hesitated. The super's face was swimming in a haze; the room went round. How he longed to crash his fist into that never-changing mask, to bring blood to those stony features! Lucy! Of course! That was what held him back—the subconscious realization of what discharge would mean to her. Twenty-five years of service—a pension not far off—old age—helplessness—*and* Lucy.

Harrigan reeled out, drunk now, but with anger, grief, fear. And Boles, entering the office, tried to stop him in vain.

Of course fresh air helped. For a long time Harrigan stood in the doorway leading to the yards, gulping in lungfuls of it. A switch engine was making up his train, marshaling baggage cars, Pullmans, coaches into an or-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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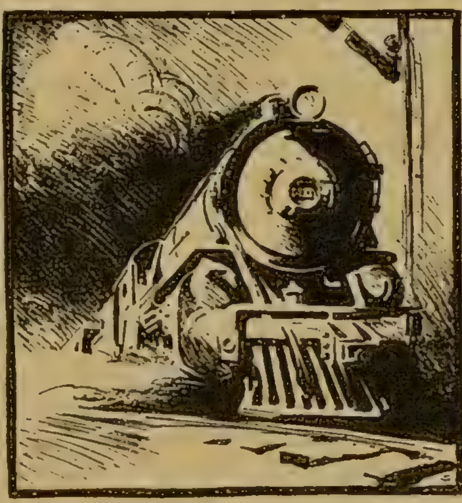
JUDGMENT
Continued from page thirty-one

derly line on track seven, ready for the 1701 flyer to couple. The 1701! Thank God he would have her a little longer.

Crossing the tracks, he entered the roundhouse, got his orders, and signed the book. Wallace was busy poking an oil can into the vitals of the 1701. He didn't tell Wallace; he couldn't tell anybody yet. He stopped by the engine, caressing it lovingly. Can that be? Ask any engineer!

Groomed and polished, the 1701 was an aristocrat of the rails from her guard plates to the top of her short, wicked-looking stack. But to Harrigan she was more. He felt that somewhere in her huge steel body there lurked a soul which responded to him. Lucy understood. Waiting day after day for Harrigan to come back from his run, she could visualize what his engine meant to him, what every engine meant to every engineer; and—bless her!—what the very division meant to those who served it. A railroad *woman* was Lucy.

Unconsciously he glanced at his watch and swung to the cab, and as unconsciously tested his air. Eight ten. Harrigan eased out of the yards and on to the main line, then backed down to the terminal. It was after he had coupled that Peter Kirby, conductor, came along.



"You're pulling the super's car," he confided grimly. "Sling it over a fill for the good of the division!"

Harrigan didn't answer. The super's car! He, Harrigan, whose judgment had cost him his job, was about to hold Hargrave's life in the palm of his hand. That was ironic fate all right. He wondered whether Hargrave had thought of it and, if so, why Hargrave had not transferred him. A strange man, this Hargrave, risking his neck with a drunkard at the throttle.

"'Board!"

Harrigan caught Kirby's signal from the tail of his eye and closed up his train. Then the 1701 heaved forward, and drawheads and couplings took the strain as hundreds of tons of steel got under way. Switch frogs clicked under rumbling drivers; like a huge snake the Limited took a cross-over, straightened, picked up momentum.

Judgment! Into the hazy distance stretched the rails, inviting speed, beckoning on the 1701. The operator waved from tower BB9 as he reached for his key to stutter an "O. K." Once again the eternal thrill of it went clean through Harrigan. Two longs and two shorts on the gong whistle for a major crossing; a brief picture of waiting automobiles and lowered gates; then the sweet emptiness of the open track.

POUNDING drivers, swaying cab, thunderous exhaust, and a green board in the distance. Today there would be no doubling of hills, for he was pulling the first section—in fact, the very first train east or west bound—and he had "rights" through. A fast schedule? Yes. Too fast for safety, but not too fast for the 1701, nor on this day too fast for the man at the throttle. Speed alone seemed to dull the ache in his heart—speed and the whip of the wind.

Hastings, a mere water tank and platform, leaped at him and fled. They were hitting seventy now, with Harrigan half out the cab like a jockey urging on his horse. Behind followed the Pullmans. And behind the Pullmans was Hargrave's car, the last car on earth Harrigan wanted on the train.

Haze deepened the sun's rays to bronze shafts striking across the valley. The haze, not sufficiently dense to affect visibility, came from forest fires, Harrigan knew. He was always on the lookout for them, understanding as only a railroad man can what such fires occasionally did to trestles and stations and—yes—lives. But the right of way of the T., C. & W. was well cleared. Thank Boles for that. Nowhere along its two-hundred-mile length could a falling tree crash across the rails or flames reach a wooden depot.

Moose River settlement suddenly raised itself out of the valley floor, with its sidings, yards, and tower. A deafening roar, a minor earthquake, and the Limited had passed, leaving miniature cyclones whirling aloft dust and trash.

From Moose River the track, abandoning the valley, entered a fissure in the mountains where it began its climb to the divide. Nothing breath-taking, however—just a steady pull in which the 1701 gloried. As rock walls closed in, the bark of the exhaust became more staccato, like a runner panting on the last mile. Fifty, forty-five, thirty. Trust Harrigan for holding that speed on any reasonable grade. Harrigan and the blessed old 1701! A foaming mass slipped beneath, accompanied by the rumble of tons across trestle timbers. The Pullmans leaned on the bank of a curve. The flyer was doing her best now, straining at the couplings, digging in determinedly as gravity dragged at the train.

THEN the divide itself atop the world. Thirty miles an hour right over the crest. But of course Hargrave in the last car would not notice. He wasn't essentially a railroad man, with a railroad man's pride in performance. Or—was he? God knew!

As the Limited completed the hill Harrigan closed his throttle a notch. From here the track resembled a rope looped along the mountain walls and around towering peaks. Curves, tunnels, cuts, trestles, fills were to be found in profusion and to be negotiated with care. Not a single tangent was too short for speed, but efficiency of brakes decreases in exact ratio to the sharpness of a down grade. On the old schedule thirty-five miles an hour had been fast enough from the divide to the valley floor. And just slow enough for safety, judged Harrigan. That, however, was a thing of the past. If the Limited were to pull in on time she must twist through the labyrinth at fifty anyhow. Danger? No, if everything was clear on the right of way. Oh, the ifs in railroading!

That was what worried Harrigan. How could anyone know, with cliffs to blot out the view and toss back a thousand echoes? Suppose some operator forgot a holding order. No engineer on earth could see or hear the approach of another train. The block system—Hargrave's system? Splendid! Harrigan grinned ironically, knowing well how fate, should it set about it, could circumvent such a man-made safety device.

Gradually the Limited picked up speed. Fifty miles an hour down the mountain. How little it meant to the Pullman passengers. A drummer in one of the smoking compartments complained that unless "that damned engineer got a move on" he'd have to spend the night in Carson. To protect the traveling public, maintain fast schedules, foresee the perversity of inanimate obstacles, and avoid the unholy traps laid by torrent and landslide—such was the task every railroad man faced, and faced bravely.

Fifty miles an hour. On tore the Limited, now on the straightaway, now sweeping around a bend to open a new vista of track.

It happened quick as an eyewink. There had been a warning in the faint brown haze, yet not one possible of correct interpretation. How could anybody guess that a portion of the haze came from a burning trestle, or that this particular trestle was hidden by a blind approach? Other trestles more openly located might have burned with impunity, but this one crossing Beale's Creek—well, fate had put one over on the block system after all!

One moment Harrigan was watching the rock walls reel past, the next the walls dropped away, and there, almost on him, a column of flame shot upward—flame and smoke such as only creosoted piling can make. Into the furnace sagged the track, no longer supported by anything except its own bolted joints; and straight for the furnace sped the Limited.

A narrow grassy strip just wide enough to break a fall lay on the right. One could jump from the cab and live. But ahead death waited, certain, horrible. Harrigan's arm moved faster than eyesight, but not as fast as his thought. Judgment! Here, if ever, one needed judgment. This time no mechanical contrivance stood between passengers and oblivion—merely the judgment of one man, a drunkard, according to Hargrave.

Like a flash Harrigan measured distances. Already the brakes were biting into whirling wheels; already he had snapped on the automatic sander. The Limited bucked, closed up, surged ahead. No known power could prevent the 1701 from entering that inferno, but it was possible—just possible—that a skilled engineer might kill momentum sufficiently before the engine sank into the abyss to leave his train behind him with locked wheels.

"Jump!" screamed Wallace, poised in the gangway. Nor did this reflect upon him. Brakes were set, the sander opened. What use sacrificing life needlessly? Needlessly? No! Judgment again—this time Harrigan's. Judgment based on years at the throttle. If he stuck where he was he could save a few feet—a distance which might spell sanctuary to the poor devils in the baggage car. There was art in the application of brakes and sand right up to the last grinding moment.

Wallace leaped. Harrigan saw him do a double somersault as he struck the turf. But only out of the tail of his eye. He was watching the right of way, reacting to that sixth sense which tells an engineer just how far to open the air before the wheels slide. Now, burning brands swam through the cab windows; smoke half blinded him. Almost under the pilot truck flared the menace which must in a split second reduce the 1701 to scrap iron.

IT was typical of Harrigan that his last thoughts were of Lucy waiting for him, and of the 1701. His wife and his engine! Compensation for one, thank God! The railroad would have to take care of Lucy—

Twenty-five, fifteen, ten miles an hour. A car's length to go! Somewhere in the rear a Pullman was off, but that would help rather than hinder. He had won! At the mere cost of one life—his own. But he had won! When the engine toppled into the gap where had stood the trestle it wouldn't drag a single car with it. Eternity for Harrigan, but safety for everybody else—what more could an engineer ask?

Suddenly the 1701 tilted forward, brakes screaming. And Harrigan, still at the throttle, still doing his last, infinitesimal bit, offered a prayer, hoping the Father above could hear him through the din of rending iron, ripping steel, and exhausting steam. "Dear God," he began, "take care of—" Lucy's name was smothered on his lips by the terrible rush of the 1701 straight down.

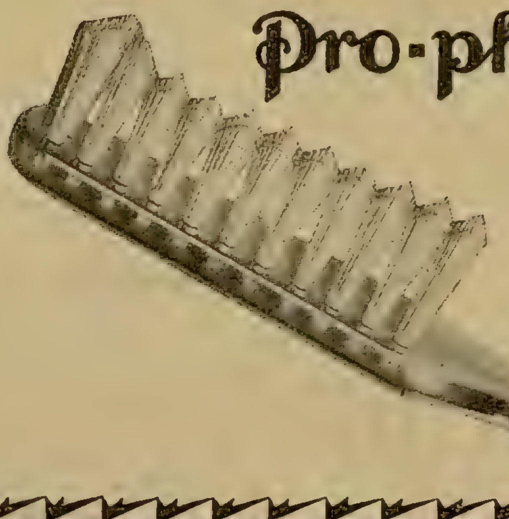
Everybody on the division tells the story, from Portuguese section hands to tower operators—with variations, of course; for nothing so tragic, so swift and decisive of action is ever correctly reported. But the gist remains the same—a wonderful, beautiful tribute to Tom Harrigan. Not that Harrigan's action represented an isolated case. It didn't. It was indicative of the spirit of all engineers. One life for many—that is their simple code, as stern and inexorable as it is truly godly.

When the 1701, discovering thin air under her, went down like a jungle monster crashing into a trap pit, she snapped the coupling between tender and baggage car. Locked brakes brought the almost motionless train to an instant stop—locked brakes and sand on the rails *and* Harrigan's judgment. There stood the Limited, beheaded but safe. Safe for the men in the baggage cars and Pullmans; safe for Hargrave.

Following the awful medley of sound which marked the end of the 1701 there fell a sort of terrified silence. Smoke eddied upward from the mass of blazing piling and timber; while the escaping steam mixed with it made the mouth of the gorge resemble a volcanic crater. Then, suddenly, men broke from vestibule doors, panting, weak, hoarse-voiced, to bring up with bulging eyes at the brink of the gap. Hargrave came eventually, his masklike

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TUFTED
Pro-phy-lac-tic



If You Are Open-minded

on the subject of which tooth brush is best for you, these may be the most important 215 words you have ever read. So vital is a healthy mouth in preventing disease.

We make two styles of tooth brushes, illustrated. Both were designed by leading dental authorities. The Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic is medium size. The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic is the newest small type. We are glad to sell either, although our profit on the Masso is slightly larger because it contains less bristle.

The Masso is a wonderful brush for those who will clean teeth *three minutes* by the clock, as dentists direct. But we cannot conscientiously recommend it, if you brush your teeth in a hurry. Instead, our professional advice is to use a brush *large enough* to clean, polish, and massage, in the reduced time. Obviously, hasty brushers will get more and better cleaning with a brush that has more bristle.

Buy a Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic and use it for just one week. See the improvement. Note how much better it does the job. How thoroughly and yet how quickly! Observe, too, how the famous tufted toe reaches and cleans the molars (back teeth).

No matter what brush you are using now, try a Tufted . . . You will thank us for the suggestion.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

MASSO
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Gastrogen
stops
Indigestion
and stops it
quickly!

DON'T be bothered with loginess and discomfort after meals. Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets. Heartburn, acidity and indigestion will be quickly and quietly relieved.

Gastrogen restores internal comfort without the embarrassing hiccups or gas that follow the use of soda. For, unlike "bi-carb", it contains only insoluble antacids, hence it can't retard digestion or alkalize the stomach.

Gastrogen is as quick in effect as it's harmless. Its spicy, aromatic taste will delight. Stop at your druggist. Get a tin of 15 tablets for 20¢ or a bottle of 60 for 60¢!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*

2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*

3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-51
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name..................................

Address...............................

[JUDGMENT
Continued from page thirty-three]

face white as death; while beside him hobbled Wallace.

It was indeed Wallace who threw himself over the fill, clawing for a foothold, sobbing like a child:

"God, he's down there! He stayed with 'er!"

The passengers didn't understand, but everybody else did. And, barring a reluctant flagman sent back to set torpedoes, the entire train crew followed Wallace. Followed him down a descent that would have dizzied an alpine climber, some carrying emergency axes and picks from the coaches. There was a doctor on the train, a portly man not physically adapted to the task, but he went willingly. Had he not, he would have gone unwillingly, trust the Limited's crew for that!

How they all got to the bottom alive must have been due to belated providence. There lay the 1701 on her side, her tender folded back across her boiler and cab, and a flood of steam hissing from beneath it. Nobody could live for even a moment in that scalding prison.

Prize Awards
in Liberty's recently concluded
Patriotic Game of States
will be announced in Liberty for May 30—on sale May 22.
The judges are now at work.

BUT Harrigan wasn't in the cab, or caught between it and the tender. He lay in a singularly peaceful attitude on a sand bank built by the stream. Except for his crushed goggles and a cut on his forehead he might have dropped down for a nap. The train crew pressed close, hats off, tears in many an eye.

It didn't take the doctor long.

"Dead?" whispered Wallace.

The doctor looked up. "It's a miracle he isn't. He's got a broken leg—that's all I can find."

Absolute silence for an instant as men stared, doubting their ears, doubting a destiny which had repaid bravery with mercy. Then a cheer grew from a husky rumble to a shout. Caps went into the air; baggage clerks, conductors, porters hugged each other.

Fortunately Harrigan didn't regain consciousness while they hoisted and boosted him to the top of the fill, else he must have suffered agony from his left leg, which displayed a nauseating tendency to bend in all directions. When he opened his eyes he was in the super's car, on the super's berth.

He looked up to find Hargrave watching him. Even now, with all the debt on Hargrave's side, the super couldn't help putting it up to the other fellow.

"WELL, Harrigan?"

"Did—the baggage car—?"

"No; it stopped a few inches from the trestle."

Harrigan nodded weakly. "It was always a matter of inches, sir. . . . And the 1701—?"

Wallace, hidden by the compartment door, turned away, shoulders heaving.

"Scrap iron," replied Hargrave unemotionally. "But that needn't worry you; you'll have a better one. The road needs men with your nerve and judgment."

"Judgment?"—wonderingly.

"I said judgment."

A pause while Harrigan stared into space, tears rolling down his grimy cheeks. At length he apologized: "I'm ashamed, Mr. Hargrave, but the —the 1701—" He covered his face with his hands.

"Stop it!" ordered the super. "No engine's worth that. Here, you're all in!" Producing a flask, he pressed it to Harrigan's trembling lips.

Harrigan's gesture of refusal was almost violent. "Not in thirty years, sir."

For a long time Hargrave simply stood with the flask in his hand. Then he said, "I believe you, Harrigan."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the name of the sacred river of the Hindus?
2—In what game is the term "face-off" used?
3—Who were the druids?
4—To what nation does Malta belong?
5—What is another name for the west wind?
6—Who wrote The Barefoot Boy?
7—What is the official name of the Mormon Church?
8—What does hepatic mean?
9—What is condign punishment?
10—What is a griffin?
11—What is the esophagus?
12—On what body of water is Venice, Italy, situated?
13—How many teeth does an adult human being normally have?
14—What are the names of the four chief varieties of clouds?
15—What is bravado?
16—What is a yokel?
17—What is a conifer?
18—What is the plural of mongoose?
19—What is a common name for the woodchuck?
20—How many planets in the solar system?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-five)

DIG TREASURE FROM NAMES . . . .

. . . . BE A MODERN CAPTAIN KIDD!

$1,000 for the Cleverest NAME ANAGRAMS

THERE'S more than one way to get rich. . . . You know how Cap Kidd did it. You can do it too—and you needn't take the chances the old pirate took. Do it the modern way—with Name Anagrams. . . . All you do is shuffle the letters in your name, or the names of your friends or relatives—move them around—until they spell clever, fascinating, and ingenious words or word combinations. . . . Glance at the winners below. Read them over. That's the best way to get the idea. . . . Simple, isn't it? Then try it. You're just as likely to find $100 worth of gold as not. . . . So plow into your name. That's all you need. Just a name! And the directions—you'll find them at the left. Read them before you start the fun.

RULES

. . . . amazingly simple!

1—Liberty will pay $1,000 in ten prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published.

2—All you have to do to win some of this easy money is form a word, or a combination of words, using the letters in your name, or the letters in the names of your parents, brothers or sisters or friends.

3—First pick the name you want to use. Then juggle the letters—shuffle and move them around until you find clever and ingenious words. They're the kind that win.

4—Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. But don't use any letter that doesn't appear in it.

5—Don't use the same letter twice unless it appears twice in the name.

6—You may use your full name.

7—It isn't necessary to find a lot of words in one name, for the number of words won't count. It's the ingenuity and cleverness of your words or word combinations that'll win you a $100 check. One word may do the trick.

8—You may compete as many times as you like. This contest is open to everybody, anywhere—men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

9—Write the names you used, and the words you found hidden in them, on a piece of paper. Sign your name and address and send them to NAME ANAGRAMS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

THESE WINNERS COLLECT $100 EACH!

DORIS MAE JONES . . . MA, DO I SNORE?
Doris M. Jones, 1062 Ainslie Street, Chicago, Illinois

EDNA WEIDMANN DECHERT . . . NICE MAN WANTED HERE
Edna W. Dechert, 911 Asylum Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut

CLARENCE PHILLIP ATKINSON . . . A PAIN IN THE NECK
C. P. Atkinson, 21 Houston Street, Atlanta, Georgia

LUCILLE BESSIE YOUNG . . . I'LL BE SEEING YOU
Lee R. Young, 2134 Cass Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana

DANIEL LELAND FINDLAY . . . FINE AND DANDY
D. L. Findlay, 530 Wyanoke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland

EVELYN MUNOT CAPORAL . . . YOU TELL 'EM!
Evelyn M. Caporal, 3747A Arkansas Street, St. Louis, Missouri

DOROTHEA EVANGELINE WILSON . . . EVE WAS NO ANGEL
Dorothea E. Wilson, R. F. D. 1, Gilmanton, New Hampshire

THEODORE WILLIAM DANIELSEN . . . I MADE A HOLE IN ONE
Theodore W. Danielsen, 1400 Laurel Street, Columbia, South Carolina

HAROLD LOUIS STANTON . . . A TOTAL LOSS
Harold L. Stanton, 1626 North Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

CHRISTINE WOODWARD . . . IT'S A WOW!
J. Wells Woodward, 311 West Nineteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Watch future issues of Liberty *A Weekly for Everybody* for More Great Prize Offers!

NEWS on the Screen

And a New Mr. Menjou in an Entertaining Play About Reporters

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE FRONT PAGE

CAST

Walter Burns	Adolphe Menjou
Hildy Johnson	Pat O'Brien
Peggy	Mary Brian
Bensinger	Edward Everett Horton
Earl Williams	George E. Stone
Molly	Mae Clarke
Pincus	Slim Summerville
Kruger	Matt Moore
McCue	Frank McHugh
Sheriff Hartman	Clarence H. Wilson
The Mayor	James Gordon

Produced by Howard Hughes
Directed by Lewis Milestone.

HOWARD HUGHES is an astute producer. He hasn't turned out many pictures, but the few he's sponsored have been first-class productions. His latest may even be classed as extraordinary.

The Front Page is a newspaper play written by two newspaper men, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, about the men and the craft they know so well. It has the stamp of authenticity on it from its gruesome opening scene to its surprising and clever last line.

The cast without exception is fine. It is headed by Adolphe Menjou, whose city editor is the best performance I've ever seen him give. It is a decided change from his usual rôle of suave and gentlemanly menace and he carries it off perfectly. He is ably assisted by a newcomer to the screen named Pat O'Brien, who has the sort of personality that makes itself felt before he has said a dozen words.

Most of the action takes place in the press room of the Criminal Courts Building in Chicago, where the reporters from all the dailies are marking time before a hanging.

The drama involves the escape of the doomed man, the efforts of a city editor to retain his star reporter, who is about to forsake his job and the city for marriage and an advertising post in New York, and the struggle of the girl to get her fiancé away from it all. Hildy just drops into the press room to say good-by to the boys when things begin to pop, and he is irresistibly drawn back into the vortex of the job.

The lines are packed with punch. There is a good deal of suspense in the man hunt and two more or less romantic interludes. It is a masterly production of a clever play, admirably acted throughout.

Mary Astor and Robert Ames, the secretary and her boss, in Behind Office Doors.

★ ★ ★ BEHIND OFFICE DOORS

CAST

Mary Linden	Mary Astor
James Duneen	Robert Ames
Ronnie Wales	Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Kogan	Kitty Kelly
Daisy Presby	Edna Murphy
Ellen Robinson	Catherine Dale Owen
Ritter	Charles Sellon
Robinson	William Morris

Produced by Radio.
Directed by Melville Brown.

Mary Astor proves herself one of the most capable actresses on the screen by her perfectly natural performance in this office romance.

The story is simple enough, marked by no great originality, but so presented and directed as to compel interest through every foot of film. Melville Brown has not overlooked the details that are so important in building up character while he has been occupied with bringing the conflict between his characters to its climax.

The story concerns Mary Linden's efforts to win the recalcitrant heart of her boss, whom Mary has assisted up the road from salesman to head of the firm. She wins out, but only after a struggle that comes close to defeat on several occasions. The dialogue, story, acting, and direction total up to an entertaining picture.

Adolphe Menjou, Mary Brian, and Pat O'Brien in The Front Page.

Peter Gawthorne and Warner Oland in Charlie Chan Carries On.

★ ★ ★ CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

CAST

Charlie Chan	Warner Oland
Mark Kennaway	John Garrick
Pamela Potter	Marguerite Churchill
Max Minchin	Warren Hymer
Sadie Minchin	Marjorie White
John Ross	C. Henry Gordon
Patrick Tait	William Holden
Capt. Ronald Keane	George Brent
Inspector Duff	Peter Gawthorne
Dr. Lofton	John T. Murray
Elmer Benbow	John Swor
Mrs. Benbow	Goodee Montgomery
Walter Honywood	Jason Robards
Inspector Hanley	Lumsden Hare
Mrs. Luce	Zeffie Tillbury
Sybil Conway	Betty Francisco

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Hamilton MacFadden.

Charlie Chan Carries On is the second mystery picture play about the Chinese detective. The first was Behind That Curtain. Both stories were written by Earl Derr Biggers. Warner Oland in the character of the detective who talks in proverbs makes him live and breathe.

The novelty of the story is that a member of a small group on a round-the-world cruise is murdered in London. Another is killed in Nice.

The killer is known to be one of the party of tourists, and a great detective from Scotland Yard is put on the case and follows the party around the world.

The detective himself is shot down in Honolulu and he enlists the services of his friend, Charlie Chan, who carries on the search from there, joining the party on the last leg of the journey to San Francisco. Before the boat docks, the detective uncovers the murderer and sends a pair of young lovers on their way to happiness.

The suspense is well worked out and the atmosphere of the different foreign places visited by the cruise party makes a varied and interesting background.

The acting and direction are good and the tag of the picture will send you out of the theater laughing heartily. It is altogether a good production.

★ ★ MAN OF THE WORLD

CAST

Michael Trevor	William Powell
Mary Kendall	Carole Lombard
Irene	Wynne Gibson
Harold Taylor	Guy Kibbee
Frank Thompson	Lawrence Gray

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Richard Wallace.

This story will disappoint William Powell's fans because the character he portrays is far from admirable. He is an ex-newspaper man who goes to Paris to write a novel. The novel never materializes and in order to live he uses his wits.

By threatening to expose American tourists who succumb to the lure of the more lurid entertainments of Paris he manages to live well until he falls in love. Everything changes for him then, but in spite of the fact that he makes the noble gesture of giving up the girl, he is an unsympathetic character.

Powell plays the part of Trevor with his usual ability. The story has been given careful direction. Wynne Gibson's acting of an unsympathetic rôle eclipses Carole Lombard's heroine. The story is well constructed and the dialogue good, but it leaves you with a bitter taste in the mouth for all that.

Do you know that—

Another member of the Bennett family is to be featured in a picture soon? Richard, father of the three Bennett girls, has been assigned to the part of the father in Marion Davies' next picture, Five and Ten.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Strangers May Kiss, Pagliacci, Dishonored, The Last Parade, East Lynne, Father's Son.

Wynne Gibson and William Powell in Man of the World.

PLANE

An "Air Devil's" Reminiscences of Spills for Picture Thrills

As Told to Robert A. Donaldson

By FRANK CLARKE

Al Johnson and Frank Clarke, air stunt partners.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 21 seconds.)

AIRPLANE stunt work often attracted a strange crowd of performers. One of the oddest I ever met was "Chief Whitefeather."

He came out to the field one day, a dark, queerly dressed fellow with a thick head of heavy hair hanging down his back. He said he was a Cherokee Indian. I rather doubted this, as I knew something of Indians, my maternal grandmother having been half Cherokee. I asked him a few questions, which he didn't answer very directly, so I let the matter drop. That was his story and he was entitled to stick to it if he wanted to.

He announced that he was a parachute jumper, and boasted of his wonderful sense of altitude. He apparently had done some parachute work, but I think it must have been from balloons, for he knew very little about planes.

He said he could fly hanging by his hair from the undercarriage of a plane, and he wanted us to take him up. We got hold of the news-reel men and they fell for the stunt. We tied his hair with catgut, put him on the undercarriage, and I flew him up. It made quite a spectacular stunt, and he seemed able to do it and be none the worse for the wear.

I tied up with him and put on the stunt a number of times. I was planning to get an advertising tie-up with some hair-restorer people and go barnstorming around the country, when he thought up another stunt.

His idea was to go up with ten parachutes on his back. He would then jump, open the first one, float down a ways, cut it loose, when it would automatically open the second, and so forth, until he landed with the tenth one.

The stunt looked as if it might work, and it was certainly novel, so Howard Batt took him up. He planned to jump at 5,000 feet. However, despite his boasted knowledge of height, he started to jump at 2,500 feet, and Batt had to signal violently to him to get back in. When Batt reached 5,000 feet, the Chief jumped.

The first parachute opened without trouble. Between 5,000 and 2,500 feet he cut loose four parachutes, and was riding the fifth. For some reason, he rode the fifth parachute to within 100 feet of the ground. At that time we decided something had happened to the stunt, and that he was coming safely to earth in the fifth parachute. However at 100 feet he cut it loose. The sixth chute didn't have time to open. He fell and was killed.

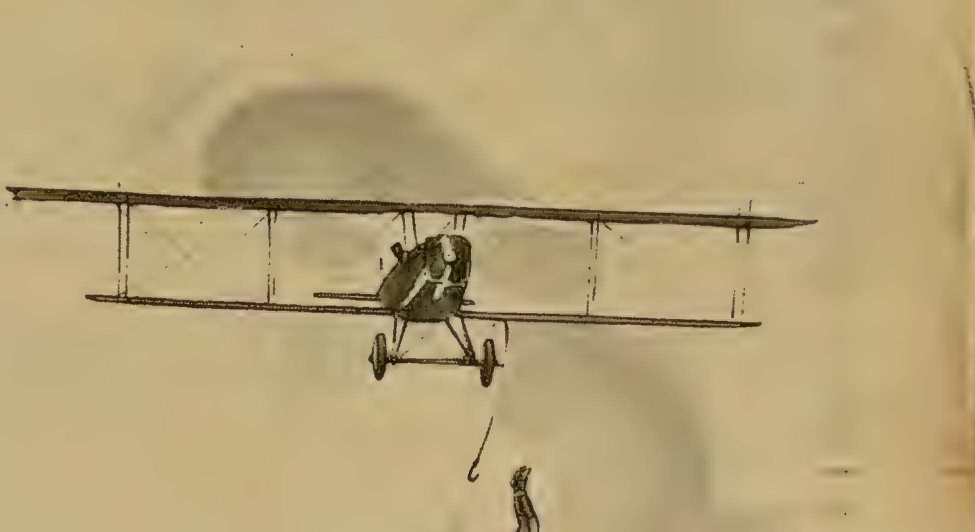
Some time later I got a letter from his relatives in Ohio. It turned out that he wasn't an Indian at all, but a Greek. I always knew he talked too much to be an Indian.

About this time so much stunt stuff was being done that it had to be dressed up in various new guises before the news weeklies or film melodramas would fall for it. Stunt men were also getting very careless because they felt so sure of themselves. For instance, we got in the habit of never bothering to make a change from one wing to another with both hands. We'd often simply reach up and catch on with one hand.

Finally several men were blown off planes and killed in this manner and we stopped it. It was found that the motion of the plane and wind would tend to make a man spin if he were holding on with only one hand, and once he started to lose his grip he couldn't reach up with the other and take hold because he had no purchase.

Freddie Lund became so adept at changes that he seldom waited for the upper plane to come down to him. Instead he'd jump a couple of feet and catch it! Lund later was credited with being the first civilian to achieve an outside loop.

I did a stunt for a news weekly that nearly cost me my life. I was to handcuff myself and then climb all over a plane. It



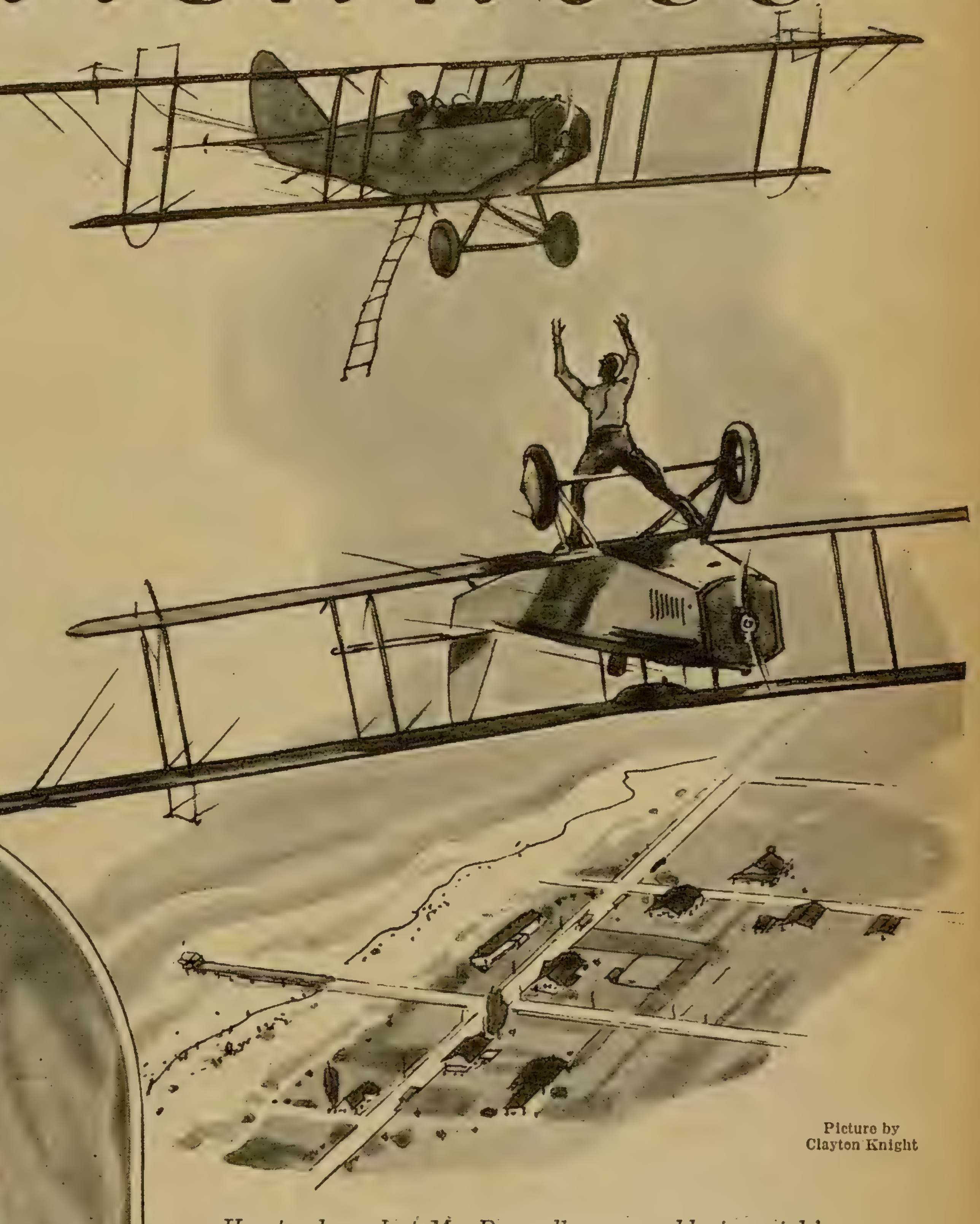
Picture by
Clayton Knight

Goebel came up from the rear and caught the rope with which Al's feet were tied together.

Foolishness

sounded easy on the ground, but in the air it was quite another thing. I started out very confidently, but while walking out on the lower wing I almost fell off when I forgot myself and reached out with my right hand to grab a flying wire. Being handcuffed, that jerked my left hand loose from a hold I had on some other wires. The only thing that saved me was a drift wire I happened to fall across.

WHEN competition was stiff in air meets we all had to go the limit. We generally kept a stunt or two up our sleeves for emergencies. One of mine was to crawl out of the cockpit when I was alone in the plane, go down one wing to the undercarriage, and up on the other side and back into the cockpit. To make sure that there was no fake about it I would always have the announcer tell what I was going to do, and in addition have a number of spectators inspect the plane to see that no one was running it from a concealed position. I would go into the air over the field, tie the controls, and perform the stunt.



Picture by
Clayton Knight

He stood up, but MacDougall was unable to get him.

Al Johnson, still unconscious, after his parachute failed to open promptly in the jumpers' contest.

I think one of the most dramatic stunts ever pulled was by Al Johnson, Art Goebel, and myself. We blindfolded Al, and tied his feet together, then took him up in my plane. He crawled out on my wing and put his feet up into the air. Goebel had arranged a hook on his wing, and at the proper time came up from the rear and caught the rope with which Al's feet were tied together.

The gag took a lot of nerve, because when Al went off, he didn't know whether that hook was secure on the rope. He struggled for a time, and for a minute I thought I was going to have to go down under and take him off again on the top wing of my ship. However, he managed to struggle up, got a handhold, and finally, still blindfolded, and by the sense of touch, got into Goebel's cockpit!

I think the meanest trick I ever pulled was on Jerry Fairbanks, cameraman on The Eagle of the Night. We were filming this serial near the Mexican border. Jerry, a very fine chap, is essentially serious minded. As a gag I began telling him about "goofy spells" I had when I was flying. I told him I had almost uncontrollable impulses to jump out now and then. This went on for several weeks.

ONE day a friend of his came down to visit him, and I took them up for a ride in a Standard biplane. They got to laughing and kidding in the front cockpit. When they weren't looking I ducked down out of sight.

The plane had a hole in the fuselage, and I ran the ship by looking out through it. I started flying sloppily, as if the ship were out of control. I'd dive it and then pull it up.

When Jerry and his friend looked back and didn't see anyone, Jerry immediately thought I'd had one of the dizzy spells that I'd been telling him about and had jumped out. Neither one knew how to fly, aside from the fact that there were no

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PLANE FOOLISHNESS
Continued from page thirty-nine

controls in the front cockpit. They were frantic, and thought it was their finish.

Finally I put the ship into a tail spin. Their finger nails dug into the cowling. Then, while they weren't looking, I came up, pulled the plane out of the spin; and when they next took a breath and looked back I was flying it as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened —looking over the side at the scenery. Jerry's friend was so disgusted when we landed that he simply got out, got in his car, and drove back to Los Angeles without saying good-by even to Jerry. As for the latter, he showed the true spirit of a pilot and went right on and learned to fly, becoming very good at it.

Just before the takeoff for the cowboy stunt in which Al Johnson nearly fell off. Johnson is at the left, Fronty Nichols across the table, and Bon MacDougall in the cockpit.

Ivan Unger won a place as one of the most remarkable stunt men in the business. A son of Ed Unger, an old-time balloon parachute jumper, Ivan took to his father's profession, and at the age of eight was making parachute jumps himself.

When he grew up he took to all sorts of stunt work. One of his stunts, for which I used to fly him, was to get down on the landing gear. Then I would turn upside down, and he would stand upright, with his hands free, on the bottom wing of the plane.

Later he decided he could, from this position, change to a ship which would fly down above him. Art Goebel flew him, and Bon MacDougall was to pick him off. When Goebel's plane was upside down he stood up, but because of the speed of the ship and the rapid loss of altitude, MacDougall was unable to get him. When Goebel was near the ground he was forced to right the ship suddenly; because of the speed and the centrifugal force on the outside of the loop, Ivan was unable to get a handhold in time, and hung there, with only one knee and one toe hooked on wires of the undercarriage. He had no chute, and almost was hurled off. When the ship was right side up again he pulled himself to safety. He later did some spectacular balloon work in Rookies.

One of the best wing walkers was Dick Curwood, who doubled for a great many stars, and was featured in various thrill pictures. After making all sorts of thrilling changes, he was finally dangerously injured at the Fox studio while working on The Eleventh Hour. He fell from the top of a small set, hit a prop roof, and broke his back.

He was in the hospital for months. Finally the doctors fixed him up, but advised him not to go in for stunt aviation again. However, he went back to the game.

ONE day he had been working very hard until midnight to finish a picture. He had a call for the next morning to do some stunt work for another company.

Frank Tomick was flying the ship, and another plane was to pick Curwood off a rope ladder. Tomick went up 5,000 feet and Curwood got out on the wing. He seemed in especially good spirits. While he was there, waiting for the other plane to come in, he began clowning around, laughing, shouting at Tomick, letting go for a minute, and similar things.

Tomick took his eyes off Curwood a moment to look up above him to see if the other ship was coming in. When he looked back Curwood was gone. Tomick could hardly believe his eyes. He thought Curwood must have gone down under the wing as a stunt. He looked all over the plane, but couldn't find Dick, and eventually flew back to the field.

Curwood had fallen off. It was believed that, his resistance weakened by his long hours of work the night before, his back suddenly gave way and he lost his grip.

He was one of the best of an era that has now disappeared.

A news-reel stunt started Al Johnson on his road to fame. Also it provided one of his closest calls.

Bon MacDougall was going to fly his ship with a card table wired to the center section of the top wing, and two cowboys seated nonchalantly playing cards a few thousand feet in the air, while the news-reel men photographed them. At the last minute the second card player didn't appear and when a request was made for someone to volunteer for ten dollars, Al Johnson stepped up. Nobody had ever seen him before, but he got the job. Fronty Nichols was the other card player.

THE stunt was going fine, when at about 2,500 feet Al suddenly slumped down in his chair and started to slide off the wing. Nichols jumped for him and was barely able to hold him, half on and half off, until MacDougall could land.

They found Al had fainted. When he came to they discovered the reason: he hadn't eaten for four days. He was always too proud to let anyone know he was broke, or to borrow money. He had volunteered for the stunt, not because he had done any stunt work before, but simply because he needed the ten dollars. I flew Al in numberless stunts after this, but I never took him up without feeding him or positively knowing that he had eaten.

Al had been in the army at one time, and I believe he obtained his first flying experience when stationed at Honolulu. One time he was flying as a mechanic for a lieutenant who had just purchased an expensive pair of boots, of which he was inordinately proud.

They were flying about two miles offshore when the motor went dead and the plane fell in the ocean. It began to sink rapidly and there was nothing to do but swim.

Al was an expert swimmer. He would often go out and swim for miles. The officer knew this, so he took off his new boots and gave them to Al to carry to shore. Before they swam the two miles Al was not only looking out for the boots, but was helping the officer as well, who nearly died from exhaustion.

Al brought the boots safely in, but in thinking it over decided that army life wasn't all that it should be, and got out of it.

One time, shortly after parachute jumping became very popular, a competition was held at Clover Field to see who could bail out of a plane and land nearest a certain white line on the field. Al Johnson entered the competition and asked me to fly him in my ship.

Several jumps had already been made, and two or three jumpers had landed fairly close to the line. I took Al up, and when I was 150 feet above the field, Al went out on the wing and jerked his ring for a pull-off. In the pull-off the jumper waits for the chute to open and jerk him off the plane. Either that or a straight jump is very dangerous at 150 feet. A chute, with its lines, is about thirty feet long, and it must have time to open.

Al's parachute didn't open fully. Meanwhile he looked down and saw that if he stayed on the plane much longer the white line would get away from him. So he jumped anyhow!

His chute hadn't opened because he had rented it to Lasky's a short time before, and some assistant director had repacked it himself. Al hadn't inspected it, and didn't know whether it contained old rags or bricks. As a matter of fact, the assistant hadn't put back the pilot chute.

Al shot downward like a rock. The chute had just begun to fill when he hit the ground. It broke his fall, but he hit terribly hard, right on his heels. He was knocked out cold. The boys ran over to him as he lay limp, and a doctor was called. He worked over him and finally brought him to. Of course, on account of the chute not opening he had gone far wide of the line. After he began to feel better he wanted me to take him back up and let him try it again! It was a wonder that he wasn't killed. Later he complained at various times about pains in the back of his head and neck.

Freddie Lund, daredevil and outside looper.

Getting lost in the air, either over unknown territory, or at night, or in a fog, always presents the hazard of a forced landing. One time Leo Nommis and Al Johnson were going to make a flight from Prescott, Arizona, to Kingman. Another plane was making the same trip. Leo wanted to get additional maps or information, as he didn't know the territory. However, Al told him not to worry; that he knew Arizona like a book.

The two planes became separated, and the other plane arrived safely at Kingman on time. The boys waited for two hours and were about to set out on a searching expedition over this wild territory when Leo's ship appeared from the opposite direction.

HE stopped his motor the minute he hit the field and started shouting at Al. The latter saw the look in his eye and hastily climbed out of the plane. Leo climbed out after him and ran him all over the field, a wrench in his hand. He couldn't catch him and finally threw the wrench at him.

It turned out that Al hadn't known Arizona as well as he thought he did, and by mistake had steered Leo into the Grand Cañon, where they had flown around for nearly two hours, unable to lift the plane out because of the tricky air currents. Their gasoline was about gone when they finally soared out on the puff of a good current. To have made a forced landing there was almost certain death.

When they started to fly back from Kingman to Los Angeles, Nommis said:

"Now Al, don't give me any more directions. No matter what happens, don't open your trap. I don't trust your directions and I don't want you to steer me wrong again." Al meekly got into the cockpit.

Everything went well until they got within thirty-five miles of Los Angeles, when they ran into a thick fog. Leo thought there might be a break in it in the San Fernando valley. However, he had to fly quite high because the valley is flanked by towering mountains.

THEY flew for half an hour without finding a break. By this time they knew they were thoroughly lost. Leo decided to take a chance and fly lower, trusting to luck that he could come down through the fog without hitting a mountainside.

Suddenly there was a faint break and through it Al spied the long black pipe line of the Los Angeles aqueduct, and recognized it as a stretch that comes out of the mountains at Saugus, twenty miles north of Los Angeles. He thought Leo saw it too, but was afraid to say anything about it on account of their previous trouble. Meanwhile the fog had closed in again.

Leo flew for another half hour and finally, just as his gas was giving out, he crashed in a bumpy alfalfa field near Ventura, sixty miles north of Los Angeles. The plane was demolished, but neither of them was hurt.

"I don't know where we are," muttered Leo as he crawled out of the wreckage. "I haven't seen a landmark since we hit the fog."

"I saw the aqueduct at Saugus half an hour ago," replied Al meekly. "I thought you saw it too, but I didn't want to say anything for fear you'd get sore." Leo passed out with rage.

Howard Batt had an amusing experience shortly after he started flying. He and Spider Matlock had been up near San Francisco, doing some exhibition stuff. He was flying back to Los Angeles, having stopped at Bakersfield, when he ran into a heavy fog. They thought they were flying due south. However, after an hour or so the fog partially lifted and they found themselves over the ocean.

About twenty-five miles eastward they saw the dim outlines of land, which they took to be the hills around

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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PLANE FOOLISHNESS
Continued from page forty-one

Los Angeles harbor. They turned back and headed for them. When they were three or four miles offshore they saw by the contour of the hills that the land was really Catalina Island. They had been flying straight out into mid-Pacific.

Their gas was running very low when they saw a tanker. While they were debating whether to come down in the water near the tanker or take a chance on having enough gas to reach shore, the decision was made for them by their engine stopping.

They landed on the water. Meanwhile the tanker was about a mile away. They were afraid the tanker had not seen them, and Matlock got on top of the plane and frantically waved his shirt. But the plane had been seen; it merely took the tanker a long time to turn around. When it came alongside, Batt and Matlock were sitting on the top wing, which was under water, with their traveling bags in their hands.

The tanker took them aboard and then hoisted the plane on deck. It turned out that the vessel was bound for San Francisco, its first port of call. So in two days they were back in that city! They cleaned the salt water out of the engine, fixed up the plane, and were in Los Angeles exactly a week after they had started for it and flown over it in the fog.

I HAD to make a forced landing in the ocean one winter. I was about one mile offshore with Jimmy Hester, my mechanic, when my motor cut. Fortunately there was a Japanese fishing boat near by, and I brought the plane down as close to it as possible. They threw a line out to us, and Jimmy went out on the nose to make it fast. He slipped and fell into the water, with a lot of heavy tools in his pockets. Then I had to go over and put the line on him to get him out. After we made the lines fast to the plane we got back and rode the tail to keep the engine out of the salt water, while we were being towed in. We were half awash most of the time and were nearly frozen stiff. We ran the plane through the surf and on to the beach. The motor being dry, we were able to get going as soon as we could get gas, and flew it back to Venice. The affair, however, cost me a severe attack of influenza and threatened pneumonia and I didn't do any more flying for weeks.

Most plane changes, wing walking, and similar stunt stuff are valueless from a standpoint of military aviation, and are entirely out of place in commercial aviation. It is essentially trick stuff, and, while the best training in the world, is not practical. Its only value is for exhibitions and in motion pictures. That is why so much of it developed around Los Angeles, where movies are made.

THERE is value in some of it for use in emergencies. Three times in the old days when wheels had fallen off planes after they had taken off, I flew up, twice with Al Johnson and once with Freddie Osborne. They strapped spare wheels on their backs. Then I changed them to the crippled planes and they went down on the undercarriages and installed the wheels. If a stunt man had been at Valbuena Field at Mexico City when Lindbergh lost a wheel while taking the then Ann Morrow for a flight, the stunt man might have taken up a wheel, making it unnecessary for Lindbergh to nose his plane over.

Al and I later did this stunt several times for motion pictures. Later I noticed that when the Shuttle, in its transcontinental refueling flight, had motor trouble over Salt Lake City, a mechanic who was a wing walker went up with spare parts, changed to the Shuttle from another ship, worked on the motor for some time, and then changed back to the other plane. Dale Dryer, a mechanic, is also reported to have made a change to the endurance plane, City of Buffalo.

Another article by Frank Clarke about air stunts and stunt men will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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A Man Who HAD No Eyes

A Short Short Story

By

MACKINLAY KANTOR

who started writing in his teens, but tried a dozen jobs—mostly in and around Chicago—before deciding in 1927 to devote all his time to producing fiction. He is the author of two novels, Diversey and El Goes South.

(Reading time: 5 min. 2 sec.)

A BEGGAR was coming from the avenue just as Mr. Parsons emerged from his hotel.

He was a blind beggar, carrying the traditional battered cane, and thumping his way before him with the cautious, half-furtive effort of the sightless. He was a shaggy, thick-necked fellow; his coat was greasy about the lapels and pockets, and his hand splayed over the cane's crook with a futile sort of clinging. He wore a black pouch slung over his shoulder. Apparently he had something to sell.

The air was rich with spring; sun was warm and yellowed on the asphalt. Mr. Parsons, standing there in front of his hotel and noting the *clack-clack* approach of the sightless man, felt a sudden and foolish sort of pity for all blind creatures.

And, thought Mr. Parsons, he was very glad to be alive. A few years ago he had been little more than a skilled laborer; now he was successful, respected, admired. . . . Insurance. . . . And he had done it alone, unaided, struggling beneath handicaps. . . . And he was still young. The blue air of spring, fresh from its memories of windy pools and lush shrubbery, could thrill him with eagerness.

He took a step forward just as the tap-tapping blind man passed him by. Quickly the shabby fellow turned.

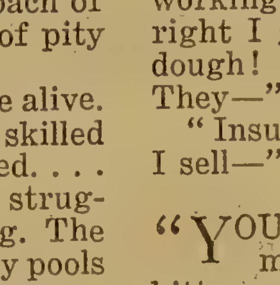
"Listen, guv'nor. Just a minute of your time."

Mr. Parsons said, "It's late. I have an appointment. Do you want me to give you something?"

"I ain't no beggar, guv'nor. You bet I ain't. I got a handy little article here"—he fumbled until he could press a small object into Mr. Parsons' hand—"that I sell. One buck. Best cigarette lighter made."

Mr. Parsons stood there, somewhat annoyed and embarrassed. He was a handsome figure with his immaculate gray suit and gray hat and malacca stick. Of course the man with the cigarette lighters could not see him. . . . "But I don't smoke," he said.

"Listen. I bet you know plenty people who smoke. Nice little present," wheedled the man. "And, mister, you wouldn't mind helping a poor guy out?" He clung to Mr. Parsons' sleeve.



MR. PARSONS sighed and felt in his vest pocket. He brought out two half dollars and pressed them into the man's hand. "Certainly. I'll help you out. As you say, I can give it to someone. Maybe the elevator boy would—" He hesitated, not wishing to be boorish and inquisitive, even with a blind peddler. "Have you lost your sight entirely?"

The shabby man pocketed the two half dollars. "Fourteen years, guv'nor." Then he added with an insane sort of pride: "Westbury, sir. I was one of 'em."

"Westbury," repeated Mr. Parsons. "Ah, yes. The chemical explosion. . . . The papers haven't mentioned it for years. But at the time it was supposed to be one of the greatest disasters in—"

"They've all forgot about it." The fellow shifted his feet wearily. "I tell you, guv'nor, a man who was in it don't forget about it. Last thing I ever saw was C shop going up in one grand smudge, and that damn' gas pouring in at all the busted windows."

Mr. Parsons coughed. But the blind peddler was caught up with the train of his one dramatic reminiscence. And, also, he was thinking that there might be more half dollars in Mr. Parsons' pocket.

"Just think about it, guv'nor. There was a hundred and eight people killed, about two hundred injured, and over fifty of them lost their eyes. Blind as bats—" He groped forward until his dirty hand rested against Mr. Parsons' coat. "I tell you, sir, there wasn't nothing worse than that in the war. If I had lost my eyes in the war, okay. I would have been well took care of. But I was just a workman, working for what was in it. And I got it. You're damn' right I got it, while the capitalists were making their dough! They was insured, don't worry about that. They—"

"Insured," repeated his listener. "Yes. That's what I sell—"

"YOU want to know how I lost my eyes?" cried the man. "Well, here it is!" His words fell with the bitter and studied drama of a story often told, and told for money. "I was there in C shop, last of all the folks rushing out. Out in the air there was a chance, even with buildings exploding right and left. A lot of guys made it safe out the door and got away. And just when I was about there, crawling along between those big vats, a guy behind me grabs my leg. He says, 'Let me past, you ——!' Maybe he was nuts. I dunno. I try to forgive him in my heart, guv'nor. But he was bigger than me. He hauls me back and climbs right over me! Tramples me into the dirt. And he gets out, and I lie there with all that poison gas pouring down on all sides of me, and flame and stuff . . ." He swallowed—a studied sob—and stood dumbly expectant. He could imagine the next words: *Tough luck, my man. Damned tough. Now, I want to—* "That's the story, guv'nor."

The spring wind shrilled past them, damp and quivering.

"Not quite," said Mr. Parsons.

The blind peddler shivered crazily. "Not quite? What you mean, you—?"

"The story is true," Mr. Parsons said, "except that it was the other way around."

"Other way around?" He croaked unamiably. "Say, guv'nor—"

"I was in C shop," said Mr. Parsons. "It was the other way around. You were the fellow who hauled back on me and climbed over me. You were bigger than I was, Markwardt."

The blind man stood for a long time, swallowing hoarsely. He gulped: "Parsons. By God. By God! I thought you—" And then he screamed fiendishly: "Yes. Maybe so. Maybe so. But I'm blind! I'm blind, and you've been standing here letting me spout to you, and laughing at me every minute! I'm blind!"

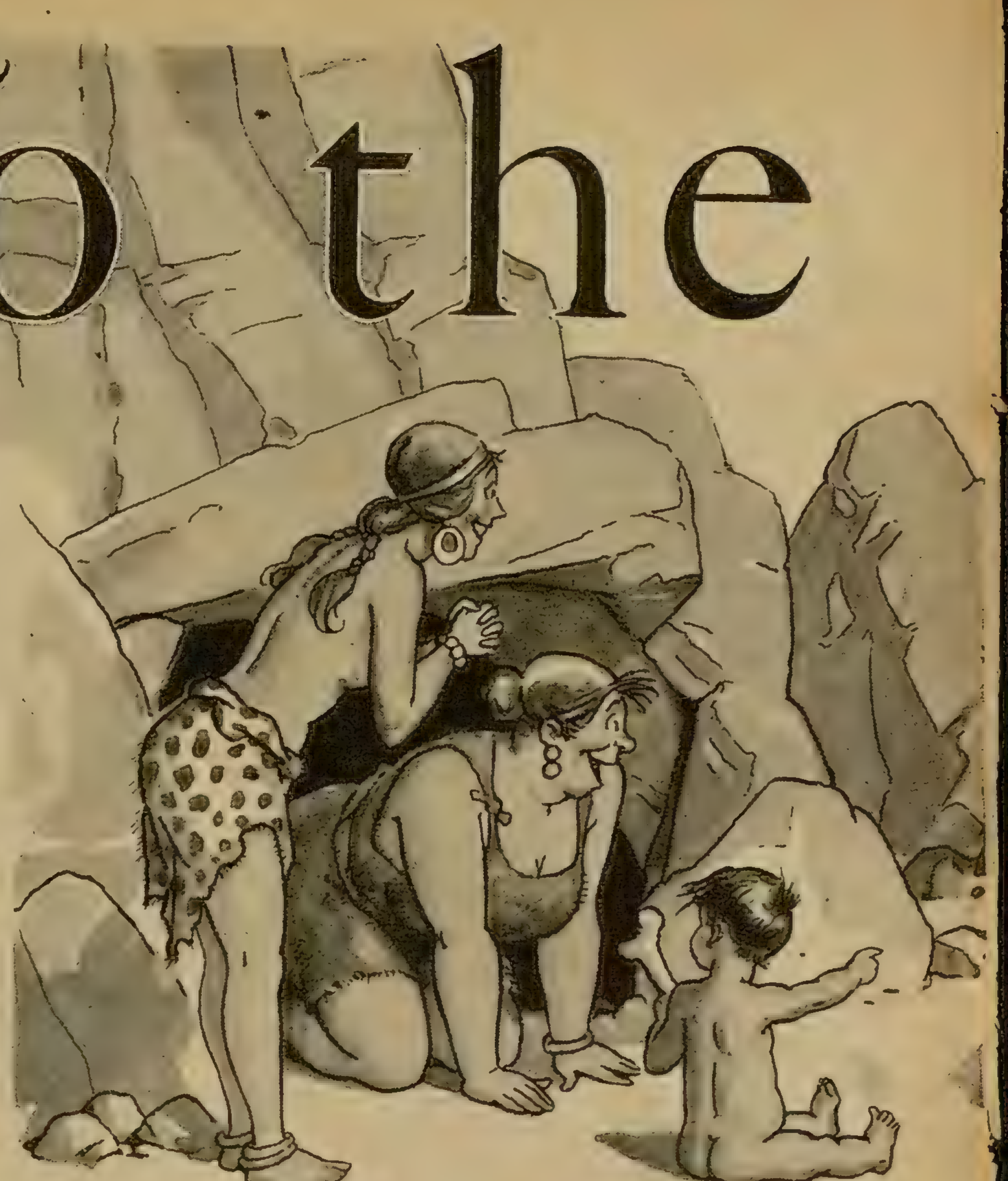
People in the street turned to stare at him.

"You got away, but I'm blind! Do you hear? I'm—"

"Well," said Mr. Parsons, "don't make such a row about it, Markwardt. . . . So am I."

THE END

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 3 seconds.)

A FRIEND of mine weathered the recent financial depression in an original way. Her husband was a prosperous business man. She, the wife—an active woman with grown-up children—had gone into business on her own account, chiefly to fill up her spare time. Her business prospered. When the depression came, it still prospered. Her husband, on the other hand, lost a good deal of money. His business was hard hit. Whereupon my friend, the wife, said that her doctor had ordered her to take a complete rest. She told her husband that she would be obliged to give up her work.

" There wasn't a thing wrong with my health," she told me complacently.

I was amazed. " But what on earth made you act that way? " I asked.

" My dear," said this wise lady, " I knew that Bob was terribly disheartened, and that only hard work would save him. I knew he *could* make a big effort. I knew that making it was the only way for him to keep his faith in his own abilities. And I knew that *having* to get money would be the best incentive.

" I nearly cried each time I piled up bills on his desk. But I wouldn't let myself pay any of them. The result? Bob is earning more right now than he ever did before. And he acts younger than he used to when money came easier. So I'm going back to work soon—with a clear conscience."

LATCHKEY privileges should not be given to young girls. That is the opinion of England's oldest actress, Dame Madge Kendal, who has just celebrated her eighty-second birthday anniversary by expressing her disapproval of the freedom which her younger sisters enjoy. Dame Kendal says *she* never had a latchkey until her husband made her a present of one on her sixty-eighth birthday.

Here in America we women are so sure of our equal rights and our general freedom that we can afford to smile at Dame Madge's lavender-scented sentiments. Yet, as we smile, we might well pause and think what freedom means to women in other lands.

Symbolized by " the unveiling," the general emancipation of women which is going on today in the Orient is one of the greatest progressive movements the world has ever known. Through this " unveiling," millions of Eastern women whose lives, for untold centuries, have been passed in prisonlike seclusion, hidden from the eyes of everyone except their own small household, are today entering a new life as human beings. No longer is their entire existence restricted to the narrow bondage of sex and childbearing.

In Turkey " the veil " has been lifted by official mandate—a recent reform which the women of that country owe to Kemal Pasha. And the schools of Turkey are coeducational now.

King Amanullah of Afghanistan has unveiled his queen. He has also lost his kingdom, but the Westernizing trend inspired by his royal example is still going forward.

Led by Mme. Sarojini Naidu, an ardent follower of Gandhi, countless Hindu women in India have discarded the veil, deserted the harem traditions of purdah, and are now taking an active part in politics. In Japan coeducation has already reached a high state of development, and in China the equality of women is openly recognized by the new republic.

A real revolution, this freeing of the women of the East! I'm thrilled by it.

DINING-CAR kitchens and pantries are certainly wonderful arrangements! Any woman who's cramped for cooking room ought to take a look at one of these rolling kitchens.

Through the courtesy of the New York Central Railroad I was permitted, the other day, to examine a dining-car kitchen so minutely that one of the colored cooks asked me what railroad *I* was working for!

Honestly, I have never seen such a miraculous use of limited space. When you learn that four cooks and eight waiters have to work in there, and that they have to serve 106 meals out of there in three hours, as on the New York-Albany run, you realize that precision alone can make this feat possible.

Time means everything. These trains served five and a half million meals in 1929. The big dining-car rush comes within a daily period of fifteen minutes—between 6:30 P. M. and 6:45. No wonder the railroad food crews have to step lively.

If ever I build a house I'd like to have my kitchen planned by a dining-car engineer. That is to say, I'd like to adopt their wonderful space economies. But the cost of it? Well, that's another matter. Every dining car costs $52,000. The equipment—linen, china, glass, etc.—costs more than $3,000.

MONEY! Like all Russians, I have none. Like all newspaper people, when I get money it doesn't stay with me long. Which means, on the whole, that I am not

Ladies!

Picture by R. B. FULLER

oblivious to the pleasures and benefits which money can bring. But since reading the story of the Wendel millions, which the death of the last Wendel—Miss Ella Wendel—has ushered into prominence, I have been filled with horror at the fantastic curse that too much money can put upon people.

Every biographer of their weird history seems to stress the fact that the members of the Wendel family did not lead unhappy lives, in spite of their hermitlike seclusion from the world. To begin with, I question that. And, even if it were true—who cares? Who cares whether a shellfish is happy or not?

Unhappiness is a human emotion. At least, it involves contact with life—with other human beings. And it is precisely this—their complete lack of contact with other human beings—which sickens and horrifies me when I read about the Wendel family.

Nearly two hundred millions the Wendel sisters possessed. Their income was more than twenty thousand dollars a day. Almost passionately, they preserved their wealth intact throughout their lives, and when the last of them died it went, almost intact, to organized charities.

Commendable as are these charitable bequests, they prove, I think, the dreary isolation in which these fabulously wealthy Wendel spinsters threw away their lives. A few gifts to their family servants and retainers, but not a bequest to friends!

For me there is something revolting in the picture of these rich women, shut up in their great mausoleum of a home, somber, frugal, completely alien to the life of the great city of New York, the vital stream which pulses day and night around their dour fortress. I see them dwelling there under the dark heritage of a curse—a curse put upon them by the money-worshiping males of their family. Women barren of body, barren of soul, enacting a hideous travesty of the miracle that is life, falling, one by one, like the withered limbs of a sapless tree.

CLOTHES prophets and weather prophets ought to get together. Yes, I have come to the conclusion that the powers who decree new styles for women should, in the interests of us girls, arrange some kind of understanding with the people who foretell our weather.

Now the latest thing in dressy suits for the summer is tailored georgette or lace. Very nice indeed—when and if the sun shines.

But suppose we have a wet summer. What then? Won't we look sweet in damp bedraggled georgette skirts? Won't we look just lovely in oh, so clinging lace tuxedos?

This weather uncertainty is most annoying. Especially so because tailored georgette makes the smartest-looking things you ever saw. There really should be a weather woman—a lady weather man—one of us specially trained and employed to issue weather bulletins for the rest of us.

VEGETABLE gardens may succeed backgammon as a popular pastime this summer. Anyway, that's what Dr. William A. Taylor of the Bureau of Plant Industry believes and hopes for.

"Gardens—with vegetables in them—will be important," says Dr. Taylor, "both for diet relief and for income relief."

But where, you ask, can city folk plant the onions that bloom in the spring, tra la? And that's a serious question.

True, I have seen one garden boasting corn—real five-foot corn—on a Sixth Avenue roof in New York City. Even so, there are few of us who have roofs suitable for cornfields.

What surprises me, however, is the fact that city people who have motor cars do not use them for "garden commuting" in this country as the Germans do.

Most of the frugal, sensible German city dwellers who own automobiles have small kitchen gardens somewhere out of town. Over the week-end you see whole families working cheerfully in these gardens.

They drive out in their car and make a regular picnic of it. The results are excellent. In the first place, the open-air exercise provides a splendid tonic. In the second place, the family budget benefits very considerably from the vegetables grown. And in the third place, the members of the family gain a common interest. It's *gemütlich!*

A WOMAN doctor at the University of Illinois college of medicine seems to be on the right road toward finding a remedy for hæmophilia. This dread disease causes excessive bleeding from the slightest scratch. It is hereditary, and is transmitted through the mother.

The woman doctor now developing a hæmophilia remedy at the University of Illinois is Dr. Carroll L. Birch. Successful experiments with special injections have been made, and in one case the symptoms of the disease have been suppressed for as long as eleven months.

Among the tragic victims of this incurable malady was the ill-fated royal child, Tsarevitch Alexis, the late last heir to the Russian throne.

For the sake of innumerable children who suffer from this disease, it is to be hoped that Dr. Birch's experiments will lead to a definite cure.

Money Mad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 29 minutes.)

THESE are the adventures of Florida Morgan, a southern girl who entered a Wall Street firm. She was ambitious to help her father, a bank official caught in his bank's failure and imprisoned.

Romance had touched Florida's life. A flyer calling himself "Falconer" had made love to her, then vanished. At a Persian festival given at the Long Island estate of her friend, "Countess" Wanda Worth, Florida met Wanda's husband—and found that he was the elusive Falconer! You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART NINE—UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM

"SO you're—*Wilmer Worth,*" Florida said in a queer breathless tone.

He nodded. "Didn't you know? I mean—before tonight?"

"How should I know?"

Her very evident distress—she was pale and panic-stricken—and the fact that he had indeed arrested her in flight quieted him. In a more normal tone he said, "We're both pretty badly rattled. I thought you were an apparition." As if he were still uncertain of her reality, he reached out and touched her; then, in sudden anguish, he exclaimed, "Oh, my dear! My dear!"

The girl recoiled, again her pupils dilated, her face grew stormy. "You cad! You—*rat!*" she breathed.

Her anger and her loathing were a balm to him, for they argued that she was not indifferent. He bowed his head. "Yes. I behaved like a dog. I was a coward, but I just couldn't face you. It came over me, too late, how hopeless it was, and—I turned tail. . . . Tell me how this happened. Why are you here? How long have you known Wanda? I must understand the situation. It's—too incredible."

"What? Finding me here in your home? The cracker girl? The bootlegger's daughter? What is so incredible?"

"Of course, I see now that you were fooling me down there. You were masquerading—"

"And now I turn up like a ghost at the feast. You're afraid I'll cause trouble." The girl made a scornful sound. "Don't be alarmed, Mr. — 'Falconer.' I'm no common adventuress. As a matter of-fact, I'm going to leave your magnificent mansion just as fast as I can get away. I was on the way to my room to pack my things. If you'll permit me to pass—" Suddenly she stamped her foot, smote her hands together, and broke out in an altered tone, "Why did you stand there, staring like a frog? Why didn't you say we had met—invent something—lie? . . . How can I tell Wanda why I'm leaving?"

"I thought *you'd* speak—if I thought at all. I couldn't believe my eyes. . . . If you wish, I'll tell her; make a clean breast—"

"No, no! She adores you." Florida rocked her body, she wrung her hands and the movement made her aware of the chains that hung from her neck, the bracelets that weighed down her arms. Fiercely she broke out, "So, it's all yours, is it? *Your* money bought these things. Flowers. Rings. Dresses. Theater tickets. Luncheons. I've been living in *your* house, eating *your* food. *Your* servants waiting on me. Orchids from *you!* Even my position and the money I've made are due to you. I've been trading on *your* name!" The words came in a flood.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't understand how you and Wanda became such fast friends—"

"I met her in Palm Beach with my father's attorney. We were there on business. How could I guess she was your wife? . . . When I came to New York she showered me with favors. We've been like sisters. Oh, my God!"

For a while there was silence except for the distant music and laughter.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said finally. "It's an unfortunate friendship."

Instantly his hearer was on the defensive. "Don't be afraid I'll tell on you. You're perfectly safe, Mr. 'Falconer,' for all your money and your position—"

"To the devil with *that!*" he exclaimed. "You don't belong here—"

"I presume I'm not *good* enough to know your wife and your friends! You probably consider me a loose person, because I allow strange men to kiss me! . . . You contemptible skunk! I come from better stock than you, and I'm condescending to speak to you. My people amounted to something when yours were making pants in Warsaw. You're a guttersnipe, for all your millions. *Damn* you and your money!"

"I'VE damned them both, often enough, Florida. Lately in particular. As a matter of fact, I think you're a lot too good for us. Quick! I see Wanda—looking. We mustn't be discovered here." In spite of the girl's resistance, Worth seized her, his fingers sank into the flesh of her bare shoulders. "I don't care who or what you are. I wish you were just what you pretended to be, instead of—this. I have so much to ask you and to tell you. One thing I must say now, and I want you to believe it, hang on to it. I meant what I told you that night and I'll never change. *Never!*"

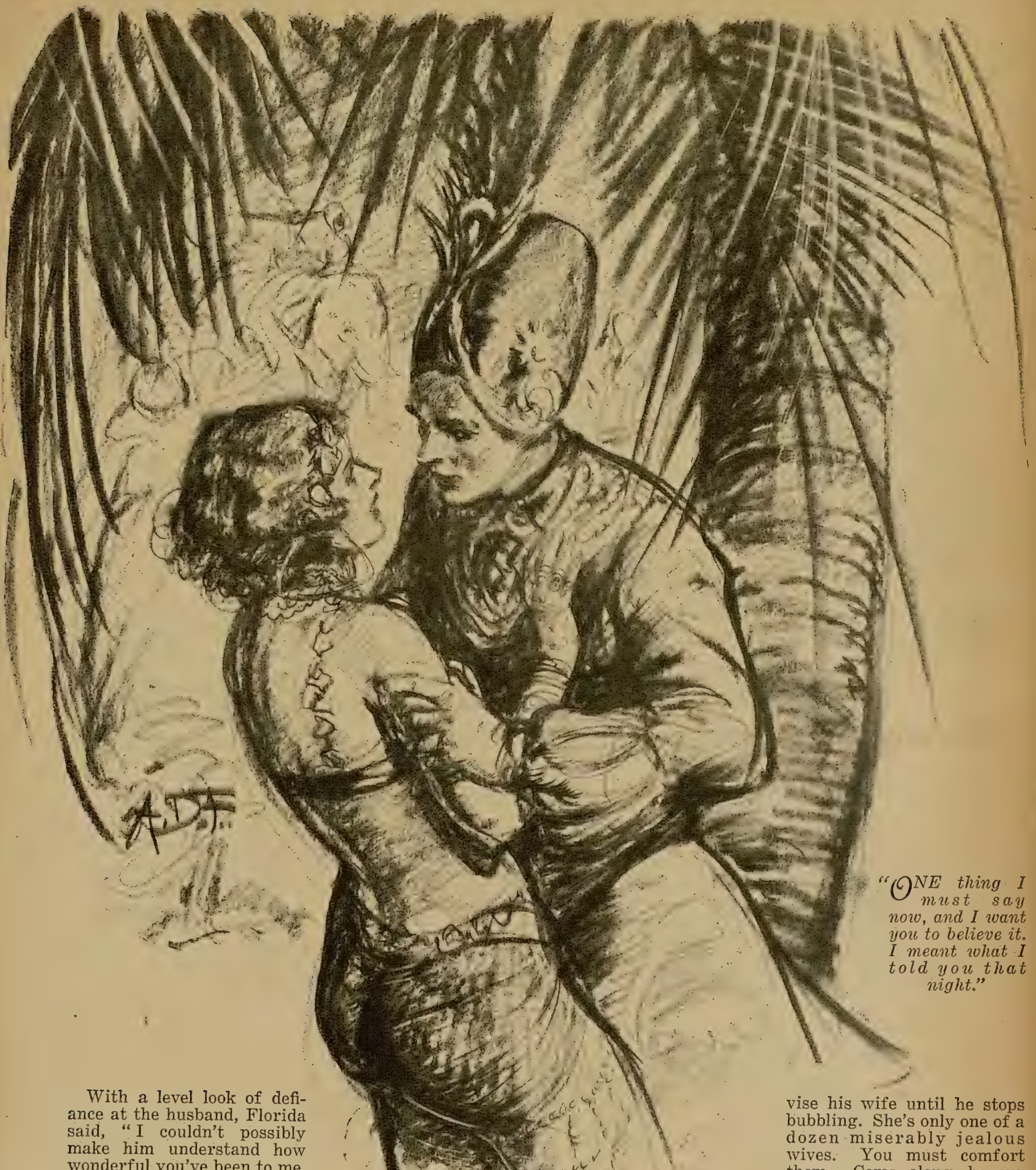
"I don't want to believe it," the girl protested. "I won't believe it. It only makes me despise you more."

"We must get back to the others. Help me to play out this hideous farce for tonight." He spun her about, drew her with him, and a moment later they mingled with the throng.

"So? You two have been getting acquainted," the countess cried with a smile. "Good! I'll be broken-hearted if you don't like each other. Wilmer, this girl has saved my life and my reason. Wait until you know her better." Affectionately the speaker drew Florida to her. "Darling! Have you told him about the magic wishing ring and the beneficent genius who arrives in a rolling cloud of vapor when you rub it?"

"No."

"We must tell him about the miracles we've accomplished. These men think they are so important, so necessary. What a story we have, eh?"



"ONE thing I must say now, and I want you to believe it. I meant what I told you that night."

With a level look of defiance at the husband, Florida said, "I couldn't possibly make him understand how wonderful you've been to me. How thoughtful and generous and self-sacrificing." She clung closer to the countess. "Nothing can ever spoil our friendship."

"Nothing!" Wanda agreed. "I'm glad you're here tonight, Wilmer. This girl has created a sensation, especially among the men. She has the flame. They pursue her. Fellows like Latham and Snow and that abominable Karpen. Abdominal is the word for him. Ted Roth, too. He talks nothing except suicide, so be a good boy and show him where the deep water is, and don't advise his wife until he stops bubbling. She's only one of a dozen miserably jealous wives. You must comfort them. Come along, be our watchdog for tonight."

Worth bowed and muttered something. Silently he followed the two women in the direction of the tent.

II

FASTING during the ninth month of the Mohammedan calendar is reckoned one of the five pillars of Islam. Intercourse between heaven and earth at that time is peculiarly open and many wonders take place. During daylight hours—from the time when a white thread can

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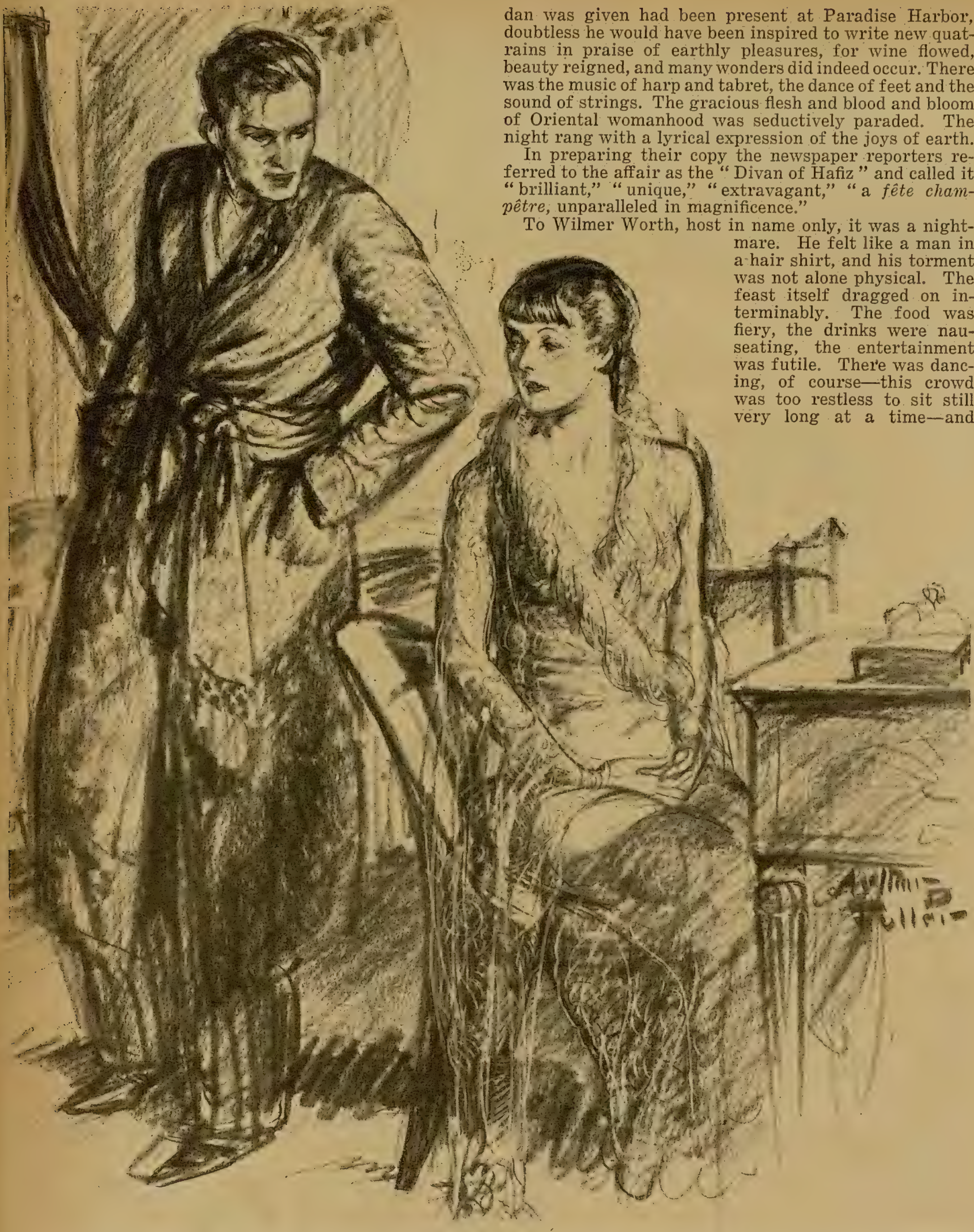

"If you refuse to go, I'll close this house tomorrow, cut off your income, and end your social career. No more jewels, gowns, cars, parties. Nothing!"

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-seven

be distinguished from a black one—until nightfall, self-denial as to food, drink, and women is absolute, but thereafter all otherwise lawful things are permissible and those who can afford to do so turn night into day.

If the Persian poet in whose name this feast of Ramadan was given had been present at Paradise Harbor, doubtless he would have been inspired to write new quatrains in praise of earthly pleasures, for wine flowed, beauty reigned, and many wonders did indeed occur. There was the music of harp and tabret, the dance of feet and the sound of strings. The gracious flesh and blood and bloom of Oriental womanhood was seductively paraded. The night rang with a lyrical expression of the joys of earth.

In preparing their copy the newspaper reporters referred to the affair as the "Divan of Hafiz" and called it "brilliant," "unique," "extravagant," "a *fête champêtre,* unparalleled in magnificence."

To Wilmer Worth, host in name only, it was a nightmare. He felt like a man in a hair shirt, and his torment was not alone physical. The feast itself dragged on interminably. The food was fiery, the drinks were nauseating, the entertainment was futile. There was dancing, of course—this crowd was too restless to sit still very long at a time—and profiting thereby he undertook to obtain a few moments alone with Florida during which he could satisfy some of the questions that still raced through his mind. There remained certain facts which he had to lay hold of in order to pull himself out of this dismay. But the girl's admirers monopolized her. Worth began to suspect, finally, that she deliberately avoided him. He did manage to claim her for a single dance, but he could not trust himself to say much, for the floor was crowded, they were buffeted about until he felt as if he were treading water in a maelstrom. From her sickly color, the look in her eyes, her monosyllabic answers, he knew that the dance was an ordeal for her.

He could well understand her resentment. When he could endure the situation no longer, he slipped away to his room, tore off his masquerade costume, and paced the floor with the skirts of his thin lounging robe flapping about his legs. Hours passed.

" Oh, it's you, Wilmer." Mrs. Worth was astonished when her husband walked into her boudoir. Her maid had undressed her and gone. She was ready for bed. " You were rude to disappear, but, thank God, we can afford to be rude! It's a real comfort, *n'est-ce pas?* . . . . What did you think of it? Magnificent, eh? The whole thing was Florida's idea."

" Yes. I want to speak about her."

" You, too, Wilmer? Careful. She's a darling, isn't she? . . . But let's talk tomorrow. I'm in a collapse."

" I must talk to you now."

WANDA shrugged; she smiled a trifle mockingly. " I felt flattered for a moment at having you walk into my chamber with such a proprietary air. But—to discuss another woman! At four thirty in the morning! How depressing. Seriously, I'm half asleep."

" I must tell you something. This isn't the first time Miss Morgan and I have met."

" No? " The wife was interested; her languid gaze quickened.

" It was a distinct shock—finding her here, under my roof; your best friend. I think I owe it to you and to her to explain—"

" But wait! I remember now how queerly you both behaved when I introduced you. I wondered why. And you never took your eyes off her the entire evening. You looked her up, didn't you, the moment my back was turned? "

" That accident I had last winter, coming back from Cuba—"

" The ingrate! " Wanda broke in. " Now I see it all. She told me about a man on an island who made love to her and ran away. The little wretch, to take advantage of me—" She laughed in some amusement.

" I used an assumed name to avoid newspaper publicity. She never dreamed who I was until we met tonight. It completely flabbergasted her to discover that I'm your husband."

" SO? . . . Well, I can believe that, incredible as it sounds. No, she couldn't have known. . . . What a pretty story that was—about the old fisherman and his boy! And you went back there. Wilmer! You have depths of deceit which amaze me."

Worth stirred in discomfort. " It's rather a—situation, isn't it? "

" Why, not necessarily. Does she still love you? "

" I fancy she loathes me."

" Then for whom is it a ' situation ' ? "

" For all of us."

The countess shook her dark head. " Not for me, certainly, and not for her, provided she has indeed broken the wicked spell of your—malicious animal magnetism."

" Very well! Then for me! " the husband exclaimed angrily.

" Don't be so tragic. You're only one of a dozen men who are wild over her. You had first chance and you let it slip."

" What an extraordinary woman you are." Wilmer stared at the speaker as if he had never before seen her.

" A real compliment at last! "

" Anything but that. When I met her six months ago she was natural, clean-minded, unspoiled—the most refreshing girl I ever saw. You've introduced her to the people in our set—your set: men like Karpen and Latham and Roth. They're all notorious woman hunters. She's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

after this
or this
or this
Beech-Nut Gum
SPEARMINT

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Greater smoke pleasure . . . everyone wants it. And here's the way to have it—with your favorite smoke. *Keep your mouth moist and cool with Beech-Nut Gum.* There's no gum quite so good in flavor and smoothness.

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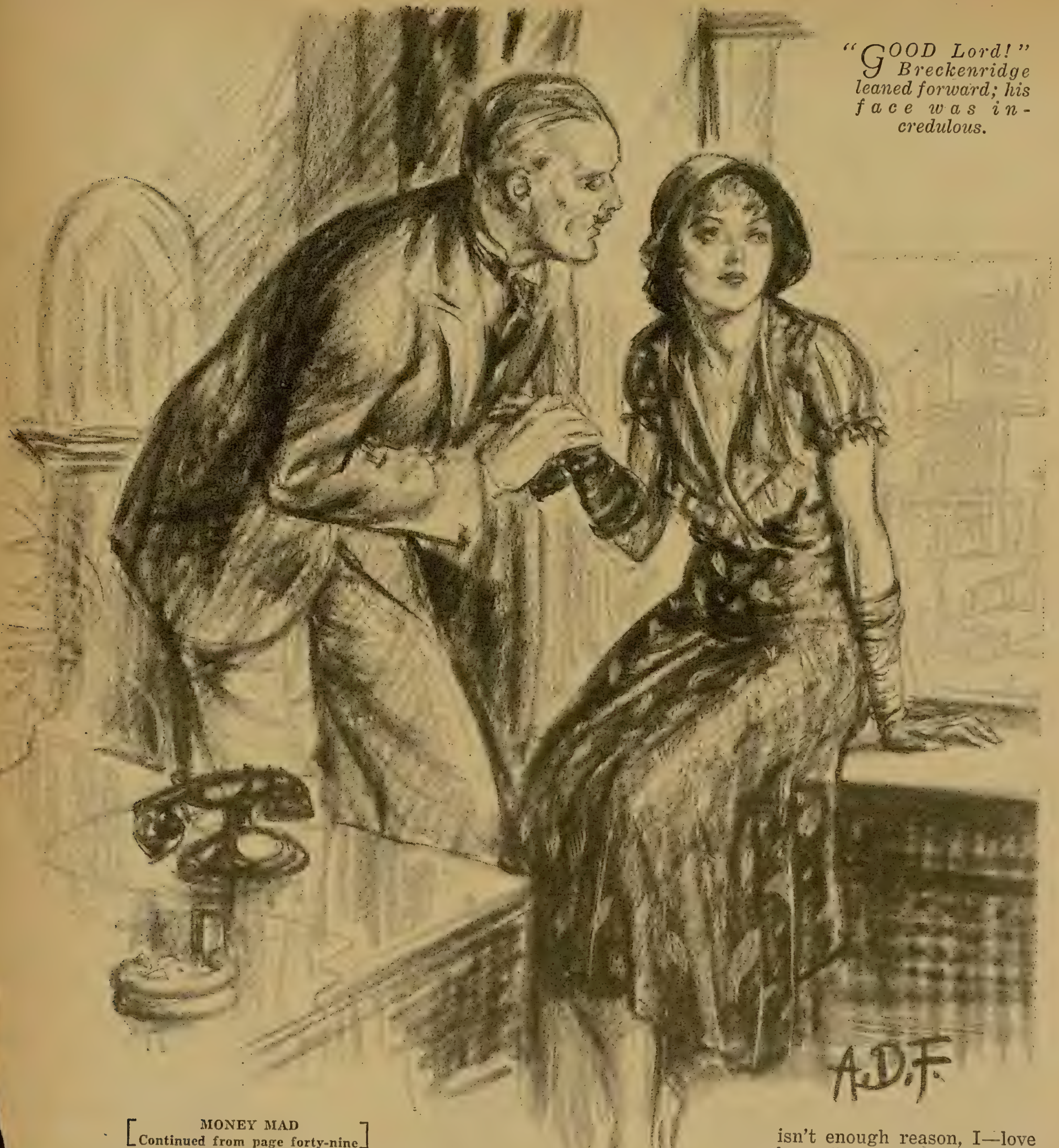

"GOOD Lord!" Breckenridge leaned forward; his face was incredulous.

MONEY MAD

[Continued from page forty-nine]

ust one of us now. Look at her costume tonight. Do you think this pagan orgy was a suitable place for any innocent, decent-minded young girl?"

Wanda stiffened, her dark eyes gleamed as she inquired, "Are you telling me I'm an unfit associate for her?"

"You express my sentiments admirably."

"The insolence! From *you!* You'll be turning your collar around next. Preaching! To *me!*" The speaker was amused rather than offended. "Remember, the Sanieckas were nobles when your people were living with their pigs."

"Yes, and making breeches for the gouty legs of your illustrious grandfathers. I know. However, they were honest tailors and I try to uphold what few traditions they handed down. I'm going to ask you to invent some graceful manner of ending your friendship with Florida."

"Absurd! Why should I?"

"Because I've watched a lot of your friends go wrong, and here's one I don't propose shall follow. If that isn't enough reason, I—love her. I can't continue meeting her in my own house and I fancy you and she can't go on being friends."

"How provincial, Wilmer! Love her to your heart's content. This is the very place to meet her, and I shan't mind in the least. Why shouldn't we be friends? I'm wholly indifferent to such things."

Worth uttered an oath of amazement. He sought for words to express his indignation, but choked on them.

"Nonsense! We know fifty husbands who are in love with other women than their wives," Wanda continued. "Haven't I urged you for your own good to have a discreet affair? If Florida chooses to be the recipient of those affectionate attentions, well and good. Why should it affect a thoroughly delightful friendship such as hers and mine? Some of my best friends have lovers. . . .

You seem to be astonished, Wilmer. Why? Our ideas about marriage are entirely different—"

"Different! We don't speak the same language; we never have. Why don't you divorce me? I'll make a liberal settlement."

"Once more that subject!" The woman shook her head. "This arrangement suits me. Wouldn't I be a fool? No, no. Wait until I give you cause."

"You're warped, and I—"

"I'm warped because I don't happen to be bent in the usual pattern; because I'm not custom-made in the Detroit manner. I'm abnormal because I cast a shadow of my own. Is that it? If I were insanely jealous of your attentions to other women, if we quarreled, if I flung myself into your arms at certain phases of the moon, I'd be normal enough, wouldn't I?"

"Words! Noise!" he growled. "You're utterly unmoral, too."

"Because I don't share your reverence for the social ceremony of marriage I'm unmoral. At least, I'm not immoral. I'm guilty of no indiscretions. Marriage! What is so sacrosanct about either the ceremony or the rites? Both are mere matters of latitude, religion, color. For instance, it means one thing here and another in Utah—I'm referring, of course, to the Mormon Church—and still something else in China, India—"

"To hell with your chatter!" the man exploded. "You're going to take a trip."

"Indeed?"

"You're going abroad for six months."

"So you can have a clear field? But why, when I assure you of my complete acquiescence to your illicit intentions? I don't want to go abroad. I prefer to stay here, in my own home, surrounded by my comforts, my servants, my friends. Florida, in particular."

"You're going to remain there until you promise to see no more of her."

"Don't be silly. I resent your air. No. I must decline the invitation."

"It's not an invitation; it's an order."

"Wilmer! I take no orders. No Saniecka ever took orders."

"LISTEN!" Worth said harshly. "I'm not going to speak twice. God knows this marriage of ours is a mockery, but I dare say it will have to stand. You're honest enough to confess it was a mercenary match and that you love nothing but money. Extraordinary, isn't it, that a woman can prostitute herself to money without losing caste?

"You'll receive your customary allowance while you're away. When you return our present arrangements will go on. You may amuse yourself as extravagantly as ever. I'll pay the bills. And I won't annoy you with my attentions any more than I have in the past.

"If you refuse to go, I'll close this house tomorrow, cut off your income, and end your social career. No more jewels, gowns, cars, parties. Nothing! You'll live the way you were living in Paris when I met you."

"You—*bully!*" Wanda cried furiously.

"And another thing! Kindly spare me the embarrassment of discussing this with Florida. You'll neither see her again nor communicate with her in any way."

"This is outrageous!" The woman strode about the room in a tempest of resentment. She was pale, her eyes were larger and blacker than ever and they glowed like those of a caged animal.

She poured forth a torrent of French and Polish words. She declared that Florida would know the truth. The world, too. She'd broadcast it.

"Go ahead! Scream it out!" he told her. "Only understand what it will cost you. Money! . . . MONEY! . . . MONEY!"

He left her still pacing the floor and storming at him. He had never seen her in such a rage.

. . . .

Wilmer and Wanda Worth were not the only sleepless people in the house that night. It was growing light when Florida finished a note which she had rewritten a dozen times. It was the hardest thing she had ever tried

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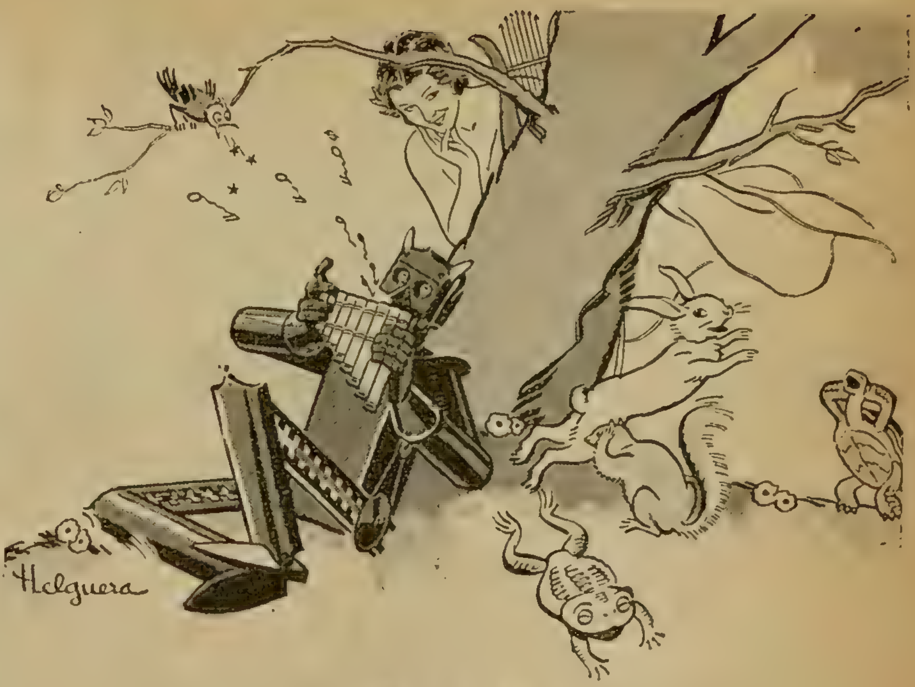

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THE ROBOT of Canned Music, in the role of Pan, piping a welcome to Spring!

Can you imagine it?

Small wonder the birds and beasts are walking out on him.

Yet human beings, creatures of cultivated taste, are expected to accept the Robot's music as a fit substitute for the Living Art of Music in theatres!

Millions have dissented from this preposterous proposal by joining the Music Defense League. You, too, may vote for Living Music in the Theatre by signing and mailing this coupon.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS L-5-2
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

she broke the shackles of PREJUDICE

and learned the joy of real freedom . . . the same joy that awaits you if you'll follow her plan . . .

SOMEBODY had told her that laundry service was expensive. Somebody else had said—"laundries are hard on clothes." But she preferred to decide for herself.

She tried a present-day laundry; results delighted her. She sent the next week's washing; again the work was safely, gently, beautifully done. Now she, like eight million other American women, is a regular laundry customer.

For your sake, for your family's sake—"let the Laundry do it." For a few pennies a pound, you can say goodbye to washday forever. Call a present-day laundry in your community this week!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

You know how delightfully clean your hair is after a rain-water shampoo! Today's laundries use only rainsoft water to wash your clothes gently yet thoroughly clean.

© 1931, L. N. A

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

MONEY MAD
Continued from page fifty-one

to compose, and even yet it did not suit her. She read it again:

DEAREST WANDA:

When you read this I'll be gone. I'm too cowardly to wait and explain, so I must risk hurting your feelings. It's not your fault, dear; it's nothing you've done. You gave me a sweet, unselfish love and you showered me with a thousand priceless favors, but—something happened that makes it impossible for us to go on this way.

I can't explain, so I'm taking myself out of your life completely and allowing you to think what you will. It's better for both of us. Despise me, hate me, only don't consider me an ingrate or believe that I would willingly hurt you.

I'm leaving the Persian jewelry and our wishing ring; the other things I'll send back. Please, *please* don't believe it's because of any action of yours, and don't make it harder for me by asking why. Just cross me off, erase my name, and forget

Your heartbroken
FLORIDA.

It was a hysterical, unconvincing message and perhaps worse than none. Probably it would be better to make no explanation whatever, but that seemed impossible. "Something happened." Florida wondered if that was necessary. But she could think of nothing better to say. The whole note sounded as hollow and as contemptible as it was, and she started to tear it up, then changed her mind. She was indeed heartbroken. Well, at least Wanda would realize that the emotion back of this letter was sincere. Wearily she packed her bags, then dozed in a chair until she heard sounds of life outside. Shortly after sunrise she stole out of the house and found a chauffeur to drive her to the station.

III

"CAN you stop figuring profits long enough to talk to me?"

Breckenridge looked up from his desk with a smile and waved Florida to a chair. "Hello, Listless! I read about the big Persian cat show in Sunday's paper. I understand you took the blue ribbon in the kitten class."

"Gee! It *was* a cat show. But I didn't take a ribbon. I came home in crape. That's what I want to talk about. I'm through. I'm going to quit."

"I warned you it's the pace that kills. I had to give it up."

"I mean quit this job—resign."

The broker was startled. "Quit? Why?"

"So you won't fire me. Being discharged doesn't help a girl to get another position."

"Don't be silly! Has somebody hurt your feelings? . . . Then this is a low, feminine ruse to force a raise in salary. How much?"

"No. I'm serious. I—I've spilled the beans. You can't afford to keep me any longer."

"So! This is pretty sudden, isn't it?"

Florida nodded. "I've—broken off with Wanda Worth. Our friendship is ended, and without her help I'd starve to death as a customers' woman. She forced me on her friends and acquaintances and made them buy. All I did was say, 'Thank you so much!'"

"Did you really quarrel, or was it just—"

"Oh, we're through! Yesterday I left Paradise Harbor without my breakfast. And breakfast is my good meal. Something happened. I can't go back."

For a moment the man stared out of the window, a frown between his eyes. "I'm not in the least surprised," said he. "She's a peculiar person, a—difficult woman. I wondered, the first day I met you, how long you and she would remain friends, how long your independence would bear up under her creative complex. Your success was, to her, the evidence of her own power to create or destroy—a sort of queen's whim. Business is business, of course, but I'm glad you cracked up."

"She was lovely to me. She did me a million favors—"

"And now she'll go to the other extreme."

"Oh, no! Why should she?"

"Queens usually do. But you'll get along all right—better than ever."

"Do you think so? I don't see how I can. It won't do me any good merely to earn a living. I've got to make a lot of money."

"How much?"

"About a hundred thousand dollars."

"That's not impossible. But why that particular amount? Most people set their hearts on a million."

After a moment's hesitation the girl said, "I don't see any harm in telling you now; in fact, I presume I should. My father is in the penitentiary and he left debts which must be paid off."

"Good Lord!" Breckenridge leaned forward; his face was incredulous.

"Now you'll understand why I've been so avaricious."

"Must *you* pay those debts?"

"Yes. We have some pride. We're a pretty decent family."

"Do you mind telling me what happened?"

"It's all our absurd laws—banking laws especially. Father was vice president of the best and the oldest bank in our town. Mother owned a lot of stock in it when they were married and—naturally he was made an officer, even though he didn't care for the business. Vice presidents don't amount to much, you know, unless a president dies—and nobody dies in Florida. Things went beautifully for years. Pappy was loved and respected, we were big frogs in our puddle, and the bank ran itself. When the boom came our puddle grew bigger and so did we. The collapse hurt everybody, especially the banks. Ours finally failed.

"After pappy learned what was coming he raised all the money he could and put it in, trying to save the institution; the others drew theirs out.

"It turned out to be a ghastly failure and a pretty terrible calamity. When our bank fell it toppled the others with it—it just about wrecked the community. We discovered then that the men pappy trusted implicitly had been using him off and on for years and instead of coming to the front for him they ran to cover."

"I can believe it."

"He was indicted along with several others. There was one count he couldn't beat, single-handed. It involved no moral wrong, but legally he was guilty. He had no defense. There was a great clamor, and the court made an example of him. He was tossed to the lions."

FLORIDA choked and fell silent for a moment. "The men who deserved punishment are still walking the streets of our city, and from the way it looks they'll manage to wriggle out somehow. Politics, influence, delay—you know how they work. Pappy was mighty brave, but I've got murder in my heart. I came up here determined to make money honestly or—well, to make enough to square our account. Why, I've spent as little money on myself as I dared and I'm living in a room the size of your hat. I've been week-ending at big Long Island estates and midweeking at soda counters. When I lunch with a customer on Park Avenue it means twenty cents saved on Columbus Avenue that evening. I do my own nails and hair and I haven't had a facial since I crossed the Mason and Dixon line."

"You poor kid!" the broker exclaimed. "But there's no sense in all that. You can't buy your father's freedom."

"I know. At first I had an idea that I could. If justice is for sale, why not mercy? But of course that's silly. I wouldn't be above bribery, mind you, if I had the money and knew how to go about it. What I have in mind is a polite form of bribery. Public opinion convicted pappy, public resentment will block any effort to get him out of prison, but if those people learn that he bankrupted himself trying to save the Merchants and Growers, and if he pays off every cent he owes, that resentment will disappear.

"Aside from that, we stand for something down there. Babaloo—my mother—was a Craig, the daughter of General Craig, and there's a monument to him in the park. You can't owe people money when you've got a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How An Amazing Facial Really Rejuvenates Faces in 20 Minutes

Pores Give Up Their Poisons . . .
Fatigue Lines Disappear . . .
Blackheads, Blemishes and
Enlarged Pores Vanish . . .
Sagging Tissues Are Lifted . . .
Skin Clearer, Smoother, Firmer . . .

NEVER has a beauty product created such a sensation. The most famous beauty experts of Europe such as Andrelys of Paris, and Emile of London, seized upon it instantly. Through 15 years of research, this perfected Clasmic Pack Facial has been developed. Never has it been thought that a beauty treatment could so effectually smooth away lines, eradicate puffiness, tighten and freshen the skin—in short, really rejuvenate faces.

Yet these seemingly miraculous results are simple once you understand the ingenuity with which Clasmic Pack has been devised. The world's most effective elements for beautifying the skin, including oils and balsams from Asia, a peculiar substance found only in North America, a rare oil from Siam, all have been combined into a material that clings to the face. In this way these substances are held in direct contact with the face for 20 to 30 minutes, to do their work.

Scientists say almost every face nowadays is a tired face. Even those scarcely out of their teens show the strain of modern life. Clasmic Pack freshens the face as no cosmetic will do. At the same time it clears and smooths the skin, eradicating enlarged pores, blackheads and imperfections, bringing new health and color to the cheeks.

The demand for Clasmic Pack has been so great that it is being distributed by practically every drug and department store. Unless it delights you with its results, it costs you nothing. You will be thrilled with your first treatment—you will be even more amazed at how a series of these treatments remakes your complexion. Ask for Clasmic Pack today wherever toiletries are sold.

BONCILLA
CLASMIC PACK

it's this network that keeps your FACE DIRTY

If it weren't for the network of your pores, the dust and dirt on the surface of your skin could be easily washed away.

BUT—your pores are like a net, stretched across your face to catch and hold dust, grime and soot. This tightly imbedded dirt clogs the pores . . . and often causes blackheads, blemishes, skin eruptions.

Water won't penetrate to this dirt. You can prove this to yourself. Wash your face—wash it again. It looks clean, does it? Well, rub in some Pompeian Pink Massage Cream—rub it in well around your nostrils—chin—forehead.

As you keep rubbing, it begins to roll out. No longer a pink cream, but grey pellets of pore dirt. Now your face is clean—*cleaned from the inside out!*

Ask for a genuine Pompeian Massage after your shave. Every first-class barber uses this "pink magic." Keep a jar in the bathroom—use it regularly—and spare yourself the fear of a dirty face. A large size jar is only 60c. Get it today at any drug-store!

The Pompeian Co., Inc., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto)

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

[MONEY MAD
Continued from page fifty-three]

bronze granddaddy on a horse, can you?"

"I suppose not. The local blacksmith might lug him off some night. But why the devil do you want to quit us? Will somebody pay you better?"

Florida shook her head. She bit her lip and blinked, for at the sympathetic tone of Breckenridge's voice her eyes had suddenly dimmed. "I'm no good to you without Wanda's help."

"All right. Quit. We'll hire you over again."

"THAT'S plain charity."

"It's nothing of the sort. It's— Blow your nose! And don't swim your eyes at me. I'm no bronze granddaddy. . . . Resign, eh? No good? Why, you're a big shot and you don't know it. You've brought us more business than any customers' man we ever had, in the same length of time."

"But that's over. The women in Wanda's set were nice to me on her account. They're not so nice any longer, by the way; some of them are getting to hate me."

"To hell with those mud hens! Most of them make rotten customers, anyhow. You're a man's woman."

"I could kill you for that."

"It's true, all the same."

"I haven't any standing. I don't know anybody—"

"You know as many people now as you did yesterday. You have twice as many important acquaintances as the average customers' man and you can make more. They won't be 'in conference' to you. You'll spread like a prairie fire."

"Doesn't it make any difference about father? You'd better lock up the cash drawer; I'd steal to get him out."

Breckenridge waved the suggestion aside. "I'm sorry he's where he is, but he'll meet a lot of prominent people. If a man chooses the wrong bootlegger nowadays, or voices his natural contempt for a Senate committee, or has a row with an income-tax examiner, he's elected to one of our federal country clubs. I wish our firm had a live stock salesman inside of Atlanta or Leavenworth. Think of the business he'd do. I'd go myself if I could be sure of a corner room."

"You're awfully nice to cheer me up."

"Another thing: quit living like a pigeon and pecking at crumbs."

Florida smiled and shook her head. "Later, perhaps. I was all ready to start paying off pappy's debts, but yesterday I had to meet one of my own. Forty-three hundred dollars! It put a crimp in my bank account."

"This is no time to pay debts; it's the time to borrow."

"That was a debt of honor."

"Listen, Florida! You need a manager. You mustn't dissipate your capital; you must invest and reinvest it. If you expect ever to wipe out those obligations at home you must play this game for all you're worth. We're in the biggest bull market the world ever knew, this country is on the rampage, and you'll never save a hundred thousand dollars by dribs and drabs. Fortunes are going to be made by people with less money than you have. You've got a fighting chance—"

"I—don't know how to invest."

"It really isn't investing; it's gambling. But you'll have a peek at the hole card. Permit me to recommend a firm of brokers in whom I have confidence: Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott. The senior member will be delighted to act as your investment counsel. Between him and fellows like Horace Snow, it's ten to one you'll make your hundred thousand. What do you say?"

"I—I'd like to kiss you," Florida murmured with a tremor in her voice, "if you don't mind."

When Breckenridge spoke, his arm was around the girl's waist, his cheek was pressed against her hair.

"Thank you, my dear. Do you think your father would mind if I substituted for him until he gets out?"

"Of course not." Florida drew closer to him. "I'll call you Pappy-Two."

"'Pappy-Two!' I like that. . . . Another thing: I'll bet your number-one father would get a kick out of a letter from you telling him that you'd landed an honest-to-goodness swordfish."

"Meaning—?"

"That we'd better watch the weather and take advantage of the first good day at Montauk."

"You *are* nice," Florida declared, "but—I'd like to leave for Atlanta tonight, if you don't mind. I'm feeling pretty low."

"Go, by all means," Breckenridge told her. "We'll start in on that hundred thousand when you get back."

IV

THE average person who looks back over the twelve months prior to the great market crash of 1929 feels tempted to kick himself. Seldom, if ever, have there been offered such opportunities for money-making as during that year of magic, and those who failed to profit thereby consider themselves fools, while those who did profit reproach themselves for not profiting more.

It was a period of enormous expansion, prosperity was worldwide, and money was plentiful; stock prices rose almost without interruption. They had increased so steadily and so long, times were so good, optimism was so general that people actually began to believe that poverty was an economic evil which mankind had outgrown. That very statement was made by people in high position and it was taken seriously.

Constant repetition will lend weight to the emptiest platitude. Everywhere one heard such phrases as, "Don't sell America short." "Borrow and buy." "Earn more and spend more." Thrift, it seemed, was unnecessary and caution was a synonym for cowardice.

THE majority of people allow others to think for them. It was not strange, therefore, that millions believed what they read and heard day after day. But even the most conservative were swayed, for few men are proof against mob psychology, and when the crash did come, the market-wise investors, the experienced operators, lost as heavily as anybody. For a year prior to that calamity, however, it was generally conceded that the millennium had arrived. From Maine to California, hordes of people who had never bought stocks before began to play the market; a deadly optimism grew and spread.

It is claimed that this was all the result of clever propaganda fathered by the financial overlords in order to make the public "investment minded," and that the ballyhoo released billions of dollars of new capital which they used to their own considerable profit in industrial expansion and the promotion of countless enterprises. Whether this is true or not, seeds of frenzy were sown and the crop was disastrous.

Now that Florida, bereft of her patroness, is a free lance, she finds the money game more adventurous than ever—as you'll learn in next week's installment of the story.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—The Ganges.
2—Hockey.
3—Members of a religious order among the ancient Celts.
4—Great Britain.
5—Zephyr.
6—John Greenleaf Whittier.
7—Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
8—Pertaining to the liver; like a liver in color or form.
9—That which is adequate or deserved.
10—A mythical monster, half lion and half eagle.
11—The tube that leads from the mouth to the stomach.
12—The Adriatic Sea.
13—Thirty-two.
14—Cirrus, nimbus, cumulus, and stratus.
15—Boastful behavior.
16—A plowboy; a country bumpkin.
17—A cone-bearing tree.
18—Mongooses.
19—Ground hog.
20—Eight.

Play a Faster Game with the New Kent Speedwood.

JUST when you're thinking your tennis game is at its height—change to the Kent Speedwood—and go on from there! Nine ply, laminated woods, bent without steaming, give greater stiffness, life, and snap. Kent quality in frame and gut assures increased speed, more accurate timing, perfect placement.

See the new Kent Speedwood (open and closed throat models) at your dealers.

Write for catalog of sixteen Kent models, court layout and tennis rules. It's FREE.

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FREE BOOKLET
"Tennis Technique"
by Sol Metzger
Write for your copy

Kent Rackets

Too fat or too thin?

Send for this book on Reducing!

REDUCING, written for Liberty readers by Eileen Bourne, is a smart, up-to-date booklet which discusses the subject from every angle. If you are too fat—if you are too thin—you can use this booklet to advantage. It contains scientific diagrams of exercises, calorie tables, and weight charts. Price, ten cents. Send for your copy today!

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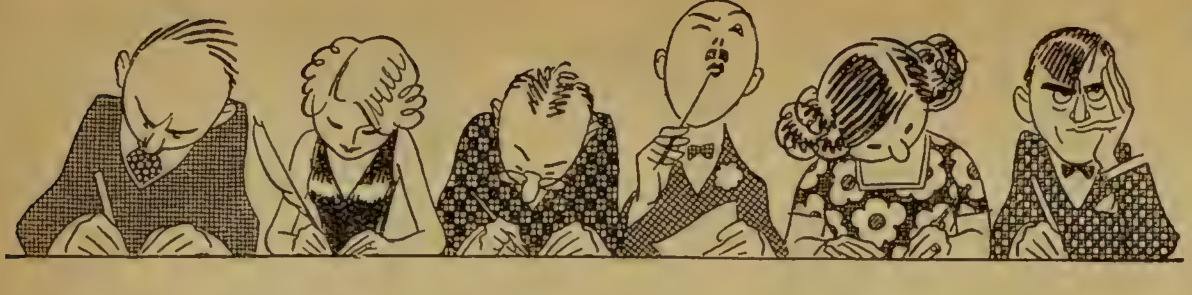
New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed ten cents please send me a copy of *Reducing*, by Eileen Bourne.

*Name*__________
*Street*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________



Vox

Why Editors Go Mad

EDMONTON, ALTA., CAN.—Sadly I laid my head between the ears of Napoleon, my pet mule, and wept salt tears that trickled down his forehead and dripped from his quivering nose upon the cold unfeeling bosom of mother earth. And Napoleon, sensing, with the inherent instinct of his species, my unutterable woe, joined me in my lamentations. I had just read " Volcano," in your March 28 issue, and he knew it.

How anyone could conceive such a story, and, in addition, induce anyone to publish it, unless he were incapacitated by reading Liberty, was beyond my comprehension.—*Erebus.*

NEWARK, N. J.—It's been a long time since I've read a story that held my interest as Alan Rinehart's " Volcano " did. Do let me read more of his work.—*Eleanor L. Carrington.*

We Wouldn't Know About That

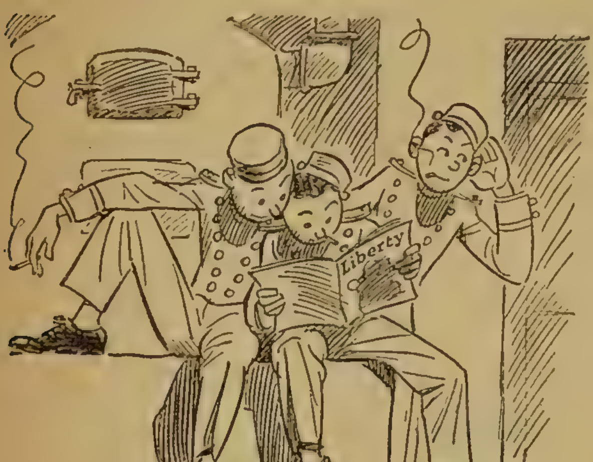
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Says Anna Steese Richardson in her Liberty article, " Why Women Drink ": " The program of the conservative woman drinker ran something like this: Before both lunch and dinner, a cocktail. At table, port, sauterne, Burgundy or Rhine wines. . . . And . . . a liqueur or cordial with the coffee. A highball as a nightcap closed the day."

Near the end of the article we find this: " Women are not yet addicts."

What, in the opinion of Mrs. Richardson, is necessary to become an addict?—*S. Chester Landrum.*

Sort of a Best Cellar?

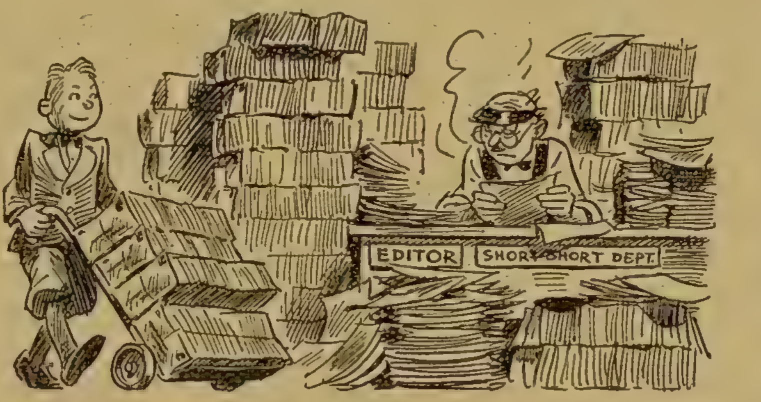
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—What is the matter with all these cheap skates that expect one hundred and fifteen times more for their money than they are getting? It's about time they were waking up to the fact that they are only paying a jitney for your magazine.



I work in a hotel and I don't know what the guests would do on Friday if they didn't have your magazine to read. Even the bell hops sneak down to the boiler room to read it.—*A. B.*

Shucks. They All Have

BUFFALO, N. Y.—First along I didn't think your prizes for storys was a fake but I do now. I am a customer of yours, been buying Liberty ever since it first started, so I wrote a story. I showed it to a fellow who knows about storys and he said, " Send it to Liberty, they'll print anything," so I sent it to you and you didn't print it. How do you think your going to keep your customers if you use them that way?



And don't forget, you have 2,500,000 customers who can write storys just as good as I can. And if some fine day, they all take a notion to send in storys and you don't print them your going to lose a lot of customers.—*Joe Kupalov.*

We Might, at That

WINNETKA, ILL.—You have one good feature in Liberty, anyway. Keep " Twenty Questions " anyway. It is very intriguing, a brain teaser. You should make a book of the questions.—*Walter F. Murphy.*

Well, Mr. Daingerfield's a Bachelor

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I bought Liberty the first day it came out. It was different. I have never failed to buy Liberty since that day I discovered it.

I am still discovering it. In the April 4 issue I found a real story. Why, oh, why, can't all your short stories be like " The Unknown Quantity," by Foxhall Daingerfield?

Who is this fellow? Does he know women? He does. I ought to know for I am one of 'em.

Since reading that story I have pondered over it. This minute I have just finished reading it again. I had to. I was drawn back to it for the reason I wanted to know what I would have done in either case had I been one of these two women who talked long on that dark and wind-swept deck. What a story!—*Understanding.*

Wise Crack

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Sure, after all, Liberty is an all right magazine, only the world is wrong. That's all.—*Weeping Will O'Tree.*

Spies, and the Next War

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mr. Sutherland's articles, " German Spies in America," are interesting indeed. He points to the neutrality of the U. S. during the past war. I feel sure that he does not believe it himself, but is trying to fool Americans who are not politically educated to know what neutrality in wartime means.

I like his articles, anyway, for he glorifies the patriotic activities of fearless men and women who did a splendid job for their Fatherland. When he is through with his stuff, I am going to publish articles, " American Spies in Germany During the Wartime and Afterwards."

I hope to meet Mr. Sutherland in the next war.—*August Fischer.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Some of the letters in Vox Pop criticizing you for publishing the story about German spies have come to my attention.

I wish to add my voice to the subject and say that the people of this United States have a right to know these things. As to its starting another war or doing any injustice to Germany, I regard that as mostly bunk. I do not regard the present German government as responsible for what was done before it came into power and if it honestly tries to fulfill the obligations which it has undertaken it will be respected accordingly.

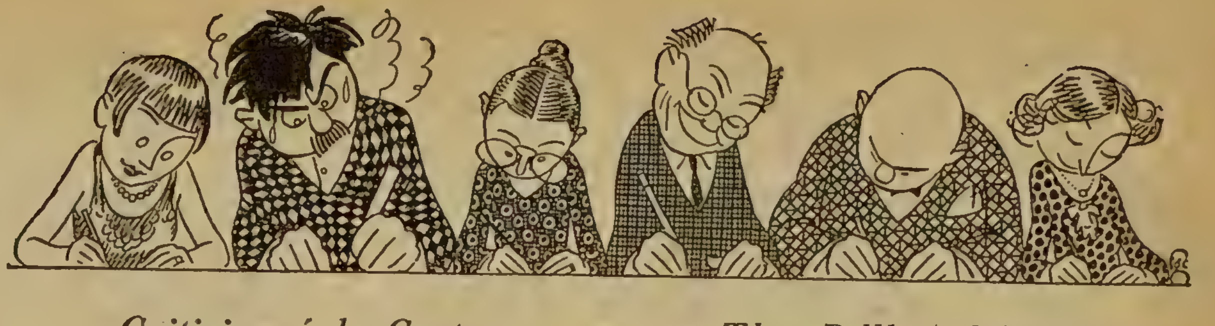
Anyone who allows himself to be prejudiced by these articles is lacking in ability to judge fairly and impartially. I believe that if all the people know all the facts in any question there is less probability of war than if they are fed propaganda.—*W. R. Bosworth.*

Making Trees

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I have read your editorial on reforesting, entitled " ' Only God Can Make a Tree '—But We Can Help." I have often thought that it would be a good idea for the U. S. government to increase our standing army 100,000 to 150,000 men and let the army look after the reforesting. This would take these men out of industry and give them steady employment. We would not only benefit by the number of trees they would plant in a year, but it would also make them more hardy men. By having the reforesting under the direction of the army engineers the job would be done correctly.

The army could do the job better and cheaper than it could be done any other way, and in twenty-five to forty years the various states would be able to derive a wonderful income from the forests.—*W. A. Eckman.*

Pop

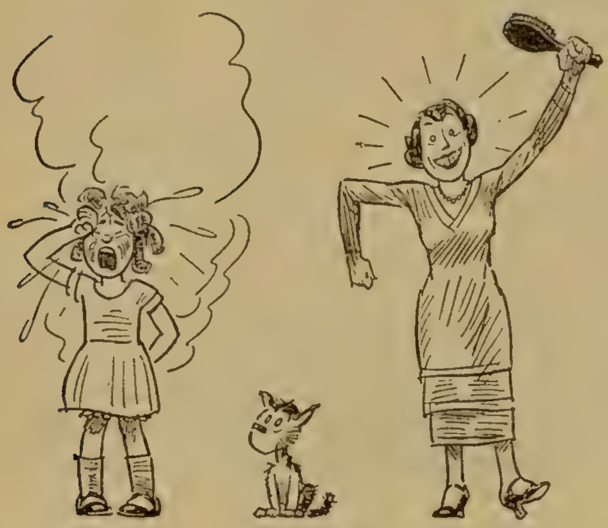


All Because Gwen Got Spanked

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations! Ever since Gwen appeared on Liberty's cover, I've been waiting to see her get hers—and after the recent hit-and-run episode, hoping she would. Why did it take so long?

Gwen is a younger duplicate of my own imp, who has been getting away with plenty. But not any more!

Before the March 28 issue of Liberty came out I hadn't had the heart—or the nerve—to do something violent. I never believed in hairbrush discipline (my own mother used it a little too much for my comfort). But when my golden-haired fiend began to talk like Gwen, I pulled her over my lap and used the old hairbrush for all I was worth.



As I write this letter she is still blubbering, although it was all over more than fifteen minutes ago. I'm writing you while I still feel like it—before it begins to hurt me more than it does her.

Hooray for the power of the press! This is the emancipation of mother!—*Mrs. B. C. S.*

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your spanking cover was awful!

There is scarcely anything more lowering, in my estimation, than a hairbrush used on a little child by a grown-up.

It's beyond my feeble power of expression to say what I think of such a parent. Oh, what a cover to send out broadcast over the land! I hope it is followed by tears of repentance toward the dear little curly-haired baby so grossly humiliated.—*Cora E. Seitz.*

HUGO, OKLA.—Doggone my old rusty hide! Thrasher sure can sling a wicked brush. And he's plumb chuck full of good ideas, too, such as the one for that cover called "This Will Hurt You More Than Me."—*W. Clyde Taylor.*

Don't Overdo It, Marcia

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—A few minutes of mental acrobatics, via Liberty, going from the ridiculous to the sublime, limber me up.—*Marcia Sachs Lewis.*

Criticism á la Carte

OAKLAND, CALIF.—My curiosity as to which one of Liberty's staff had the final say-so regarding the selection of the weekly short short story has been assuaged.

The mystery is exposed. Many sleepless nights have I puzzled my head wondering what plan Liberty uses in choosing its weekly gem. That riddle is now solved. After bumping my head three times on the door jamb, I forced myself to read "The Hair of the Dog."

Don't let the bandage slip again. Be more careful next week in blindfolding your office boy when preparing him for his dive after the prize-winning pearl.—*Q. H. McCord.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Your short short story, "The Hair of the Dog," was the best one in your magazine for years. I don't know who this guy Weston is, but I know from now on I am going to watch for his stuff. This masterpiece was worth a nickel to the tightest miser in existence.—*J. C. Scott.*

Oh, Vox Has to Pop Once in a While

COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—Reading through Vox Pop, I get a variety of sensations. First I am laughing, then verily I bawl some, then suddenly, I am knee deep in anger.

You see it's like this. I can stand by and watch two buzzards tear each other up over a dead carcass, or I can smile when two rats cut each other's throats over a 1900 egg.

But what boils down my chitlin fats is to see these "oh so sophisticated" or "hard-boiled yeggs" bust out in print and eat up someone over a measly jitney.—*Doc Tipton.*

Mr. Benchley Says You Laugh at Your Own Risk

LA GRANGE, GA.—I have been laughing practically every second since I read "The Eel Snooper," by Robert Benchley.

I go around laughing privately—until people are getting alarmed.

Please tell Mr. Benchley that I shall hold him responsible if I get locked up for laughing.

That boy has a real sense of humor.—*A Benchley Fan.*

We'll Be Right Over

DAYTON, OHIO—I read in your Vox Pop where some fellow over in Massachusetts has a cellar full of your mags to *sell*.

The Scotch sun of a gun! I also have a cellar full and I'd give someone a buck if they would remove them for me.—*"Slim" Schultz.*

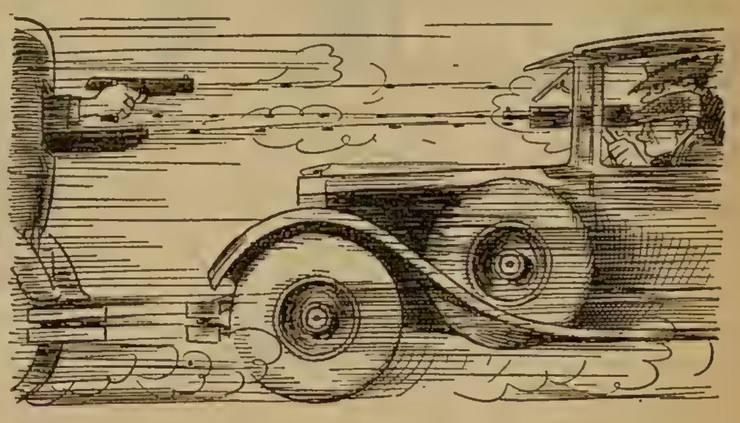
That Billboard Debate

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Anent your recent debate under the headings "The Case Against the Billboard" and "The Case for the Billboard," it seems to me that the case *for* the billboard is the stronger. From an economic standpoint, consideration should and must be given to the additional unemployment were the poster panels and other worthy highway advertising seriously curtailed.—*Arthur A. Failmetzger.*

PARK RIDGE, ILL.—Regarding your billboard debate, I feel that our highways are indeed becoming commercialized, but to me the billboard plays a minor rôle in this commercializing. Tumble-down shacks and hot-dog stands to me are a real offense, with sickening odors of stale fried onions and old meat carried to you on the breeze as you ride by. In all cases you will find, around these huts, innumerable odd-size signs. These clutterings to me are a distinct eyesore.

I wonder if the main reason for commercialized highways is not being overlooked. I feel that the real cause of this is the ever-increasing population of our country. Immigrant laws are either not strict enough or else are not being properly enforced.

A great many immigrants of today are more or less hired gangsters and killers, who are smuggled into this country to fill the shoes of their dead brothers who were killed in the "bootleg business," and who use our highways as a means of transportation for their products, in addition to a place upon which to slay their competitors and rivals.—*William F. Greeley.*



Maybe You Haven't Given Them a Good Fair Trial

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Dentists of the country should all rise and give three cheers for Liberty. The gnashing of teeth of your 2,500,000 readers, after perusing some of your stories, if all put together, must mean thousands of new sets of "store teeth" each week.

Thank heavens I already have mine, and they're nonbreakable.—*Lena Genster.*

KNOW THESE FAMOUS EYES?

You should for she's one of Universal Pictures' greatest stars. This brown-eyed actress, who wears 14 year size clothes, is now appearing in a dramatic picture of Russian life. See below*.

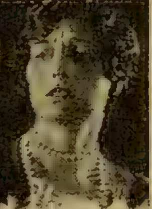
refreshes eyes after motoring

Motoring causes eyes to tire and burn; often makes them bloodshot. Relieve these annoying after-effects by applying a few drops of harmless *Murine*. In a jiffy your eyes will feel fresh and rested; soon the bloodshot condition will disappear. Also use *Murine* after golf and other outdoor sports to offset eye irritation. 60c everywhere.

**Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Sinus Trouble is CATARRH



When infection gets into the little pockets (sinuses) that connect with the nose, they cannot drain properly. A "stuffed up" head, distressing fullness, often with splitting headaches, are the result. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, because it acts through the blood, reaches the sinuses as no wash or spray can. Drives out poisons, reduces swelling, and restores the tissues to healthy tone. Get Hall's today!

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 225 Toledo Ohio

Write for booklet, "7 Things You Should Know"

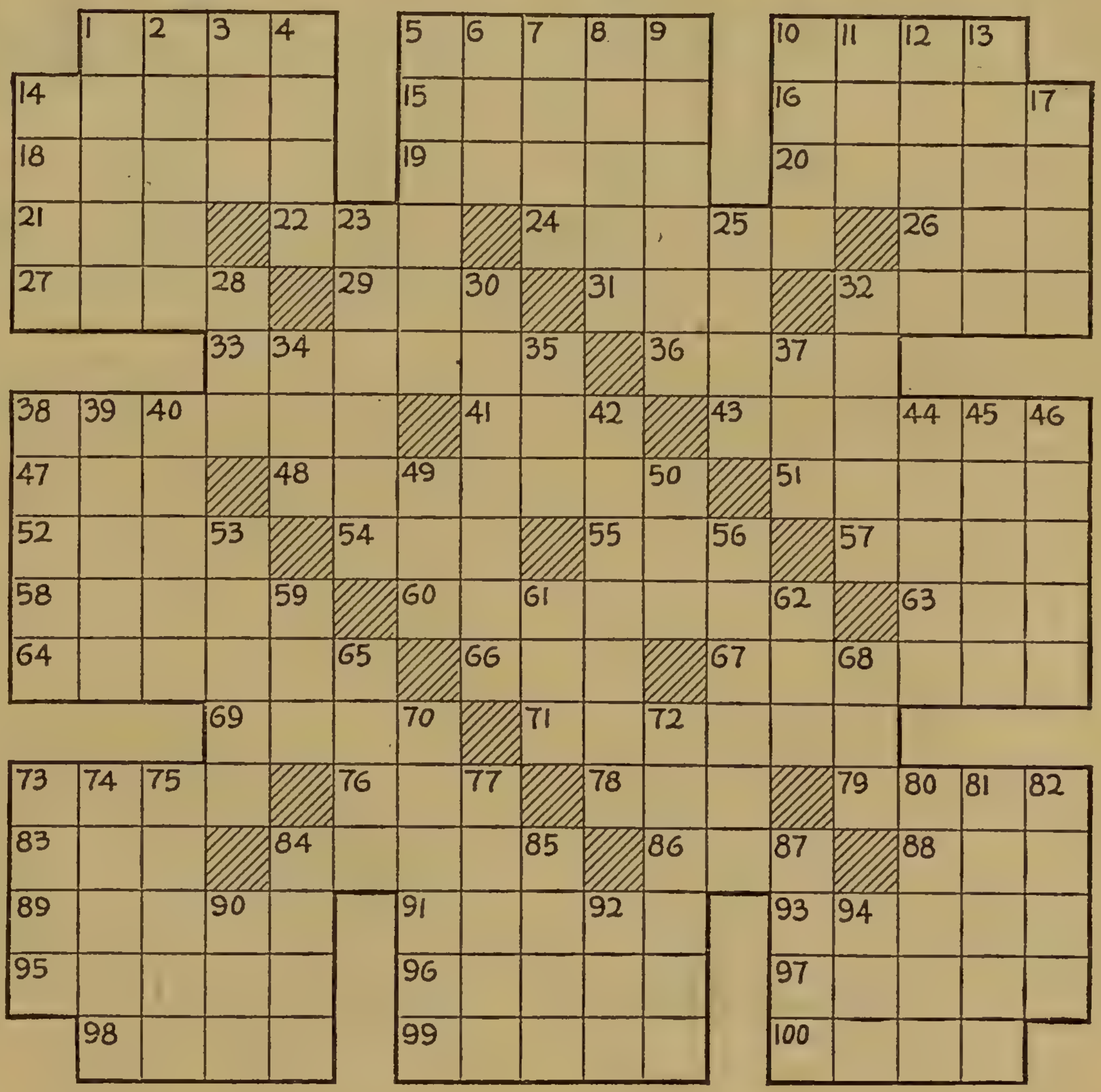
LUCKY TIGER

For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

GUARANTEED

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

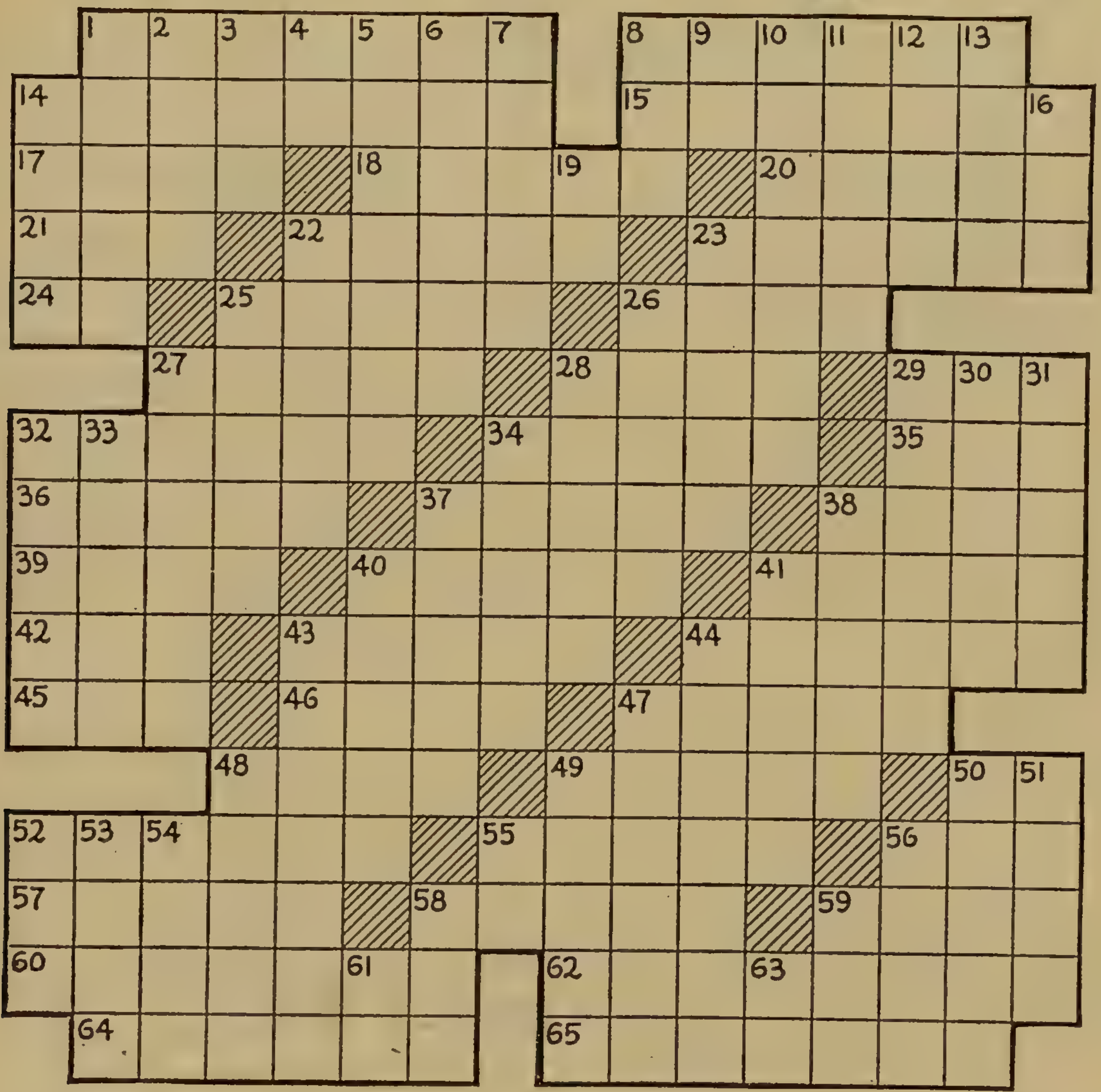
1 An incrustation
5 Interval between two or more objects
10 An agreement
14 Declare
15 Minister of Ahasuerus
16 Worship
18 Small, mean house
19 Separately in regard to space or company
20 Sweetheart
21 Form of to be
22 Convert into leather
24 Part of the foot (plural)
26 Attention
27 State of disorder
29 Artful
31 Prefix meaning three or thrice
32 Artifices
33 Traverses
36 Before long
38 An ancient country and Roman province
41 Beat (colloquial)
43 City in France
47 Long narrow inlet
48 Bower of latticework
51 Measure used to indicate the fineness of gold (variant)
52 In
54 Also
55 Cause to be quit of
57 Trigonometrical ratio
58 The name of a sea (variant)
60 Article of apparel
63 A seat
64 Ceased from motion
66 Droop
67 Two-footed animals
69 Sheep
71 Reformed; reconstituted
73 To mend by interlacing, as with wool
76 High in the musical scale
78 Put in place
79 Part of a wheel
83 Old money of account
84 Attempted
86 Man's nickname
88 Hasten
89 Ship having a regular run
91 Hang in folds
93 Town in Maine
95 High wave in a river's estuary
96 Salt of ether
97 Unaspirated consonants
98 Cozy abode
99 Percolates
100 Not as much as

VERTICAL

1 A shop
2 Caverns
3 Corroded
4 Girdle
5 Neck and shoulder covers
6 Invalids' food
7 Female servant in the Orient
8 Proof reader's mark
9 Penetrates
10 Comrades
11 Bustle
12 Overlay
13 Minister to
14 A make-believe
17 Strays
23 Declare
25 Carnivorous beast
28 A spring
30 Peach disease
32 East Indian coins
34 Deed
35 Soda
37 A tree
38 One who essays
39 Articulated joint, as of a bivalve shell
40 Classifies
42 Illusions
44 Edible portion of an animal's paunch
45 Bore young
46 Boils
49 Greek goddess
50 Perch
53 Made of a cereal
56 Discuss; argue
59 Unused
61 Part of the head
62 Cause to be quit of
65 Costly
68 Fondle
70 Slips
72 Measures of length
73 Gift of charity
74 Adherent to the doctrines of Arius
75 A row or rank
77 Succinct; pithy
80 Manacles
81 Characters in an old Teutonic alphabet
82 Son of Seth
84 Allowance for waste
85 A fruit
87 A toy
90 Bitter vetch
92 Vigor; dash
94 A sandpiper

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 Pertaining to a particular artery
8 Long-legged limicoline birds
14 To salt or pickle, as fish, and then preserve in oil
15 Feminine personal name
17 Open space about the base of a building
18 Woman's nickname
20 Any occupation pursued as a calling
21 A pronoun
22 Shoulder of the bolt of a lock
23 Of greater perpendicular dimension
24 The symbol for an element
25 A seaport town in Spain
26 Carries on hostilities
27 Paroxysmal pain in the abdomen
28 One of the pieces used in chess
29 Polishing device used in metal working
32 Fur-bearing animal
34 Region of the body (plural)
35 Arabian garment
36 Moldings
37 Goes forth suddenly
38 Scheme
39 Disorder; uproar
40 Measures of capacity
41 Amiss
42 Entire
43 Bandages; dresses
44 Persons
45 American general
46 Beverage (plural)
47 Lay hold of suddenly
48 Roman highway
49 Woolen fabric
50 An element (symbol)
52 Turns off to one side; shifts
55 East Indian measure of capacity
56 Large flatboat
57 Velvetlike fabric
58 A cap
59 Kind of cheese
60 Combining form meaning artery
62 Flower (plural)
64 Human trunks
65 Danish openwork embroidery (plural)

VERTICAL

1 A position in thrusting or parrying (fencing)
2 Son of Zeus and Hera (Greek mythology)
3 Long narrow inlet
4 Over and in contact with
5 A marmoset of South Africa
6 A style of type
7 Evil spirit
8 Title of a Rider Haggard novel
9 Toward
10 Confines to one locality
11 Space between the eye and bill in birds (plural)
12 Snare
13 A region of the body
14 Principal; chief
16 Combining form: air
19 Into
22 Accounts
23 Begins to be perceived or understood
25 Vocal composition on a sacred text
26 Serenaders
27 French patois spoken in Louisiana
28 Harbors; havens
29 Village in Franklin County, New York
30 Former Japanese coin
31 Throes; twinges
32 Ethical
33 Nimble; brisk
34 Disembarks
37 Eater
38 Value highly
40 Heaps
41 Examine or test, as if by the balance
43 Beats with successive blows
44 Chided vehemently
47 Calm; unruffled
48 Interior
49 Feminine personal name
50 Essays
51 Pieces out
52 Spring
53 Deer
54 A preposition
55 Brazilian measure
56 River in Italy
58 Genus of ruminants
59 Man's nickname
61 One of the satellites of Jupiter
63 Pronoun

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

ACIDITY
Bends More Shoulders than Age!

Many a man who is slowing up before his time doesn't realize that it may be Acidity! When you begin to lose pep and ambition and want to put things off until tomorrow, it's a sign that acid is getting in its work. Excess acid forming in the stomach causes "acid-indigestion," with gassy fullness, sourness and burning after each meal. More than that, it sets poisons in the intestinal tract which sap strength and vitality and make you feel always tired out and run-down.

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to the Problem of Conduct in Liberty for March 28 has been divided among those whose names appear below.

THE problem was:

Suppose you were a young man out driving with a girl. Two armed men pull up alongside your car, take your money, and order you to give up the girl.

A gang has perpetrated several similar holdups in your neighborhood, and in each case the girl has been frightened only—never actually harmed.

You are unarmed. Would you give up the girl without a fight, or would you fight for her and take the chance of being killed?

By B. B. PUTTER

1820 South Yorktown Street
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I WOULD give up the girl without a fight. Remember that I am unarmed. The two men are armed. They are two to one against me. They have the drop on me. They are desperate men.

What chance would I have in offering any resistance whatever? The least suggestion of any move on my part would only mean positive and instantaneous death for me. And a dead man could not be much help to the girl. On the other hand, I would chance that they would, as in the previous cases, merely frighten but not otherwise harm the girl. Still alive, I might plan some way to rescue her.

A dead man may have proven himself chivalrous. But a live man can still think and act.

By VIRGINIA SMITH

Capron, Virginia

ALTHOUGH critics of today claim that modern youths think that chivalry died with feudalism, that knighthood is no longer in flower, I am confident that no gentleman would desert a girl under the circumstances which you describe.

Though he may no longer don a coat of armor and dash out on his fiery steed to rescue maidens in distress, he still feels that first and foremost he owes to women his protection, no matter what the cost may be.

Aside from this, no man would subject himself to the disdain of his companion and the ridicule of his friends, for he would not only degrade himself socially, and in all probability harm himself in a business way by losing the confidence of his employers, but he would lose his self-respect, which after all is the greatest thing that we have in this life. Then, too, he would be putting himself in a position to be called cowardly, a stigma which no gentleman can tolerate.

Surely if the men were out for murder they would not stop at frightening the girl. The chances are if signs of resistance were shown by the escort the rogues would retreat hastily.

No doubt the young man would be deprived of his watch and money. This, however, is a small price to pay for the esteem of one's friends, the gratefulness of the girl, and the maintenance of one's self-respect.

By DAVID F. COSTELLO

Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I WOULD give up the girl rather than take the chance of being killed, because:

(1) Common sense tells me that the odds against my winning in a fight are more than two to one; the gang is armed, I am unarmed.

(2) Foresight makes it clear that if I were killed the gang would still have the girl and she would be without a protector of any kind. If I still lived I could notify the police and begin action for her recovery.

(3) Previous experience indicates that the girl would be frightened only—not actually harmed. Previous experience does not indicate that the gang would refuse to shoot if I chose to fight. To put them on the defensive by fighting would be to invoke the law of self-preservation on their part. Thus might I strengthen the possibility of my being killed.

(4) Further consideration suggests that the girl is being taken by the gang in order to subordinate the real motive for their crime—money.

To fight would be impulsive and spectacular—the crowd would approve. To use will power would be sensible and difficult—the girl, if she were the right kind, would understand. Therefore, I would give up the girl.

By O. C. CASTLE

1402 Prospect Avenue, Houston, Texas

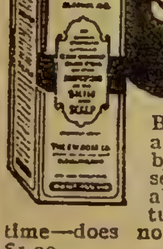
ACADEMICALLY (and for the purpose of this contest), I should yield to *force majeure*, save my own life, and leave the lady to take her chances.

" In days of old, when knights were bold," and life was well lost in defense of a " ladye's honour," no male could have shown his face in the old home town after having deserted a damsel under such circumstances.

But times change, and values change with them. Chivalry is not dead, but both men and women today have more sense. Any woman worth protecting would appreciate the fact that a " dead hero " could afford no more protection than a "live coward."

So much for theory. In practice, action rather than deliberation is indicated. Civilization, with its softening influences, covers with only a thin veneer the instincts of the primitive " he-man."

Hence, if confronted with the necessity for instant decision in the case cited, I should probably grapple with the chap nearest to me; get a couple of slugs of lead in my anatomy and my name in the newspaper headlines, and finish with a slow ride at the head of a mortician's parade.



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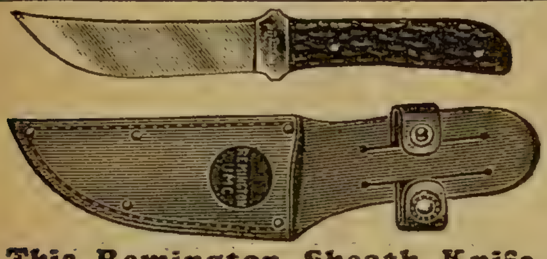

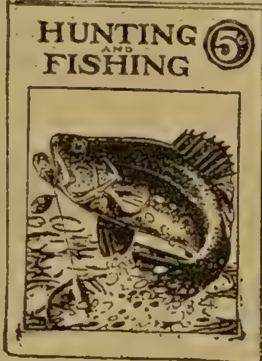

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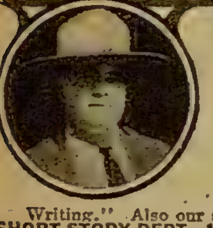

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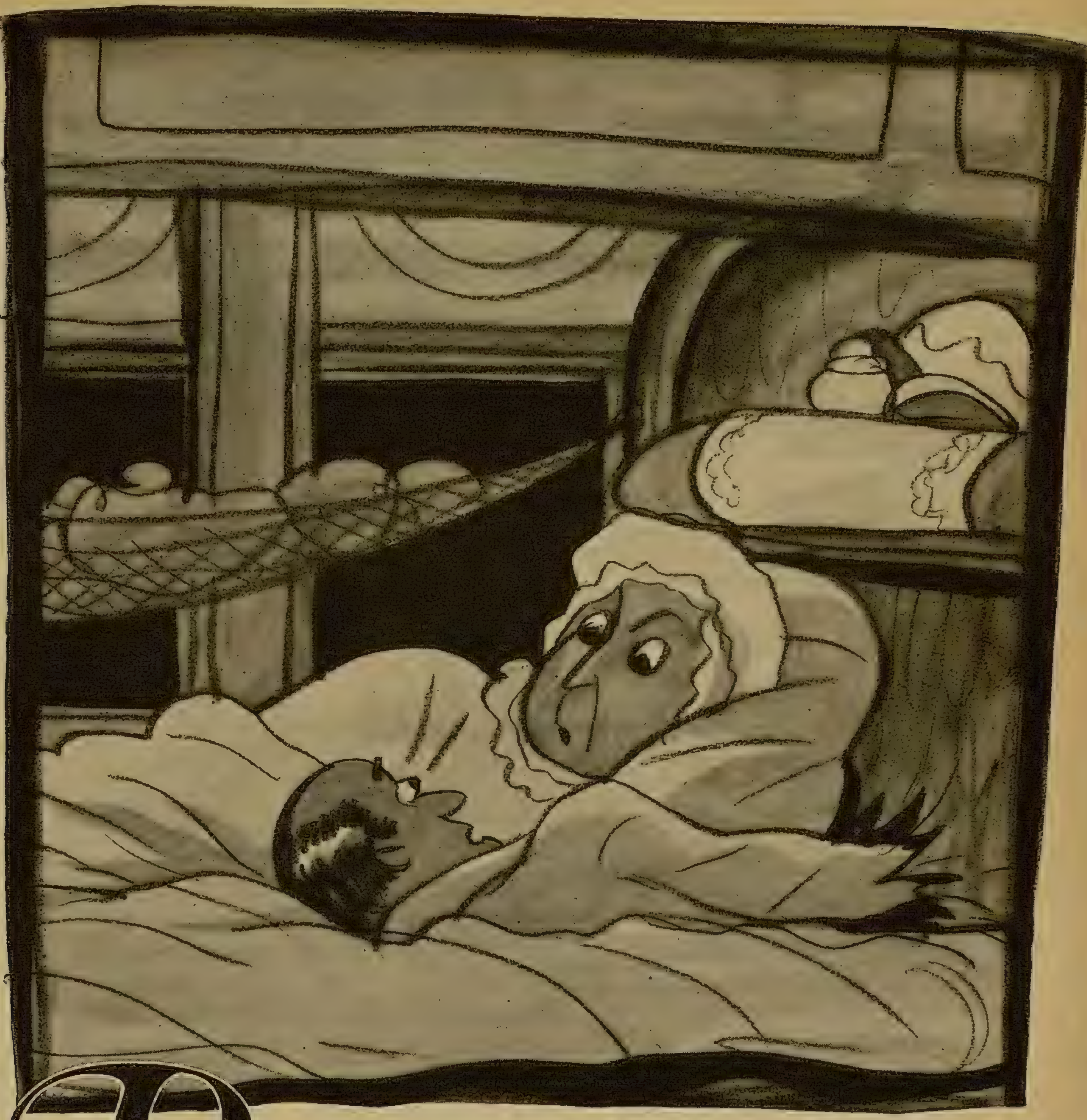


The occupant of Lower Two finds himself in Lower Fourteen.

The RAILROAD Problem

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 min. 4 sec.)

I UNDERSTAND that there is a big plan on foot to consolidate the railways of this country into four large systems. This doesn't interest me much, as I walk almost everywhere I go. (I discovered that I was putting on quite a bit of weight and was told that walking was fine for that sort of thing, but, since making the resolution to walk everywhere I go, I find that I just don't *go* anywhere. As a result, I have gained six pounds and never felt better in my life.)

However, there must be people who use the railroads or they wouldn't keep blowing those whistles all the time. And it is in behalf of these peopl that I would like to make a few suggestions to the new consolidated systems, suggestions based on my experiences when I used to be a traveler myself. I jotted down notes of them at the time, but notes made on a moving train are not always very legible the next day, and I am afraid that I shall have to guess at most of them (especially those

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

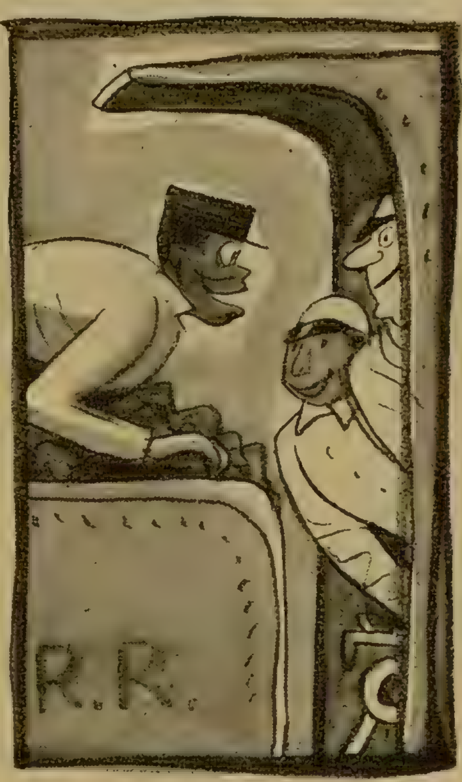
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

written with the pen in the club car) and rely on my memory for the rest.

What I want to know is—what are they going to do about the heating systems? In the new arrangement, something very drastic has got to be done about running those steam pipes under my individual berth. I have tried every berth from Lower One to Upper Fourteen on every line in the country except the Mon-ur and the Detroit, Toledo, & Ironton, and in every damned one of them I was the central point for the heating system of the whole train.

It wouldn't be so bad if, when I had finally accommodated myself to lying beside a steam pipe by throwing off all the flannel pads which serve as blankets and going to sleep like Diana at the Bath (oh, well, not *exactly* like Diana but near enough for the purpose of *this* story), they didn't then run ammonia through that very pipe and set up a refrigerating system along about four in the morning. They might at least make up their minds as to whether they want to roast or freeze me. It's this constant vacillating that upsets me.

Now in this new system of railroads, while they are deciding so many questions, they might as well decide about me. I will be a good sport about it, whatever they say. But I *do* want to know what the plan is. Is it roast or freeze Benchley? Then I can make my own plans accordingly.



"O. K., boys! Benchley's asleep."

And while they are at it, they might work up some system of instruction which would eliminate new engineers taking their driving lessons on night runs. As I have figured it out, this is the way the thing is worked now:

The regular engineer takes the train until about three in the morning. Then the new man gets aboard and is shown the throttles and is instructed about how to put on his overalls and gloves. If the system is working well, this is the first time the new man has ever been near an engine in his life. A porter then comes rushing up from back in the train and announces: "O. K., boys! Benchley is asleep! Let-er ride!"

AT this point the instructor tells the new man to start her up easy. The man, with that same enthusiasm which makes a beginner in automobile driving stall the engine right off the bat, starts "her" up as if he were trying to take off in a helicopter and rise right up off the ground. The result is that all the cars in the train follow for the distance of one foot and then crash together, forming one composite car.

"No, no, no, Joe!" shouts the instructor, laughing. "Take her easy! Let her in slowly. Look, let me show you!" So he does it, and the cars unscramble themselves and stand trembling, waiting for the next crash. I myself have, by this time, sat bolt upright in my berth in spite of a broken collar bone. It is not until I have snuggled down again that the novice up in the cab tries his hand again. This time he is a little better and gets the train ahead about ten feet before he forgets what to do next, grows panicky, he jams on his emergency. I venture to say that, on his second try, he sends me a good four inches into the headboard of the berth.

"At-a-boy, Joe!" encourages his mentor. "You'll learn in no time. Now, just give her one more bang and they'll take it over. You've had enough for one night."

So Joe has one more, or maybe two more bangs and then goes back to take his first lesson in coupling and uncoupling. This is no small job to undertake for the first time in the dark, and he does awfully well under the circumstances. All that he does is to drive the Anastasia into the Bellerophon so far that the occupant of Lower Two in the first-named car finds himself in bed with the occupant of Lower Fourteen in the second. Not bad for a starter, Joe. You'll be a brakeman *and* an engineer before you know it. (I take it for granted that it is the same pupil who is driving the engine and coupling the cars. There couldn't be *two* men like that on one train.)

NOW, if there can be no way devised under the new system to have these new boys try out their lessons in some school in the yards, using dummy trains instead of real ones full of real passengers, then the least that the roads can do is to have the lesson hour come during the day when people are sitting upright and have a little resistance power. When these crashes come in the daytime (and they do, they do) you can at least brace yourself and look out of the window to see whether or not the train has landed in the branches of a tree. The new railroad systems should recognize that there is a time for work and a time for play and that four A. M. is *not* the time for romping among the younger engineers.

There are one or two other points which ought to be brought out in this little petition, points which the roads would do well to take to heart if steam travel is ever to supplant flying as a mode of transportation.

(1) Those two men who shout under my window whenever a train comes to a halt in a station during the night. I have heard what they have to say, and it really isn't worth shouting. One of them is named Mac, in case the officials want to go into this thing any further.

(2) The piling up of bags in the vestibule by the porters on day trains. In the old days we used to carry our bags out ourselves, and, irksome as it was, we at least got out of the train. As it is today, the train has been in the station a good half hour before the porter has dug into the mountain of suitcases in the vestibule so that it is low enough for a man on a burro to climb over it. The roads should either add this half hour to their running time on the time-tables (Ar. N. Y. 4:30. Disembark N. Y. 4:55) or else cut a hole in the roof to let out those passengers who have other connections to make.

(3) The polish used by porters in shining shoes. This should either be made of *real* gum so that it will attract articles of value, like coins and buttons, or of real polish so that the shoes will shine. As it is, the shoes neither shine nor are they sticky enough to attract anything more tangible than dust and fluff.

Here again it is a case in which the roads must make up their mind. Before they can amalgamate they must make up their mind on a lot of things. I have already made up mine.

Further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Spell Was Cast

Joan was entertaining a little neighbor, when suddenly she announced: "I bet you can't spell ice cream."

"What flavor?" was the quick retort.—R. T. Nathan, 345 Montgomery St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

She's Not the Only One

Betty came home from school after her first examination very much put out.

"I could have made a lot better grade if they'd let us use our book," she told her mother indignantly.—Margie Walter, 411 W. Daggett Ave., Fort Worth, Tex.

The Maypole

A New For the Love o' Lil

GAY streamers waved from the Maypoles in the school yard. Noisy children ran around in their new summer clothes. Parents presented twenty-five-cent tickets at the gate. And camp chairs began to sink gradually into the grass as relatives sat down.

"Programs!" a yellow-curled mite announced.

"I want one!" Mrs. Smithers laughed, sitting down gingerly on a frail-looking chair with a floppy canvas back. "Gwen's dancing."

Mrs. S. really should have bought two tickets because she overlapped and covered half a chair on either side there in the front row.

"Can't you move in a little?" a red-haired woman asked her from the right. "You're leaning on my knee."

"Why, of course!" said Mrs. S.

"Can't you move in a little?" a black-haired woman asked her from the left. "You're pinching my hip."

"Why, of course!" said Mrs. S.

"Get your fresh hot dogs here before the May-day Festival starts!" a boy shouted. "Hot dogs! Hot—"

"I'm hot enough without a hot dog," Mrs. Smithers said, "but here's a nickel. Put mustard on it."

Other parents wanted hot dogs and they all began to yell for them. A fat teacher sat down at a piano by the gymnasium door. She got up to chase sheet music which the wind was carrying away. Then she sat down again and began to pound out Sousa.

"The music's begun!" Gwen Smithers shouted in the gymnasium where she was pulling up her socks. "Where's my crown? I put it on that tenpin an' somebody swiped it. Where's my crown? How can I be Queen of the May without a crown? My crown—"

"I'll positively crown you if you don't keep still," a teacher told her.

This week's cover picture.

"I don't want to be Queen of the May after all," Gwen said, sitting down on a little stool. "Not if I got to march in dressed in a crown of posies—"

"They're daisies," the teacher said. "Get in line and march in and do your dance. It was an honor to be voted Queen of the May—"

"Honor?" Gwen mimicked, wondering if she dared remove her crown and throw it in the teacher's face.

By this time the opening bars of Sousa had been played eighteen times and the audience was getting quite tired of the tune.

"Well, I'll start," Gwen said at last, "but I'm not sayin' I'll keep goin'."

"There's the Queen of the May!" parents whispered. "There's the Queen of the May!"

"Yes, I am," Gwen mumbled as she took her place by her Maypole, "an' I'm hungry." She snatched a hot dog from an astonished old lady who kept her mouth open and forgot to close it.

"'Bring out the horses in finery gay,'" the children began to sing around the poles. "'For I'm Queen of the May, mother; I'm Queen of the May!'"

None of the parents quite knew what the horses had to do with this May-day Festival, but some of them thought that Gwen galloped around like one.

(Next week's cover adventure: Hard Work)

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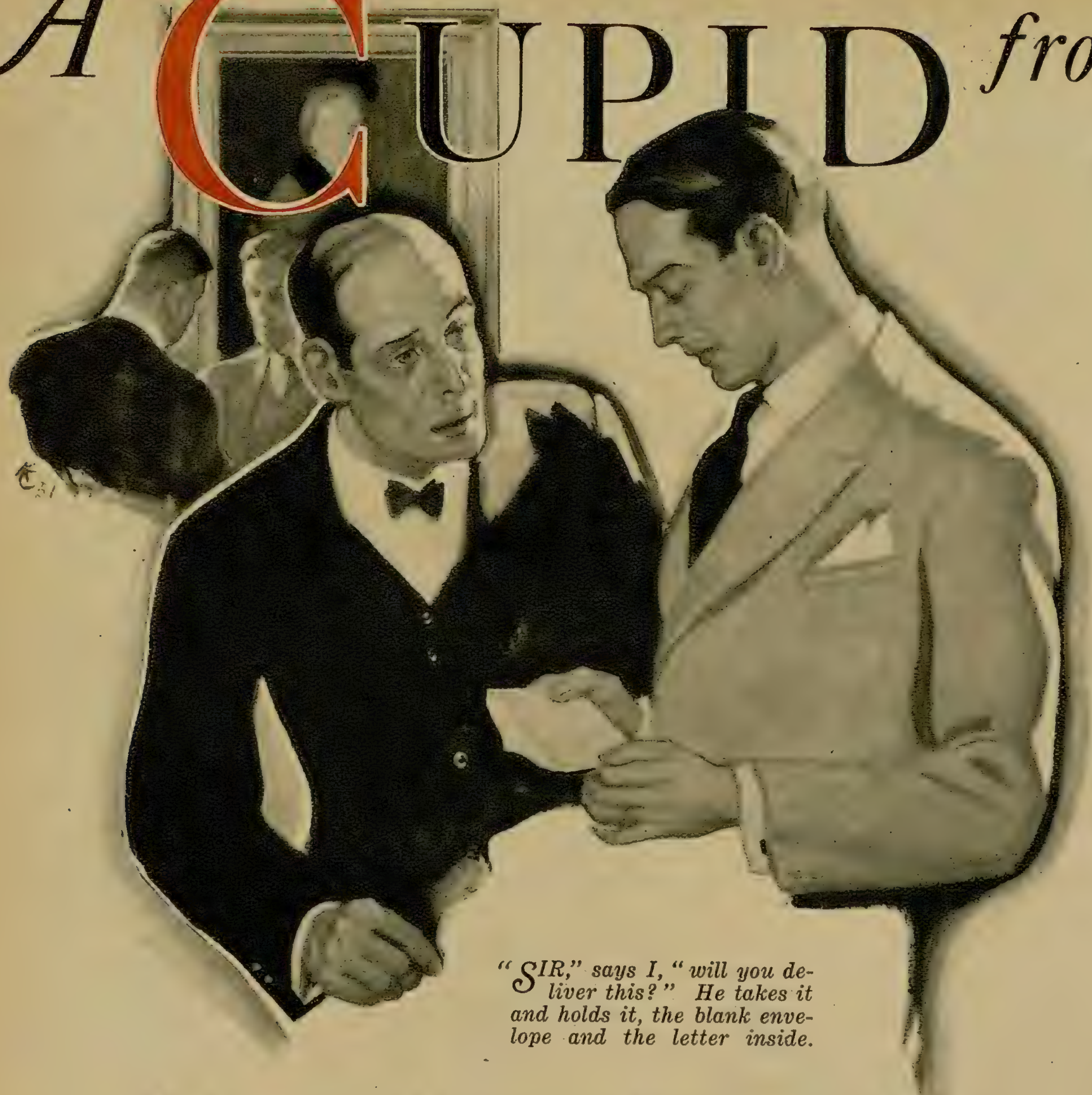
A CUPID from the



"SIR," says I, "will you deliver this?" He takes it and holds it, the blank envelope and the letter inside.

A Story of Hearts at Sea—and a Rescue

(Reading time: 12 min. 44 sec.)

By

EDWARD L. McKENNA

who divides his time between the writing of fiction and the teaching of mathematics—the latter at the University of Pennsylvania. A new novel from his pen, Tomorrow Once Again, appeared last month.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

GOOD DAY, sir. You'll be wanting a book? How about a good mystery? No, sir. Yes, sir; quite. Right you are, sir. Do you read French, by any chance, sir? One of the gentlemen who crossed with me lately left me some French novels. I don't read French, myself, but the pictures are a bit of all right—Stamps, madam? Yes, madam. Three cents, American, madam. Thank you, madam.

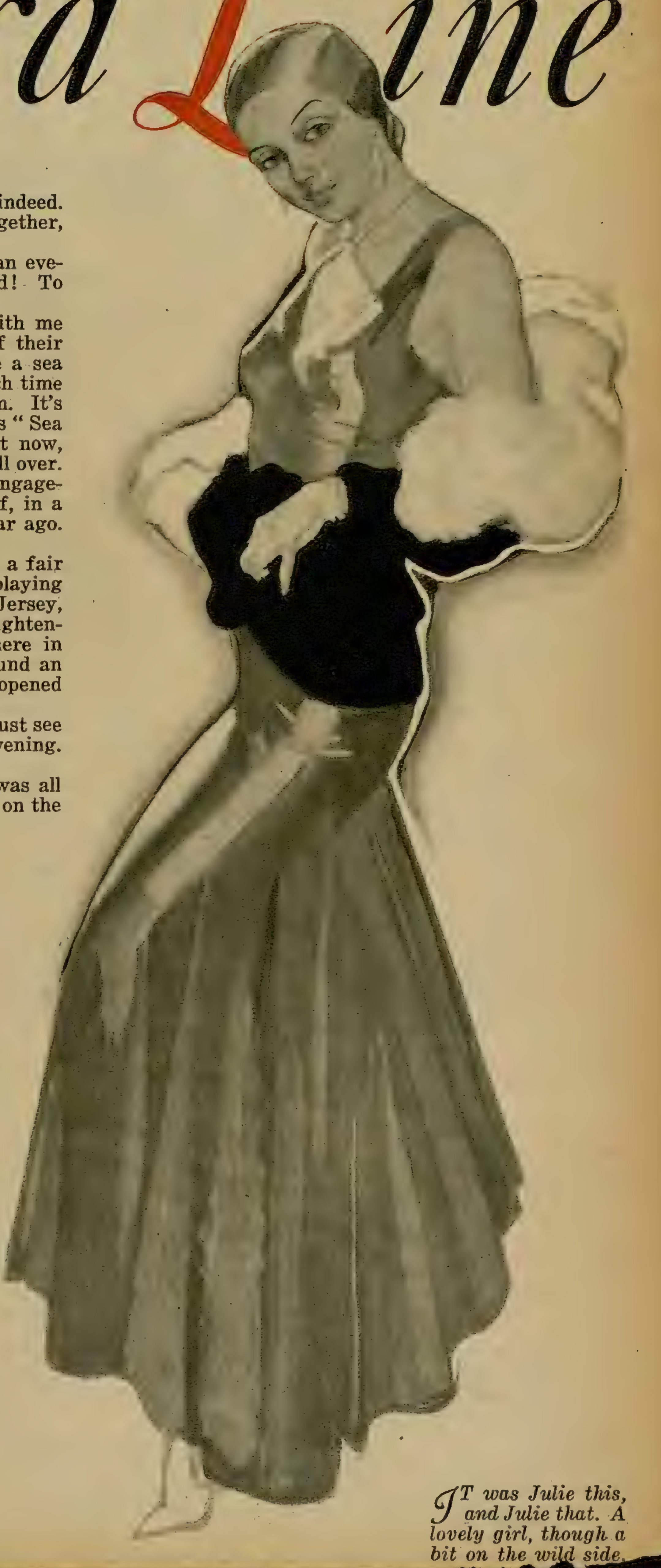
Lovely crossing, sir. The sea's like glass this time of year. Thank you very much, sir, I'll smoke it after I have my dinner. Oh, of course, we may get a bit of a blow, but I hardly think so. Yes, sir. The chessmen, sir? A German gentleman has them over in the smoke room. He gets them bright and early every morning. I could give you a set of draughts—I'm very sorry, sir.

Oh, yes, sir, it's a bit dull, but one soon gets used to it. It's very nice when we're in port. Yes, indeed. During the summer we play cricket over in New Jersey. And outhampton five [illegible] char-à-ba a sort of omnibus, sir, and we take our friends out for a long ride in the country, and we have our tea—Tea, madam? Tea is at four, madam. Two thirty it is now, madam.

The vibration, madam? The vibration is caused by the fact that one of the propellers is temporarily out of commission. Oh, no, madam, they couldn't stop to repair it. It's under water practically the whole time. Oh, no, madam. No, I assure you. Why, the Prince of Wales crossed with us a short while ago. No—danger—madam!

Wouldn't some of them give you the fair sick, sir? In the movies they see so many shipwrecks they must think they're happening every day. But the young ones! They're not afraid of drowning. Not they! Lord love a duck, sir! You should go up topside of a bright moonlight night. There's romance for you! And why not? There's little enough pleasure in life and old age is upon us before we know it. Twenty-eight, sir. Shipped as a [illegible]: seventeen I was [illegible]

Cunard Line



sir; Ronald Plimmer. Charmed, sir, charmed indeed. Mr. Mac? I hope we'll have many crossings together, Mr. Mac, sir.

Yes, sir, you should go up to the top deck of an evening—Oh, that's your wife, sir! Oh, yes, indeed! To be sure.

I couldn't tell you how many have crossed with me and I'd read in the papers the announcement of their engagement. Yes, indeed. There's nothing like a sea voyage to develop a romance, sir. They've so much time on their hands—Yes, madam? No, indeed, madam. It's not choppy at all. Oh, no, madam. The chart says " Sea very moderate." If you're only just noticing it now, madam, it couldn't possibly distress you, for it's all over.

As I was saying, Mr. Mac—Oh, yes. A lot of engagements, yes. I had a hand in one of them, myself, in a way, if I may say so. Yes, indeed. About a year ago.

WE had just docked at New York and I was in a fair dither to get through my work, for we were playing the crew of the Berengaria over at Rumson, New Jersey, as soon as we could get ashore. Well, I was straightening up and checking over the books. Right there in that one, Bars of Iron—a lovely book, too—I found an envelope. " What, ho! " says I to myself, and I opened it, and inside was a letter.

What do you suppose it said, sir? It said, " I must see you before the ship docks. I'll be on C deck this evening. Please come." And it was signed " Julie."

As soon as my eyes fell upon the signature I was all but sure I knew who wrote it. I fancy everybody on the ship knew who Julie was. It was Julie this, and Julie that, ever since she'd come aboard at Cherbourg. A lovely girl she was, too, though a bit on the wild side. Ah, but you know how they are, sir. They flirt a bit, and they spend their time in the smoke room, when they're not dancing or up on the top deck. If they were English girls, of course, it'd be quite a different thing. Rather! But you Americans have so odd a point of view about all that, don't you know.

If an English girl is brazen, we form an opinion about her at once. Whereas, if it's an American girl, particularly a young one, why, in all probability she's just putting on a show.

Julie was about nineteen, I should say, nineteen or twenty, and she was always most gracious to me, and to all of us. And her people were very nice. Though, upon my word, if she'd been any kin of mine—Yes, madam? The vibration is caused by the lack of a propeller, madam.

If you'll sit over on the port side, madam, you won't notice it scarcely at all. Over on the left side, madam.

Well, Mr. Mac, there I was, with Julie's letter in my hands, and not knowing what in the world to do about it. Of course, strictly speaking, it wasn't any of my concern. Still, Julie was a bit of all right, if ever I saw one. A regular stunner, she was, and full of life, always laughing, always jolly. It was a pleasure to see her come into the lounge. Little enough time she ever spent here.

Just to make sure, I checked the passenger

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT was Julie this, and Julie that. A lovely girl, though a bit on the wild side.

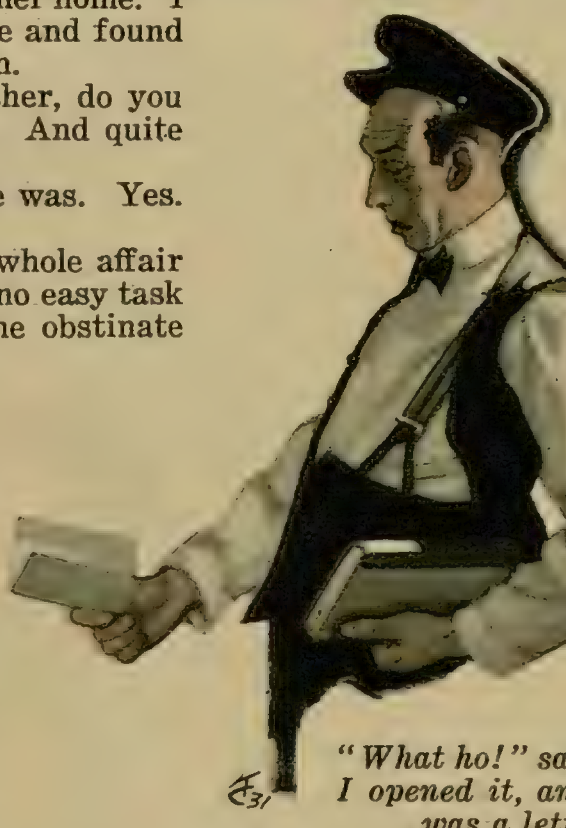
A CUPID FROM THE CUNARD LINE
Continued from page sixty-five

list. There wasn't any other Julie in our cabin except one, and she was a maiden lady, well advanced in years. At any rate, I think I'd have known who it was from the handwriting—very carelesslike, and yet very pretty and distinguished just the same.

What would you have done, sir? There she was, with her letter undelivered, probably quite miserable after some tiff with her sweetheart, and he going off the ship and never making it up with her.

I'll tell you what it was I did. After we were all clamped down and shipshape, I chucked the cricket game and started to deliver Julie's letter for her. I went ashore and got a telephone book and called her home. I got no answer. So I went up there and found her house boarded up for the season.

I couldn't very well call her father, do you see? You know how fathers are. And quite right, too, I've no doubt.



"What ho!" says I, and I opened it, and inside was a letter.

Still, she was a lovely girl, Julie was. Yes. Yes, indeed.

So, by Jove, I decided that the whole affair would want a bit of doing. It was no easy task I'd set myself, but I'm a bit on the obstinate side, and it was so hot going up to Julie's house and then finding no one there and all, that I decided to carry on if it meant my giving up my cricket for the entire leave.

I went back to the ship and got out the passenger list again and studied it—About nine hundred miles, madam. Yes, madam. Oh, no, madam! The loss of the propeller will not delay us more than a few hours at most. When we reach the Gulf Stream, madam, it carries us right along. Yes, madam.

—And I racked my brain to think who it could be that Julie was writing her love letter to.

It wasn't so easy to decide, for wherever Julie was you'd see a good few chaps hanging about. Still, after thinking hard for a bit, I narrowed it down to four—You don't care for reading mysteries, sir? I'm dotty on them. Particularly Mr. Edgar Wallace and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

These four were a Major Tregarthen, a Mr. Carl Tremont, a Mr. Howard Baines, and a Mr. James B. Thornton.

I copied their addresses from the passenger list, and I set out.

As you will see, I had no idea of barging in upon these gentlemen and saying to each of them, "I have a love letter here; I think it may be for you, sir." No, indeed. I planned to see them and to reconnoiter a bit, to use a little strategy, and finally to decide, if I could, who it was who should have Julie's letter.

ACCORDINGLY I went first to call upon Major Tregarthen. A fine figure of a man the major was, sir, but a bit old for Julie, so I thought. Also, he'd crossed with us a good many times, and he did have the reputation of not being exactly free with his money, if I may say so.

The major was in and he received me, though somewhat curtly. Going through your Customs is a bit trying for a foreigner, sir. It isn't the Customs people; it's the delays and the standing in line and all that. After fidgeting around a bit, I asked the major if he had lost a pair of cuff links in his stateroom. He said he might have done. I pulled a pair out of my pocket and, strike me pink, Mr. Mac, sir, if he didn't say yes, they were his. And he gave me a beggarly fifty cents for a pair of cuff links that stood me fifteen and six when I bought them in Hammersley Road.

So I left him and says I to myself, "Ronald Plimmer, no blighter like that shall have Julie or her letter."

Then I called Mr. Carl Tremont at his office in Maiden Lane or on William Street, I forget which it was. Mr. Tremont was in, his secretary said. I took a cab and went to his office, and as I was sitting there waiting for him I chatted with his young lady, who was under the impression that I was a deck officer of the Cunard. Very pleasant she was, too. She told me that Mr. Tremont would soon be free to see me; that he was talking to Mrs. Tremont.

"Mrs. Tremont?" said I, and no sooner had I got the words out of my mouth than the door of the inner office opened and out walked a very handsome lady with a little girl. "Is that Mrs. Tremont?" said I to the secretary. "Why, yes," she said. "Oh. Ah. Excuse me," said I. "I won't disturb Mr. Tremont at present. I'll call again." And out I went, with my blood positively boiling. And it was as well that Julie wasn't near by, for I'd have ventured to tell her off in no uncertain way. Mrs. Tremont! These married perishers, taking advantage of a sea trip—No, madam. I haven't seen your husband, madam. He may have been, madam; the lounge has been crowded all afternoon.

SO then, sir, I called upon Mr. Howard Baines. A fine-looking young chap this Mr. Baines was, sir, alert and aggressive, and wearing a little gold Rugby football on his watch chain and a queer little pin on his waistcoat. I was all but going to give Julie's letter to him. "One moment, Plimmer," said I to myself. "Stop a bit and consider"—Tea will be ready in about half an hour, madam. It's three twenty-five now, madam.

Well, sir, I said to Mr. Baines—I—well, I resorted to a little deception. I indicated to him that in case he desired any liquor, straight off the ship, I could provide it for him—No, sir, I do not. I've never sold a drop of liquor, nor has any of us. I don't say I never bring in a couple of quarter bottles of White Horse in my socks—And how fortunate I was, sir, to test this Mr. Baines! He went fairly off the deep end, sir. He called me a variety of unpleasant things, all in a very upright sort of way which made it even more offensive, sir. Upon my word, I had to restrain myself. I box a bit, sir, and if ever I saw a Ya—an American who was fairly yearning for a smart bash on the boko, it was this Mr. Baines.

In my position it's part of my trade to put up with incivility, but I don't like people who take attitudes. Right you are, sir! It's all very well for a man to live up to the laws, but he needn't be so testy about it. Quite! Yes, indeed! I'm for toleration, as the old song says.

Imagine a nice, jolly, high-spirited young one like my Julie having to put up with anything like him! He'd always be wanting to reform her, always wanting to change her. I tell you, Mr. Mac, there are just two places where these fellows should be: they ought to be in charge of a jail, or else they should be policemen. Quite!

So I left Mr. Baines, and after a good deal of trouble I at last located Mr. James B. Thornton at the Ailanthus Club. A nicer, more upstanding young chap you wouldn't want to see. He greeted me most pleasantly, gave me a chair, and said, "What's the big idea, steward? Aren't you playing cricket this afternoon?"

Well, I'd tried my cuff links and I'd tried my story about liquor selling, and I'd all but met the wife of one of Julie's boys, so by this time I was fairly winded.

"No, sir," I said. "I've a rather delicate matter to take care of, and I thought perhaps you might help me."

"What's the matter? You run into some sort of jam?" he said.

Without more ado, I ups to Mr. Thornton and I ask him will he be so good as to give me Miss Julie's address, as there is something of hers that I have found.

He looks at me and he nods his head. "I really don't know where she is," and he looks a bit down. "I think she's at Westport."

"Sir," says I, "will you deliver this for me, if you please? I found it in a book, in the lounge." And I hand him the letter.

He takes it and he holds it in his hand, the blank envelope and the letter inside. Then he seals it up and puts it in his pocket.

"I'll try to deliver it. Thank you."

Then I was sure that this was Julie's young man, who'd take her letter and seal it in case it weren't for him. But, while it's all very well to be a gentleman, still there's such a thing as carrying it to an extreme.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said. "I have a notion this letter may be for you."

"I'm not sure," he says.

"It—Miss Julie asks someone to meet her before the ship docks—up on C deck. Please to come, it says. That's all that's in it, sir."

"Why, the little son of a gun," says Mr. Thornton, and he starts to laugh. "Well, well! That's different." He pulls the letter out of his pocket, and I look out of the window of his club.

"I can't tell you how much obliged to you I am," he says, and he holds out his hand to me.

"Oh. Quite! Not at all, sir," I says. "That's that, then. Cheerio."

"Don't rush off, steward. Wait, I'll get you a drink."

"No, sir. Thank you. I'll have to toddle along. We're playing out at Rumson this afternoon, sir, against the Berengaria."

"I'll run you out there."

"I couldn't think of it, sir," I said.

"No?" says Mr. Thornton, and he laughs. "Well, I'll run you up there, and you'll be pleased." That's your expression, isn't it, sir? Oh, yes. I'll like it. That's it! You chaps have a droll way of speaking, sir. Frequently it's very amusing.

MR. MAC, he drove me all the way to Rumson, New Jersey, and I was there to see Wilks of our side score a hundred and eighty-seven, not out. And as I was getting out of the car and thanking him, he said, "Here," and he gave me a fifty-dollar bill. Upon my word, sir, I didn't want to take it, but he said—how is that, sir? Oh, yes! He said, "You'll take it, and you will like it." And he wrote down my name, sir, and strike me balmy if I didn't get a wedding invitation from them. And a little note from Julie, too, which is personal, sir, and which I prize very highly.

I couldn't go to the wedding. We were on the high seas when it occurred, but if I'd been in port, sir, I'd surely have gone, and I'd have put a couple of quarter bottles in my socks to drink to the bride. A lovelier girl you wouldn't want to see. It's a pity they're wearing their dresses so long this season, don't you think, sir?

—The vibration, madam—the vibration is caused—Must you go, Mr. Mac? No, thank you, sir. Not just now. After tea, perhaps—a bottle of Bass—W-e-ll, thank you, sir. As soon as I get this ruddy tea served. Cheerio, sir!

THE END

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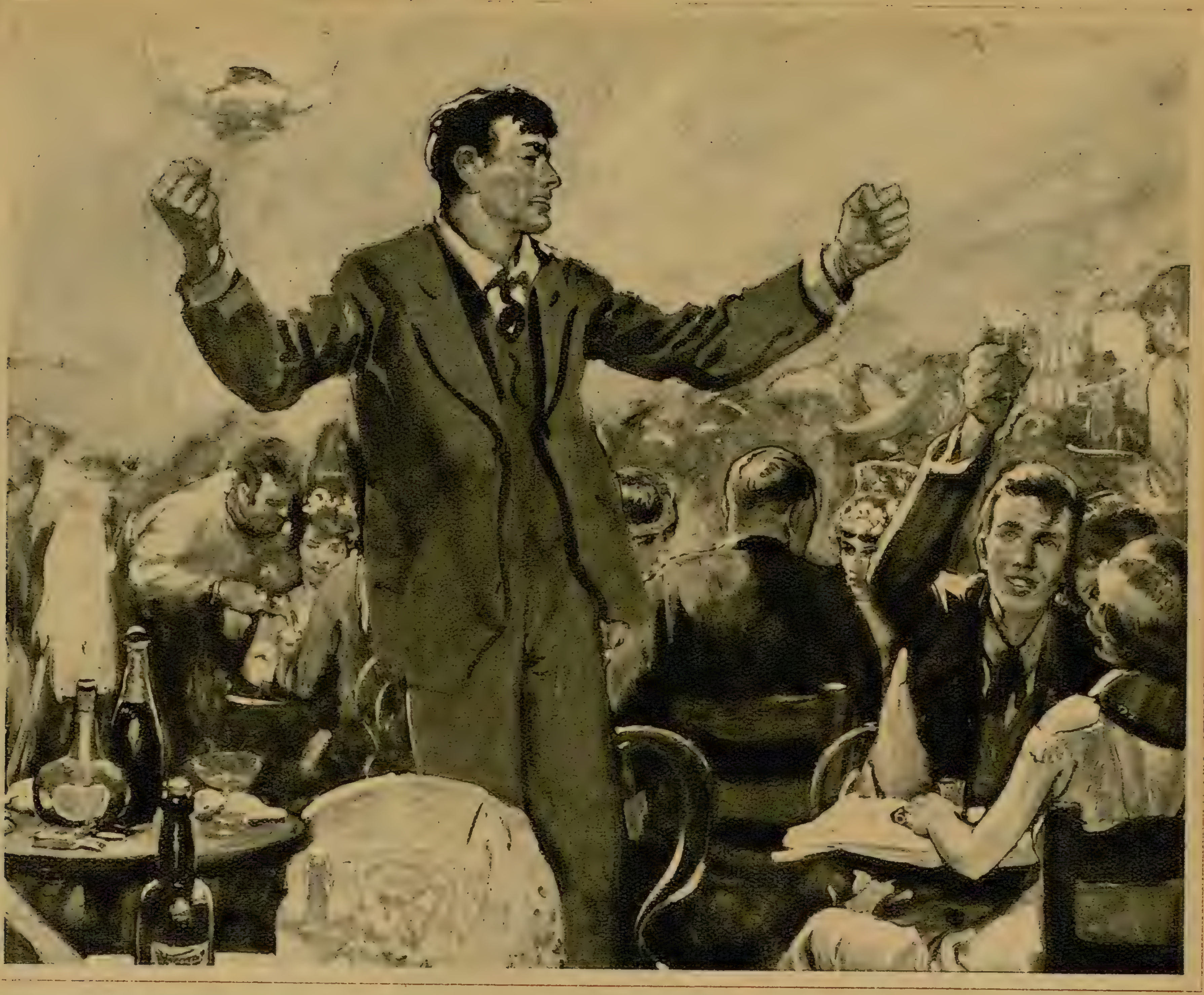
Morrison restaurants are nationally famous for their perfect menus and moderate prices. In the Terrace Garden you can dine and dance amid colorful surroundings. The historic Boston Oyster House is noted for its delicious sea foods.



He flaunted his contempt in the cafés where the spies and slackers made wassail.

German Spies in AMERICA

Intrigue in Mexico—A Slackers' Banquet—Spying on Spies—One More Is Captured

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 19 min. 57 sec.) FROM the cold evidence of Germany's tampering with neutral nations, as gathered from Berlin's own communications and quoted in last week's Liberty, Mr. Sutherland turns now to the colorful career of one of the most enterprising operatives in America. Here begins the hitherto untold story of a flamboyant young intriguer and his fate at the hands of men who knew something of intrigue themselves.

PART ELEVEN—WITZKE

THE story of Lothar Witzke is inextricably entwined with the stories of several other men, principally three who figured prominently in the swift climax which came in the affairs of this interesting young man. I shall tell about these three, so you may have a clearer comprehension of the character of Witzke and the dénouement to his career.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page sixty-nine

William Gleaves, a Negro, was born in Canada about 1872. As a youth he worked in Pennsylvania and later went to Mexico City, where in 1917, the year of his appearance on the Witzke stage, he had lived nearly thirty years. In the summer of that year he was hired by Otto Paglasch, owner of the Juarez Hotel on Tacuba Street in the Mexican capital, as a German secret service agent.

Gleaves, Paglasch was convinced, would be particularly valuable to Minister Heinrich von Eckhardt because he was at the time actually employed in a subordinate position in the British embassy! The hotel man introduced Gleaves to Jahnke, Witzke, Hinsch, and other German agents who had fled from the United States after we entered the war, and the black "traitor" was of no little value to his new companions because he was able to report to them such information as he gleaned around the British embassy.

In the fall of 1917 Gleaves accompanied Witzke—who went under the name of Pablo Waberski and who posed as a Russian—to Tampico to examine the possibility of blowing up the great oil fields from which the British and American navies were drawing vast supplies. Gleaves also accompanied Witzke when the latter was captured on his last trip to American soil.

Paul Bernardo Altendorf was a sort of soldier of fortune. He was born in Cracow on June 1, 1875. He worked for a jeweler in Vienna, and later he studied medicine and dentistry. He was a restless, roving, adventurous sort, and he traveled to Paris, London, South America, South Africa, Canada, and Mexico.

In April, 1917, he practiced dentistry in the state of Yucatan, and after America entered the World War Altendorf suddenly showed up in Mexico City. Before long he became known as one of the most rabid and indefatigable German agents among the hordes then roaming the streets of that capital. He associated constantly and openly with Jahnke and Witzke and the others, and he enjoyed their complete confidence. He was regarded with loathing by Americans and British and other Allied nationals then resident in Mexico City.

Altendorf also was in Witzke's company when the young German was arrested in Nogales, Arizona.

William Neunhoffer was born in San Marcos, Texas, about 1888. He studied law and was admitted to practice; and he spoke German fluently, because of his ancestry, and because of his association with the German-Americans so plentiful in that part of Texas; and he also spoke Spanish fluently, because almost every youngster born and reared in southwest Texas does.

AS soon as Congress passed the conscription act for the purpose of raising an American army, Neunhoffer fled to Mexico City, where he promptly offered his services to von Eckhardt. He became one of the most valued and most trusted German agents in Mexico.

He consorted openly with such well known spies as Jahnke and Witzke and Altendorf and Gleaves. He flaunted his contempt and hatred for America in hotel lobbies, in the plazas, in the saloons and cafés, where the spies and slackers made wassail with the native women. A loud, blatant, vulgar slacker and German spy, it got so that when Americans and English drinking in a bar saw Neunhoffer swaggering in they would throw their drinks in the spittoons and walk out.

The British ambassador actually complained to American Ambassador Fletcher after Neunhoffer had had a fist fight with a Scotland Yard man in the doorway of the Hotel Iturbide. Fletcher could do nothing about it, he told the Briton.

Von Eckhardt was delighted by Neunhoffer's services and the rage he inspired among citizens of the Allied countries. He gave him a good salary and a generous allowance for expenses, and he gladly footed the bill when Neunhoffer suggested the famous Slackers' Banquet.

Mexico City was swarming with American draft evaders at the time, and Neunhoffer rounded up about fifty of the most notorious and offen-

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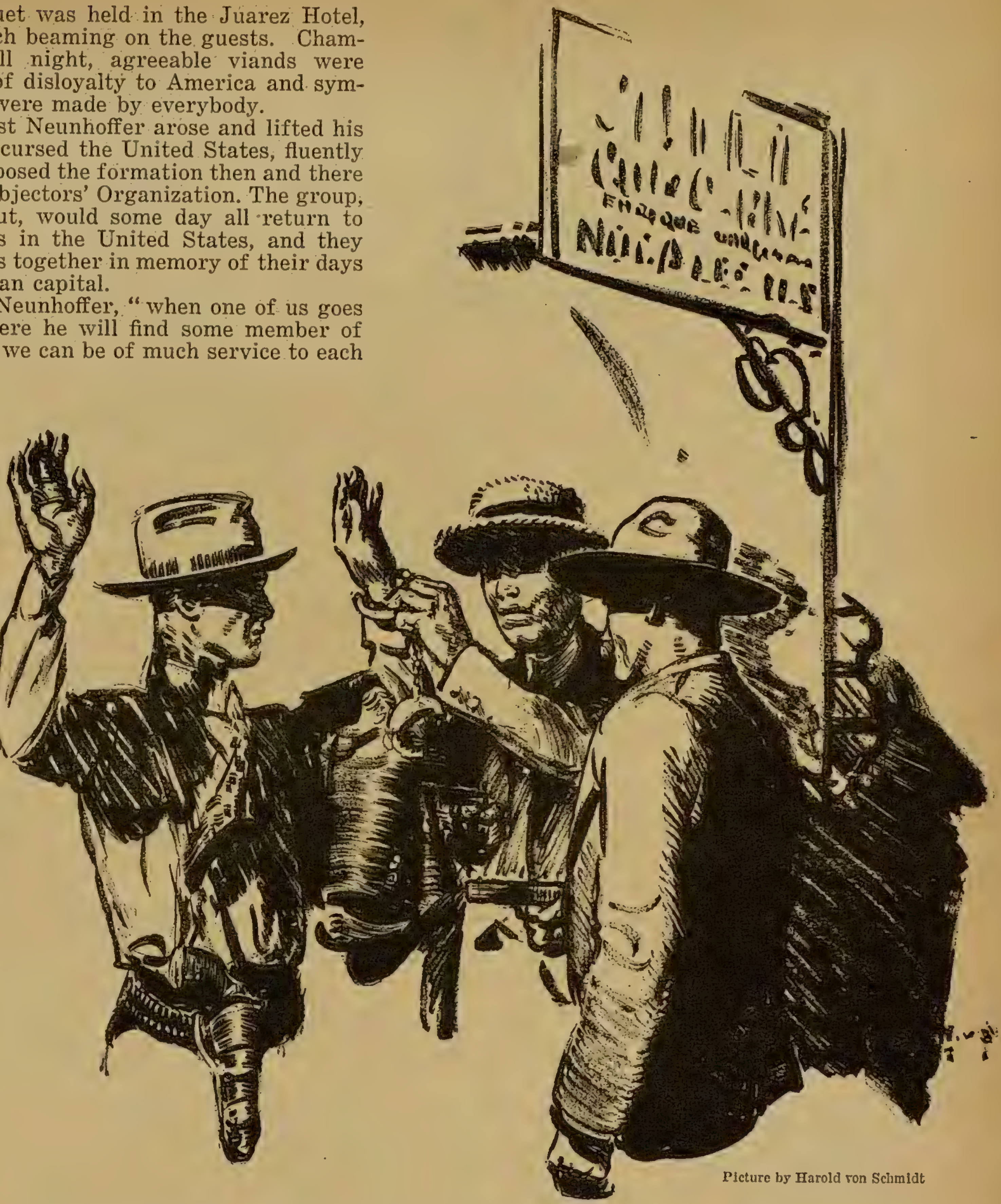
sive ones. The banquet was held in the Juarez Hotel, with Boniface Paglasch beaming on the guests. Champagne was poured all night, agreeable viands were served, and speeches of disloyalty to America and sympathy for the Kaiser were made by everybody.

About midnight Host Neunhoffer arose and lifted his hand for silence. He cursed the United States, fluently and at length, and proposed the formation then and there of the Conscientious Objectors' Organization. The group, Neunhoffer pointed out, would some day all return to widely scattered cities in the United States, and they should band themselves together in memory of their days in the beautiful Mexican capital.

"Then," explained Neunhoffer, "when one of us goes to another city up there he will find some member of this organization, and we can be of much service to each other in business and social ways. Therefore, I will pass this book around, and each of us will write down his name and address back home.

"I will make copies of the names later and send them to each of you, so we can all be friends forever after the war is over. I'll write my name first, and while the book is being passed around we'll drink more wine and sing the good old German songs we all love."

No wonder Americans used to spit when they met Neunhoffer sauntering about the streets! No wonder Gleaves and Altendorf and Neunhoffer were so popular with von Eckhardt and the German spies in Mexico!


Picture by Harold von Schmidt

Agents Butcher and Smart walked up to Witzke and covered him with their pistols.

Well, it just happens that all this time Gleaves was a British secret agent; that Altendorf was working for the Intelligence Department of the United States Army and was known by his superiors as A-1; and that Neunhoffer for years had been a Department of Justice man, and was reporting nightly, after he had reported to von Eckhardt, to Major R. R. Campbell, military attaché at the American embassy!

Poor Neunhoffer, he told me once—I met him years ago—that he used to weep when he reached his hotel room after passing Americans who cursed him for a filthy slacker!

That list of names he obtained at the Slackers' Banquet came in handy later, he says: every one of the evaders was easily captured after the armistice permitted them to return to the addresses they had written down; and most of them were sent to prison.

Imagine von Eckhardt's astonishment when, after peace was declared in Europe, he began his return trip to Germany. The British government requested Washington to have the ambassador sail from New York to Hamburg via England, because they wanted to question him a bit. So Washington ordered von Eckhardt to travel from Laredo, Texas, by rail to New York City, and an American secret service man was detailed to accompany him and turn him over to other American agents in New York City.

The American who climbed aboard von Eckhardt's car in Laredo was Neunhoffer, and the German diplomat's face was a marvelous thing to behold when he recognized his trusted old Mexico City spy and realized how he had been tricked!

And these were the three "German agents" relied on so implicitly by Witzke that he had two of them accompany him to the border on his last trip to America. From the moment he first broached his final conspiracy to them until, weeks later, he was captured in Nogales, the American secret service had been advised daily of his plans and moves—by Altendorf and Gleaves and Neunhoffer.

WITH this beguiling background, let us now recite the story of Lothar Witzke.

Witzke was born in Posen, Prussia, on May 1, 1895. He attended grammar school for three years, high school for nine, and Posen Academy for one year. When he was seventeen and one-half years old he became a naval cadet, and he was promoted to lieutenant by the time he was twenty. Meantime, he had been instructed in the naval secret service department, where he must have pleased his instructors by his shrewdness, daring, ingenuity, and resourcefulness.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They Burn FAT
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The modern method of reduction, now used by doctors the world over, is based on a late discovery. Science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a defective gland. That gland's secretion has much to do with nutrition. Its main purpose seems to be to change food into fuel and energy.

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GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page seventy-one

Early in 1916 he was serving aboard the cruiser Dresden, and after the engagement off South America in which the British sank that vessel Witzke spent two months in a Valparaiso hospital with a broken leg. Other survivors of the crew were interned, but Witzke managed to escape about the time his wound healed.

Witzke reached San Francisco late in June, 1916, on the steamship Calusa. It is not clear whether he visited Mexico City en route to the United States; but once in California the twenty-one-year-old naval officer reported to Consul General Bopp and to Kurt Jahnke for duty.

Wide World photo

Ex-President Calles of Mexico, who met Witzke when governor of Sonora.

Witzke kept a diary, which he turned over to the authorities in Berlin long afterward. Little is known about this important notebook save two things: first, that the brilliant spy falsified numerous entries in it so that he would always have an alibi if he were arrested; and, second, that in spite of the demands of the lawyers representing the American claimants for Black Tom and Kingsland damages that this book be produced, the German member of the Mixed Claims Commission, the German agent, and the other Germans involved in the hearings steadfastly declined to turn it over.

Jahnke and Witzke made a busy and a dangerous brace of saboteurs. They were intimate with Bopp and von Brincken and other officials and spies who were convicted of criminal espionage and sentenced to the penitentiary, and with still others who never were punished.

THE Preparedness Day Parade bomb which killed ten persons and resulted in a life sentence for Mooney and Billings was exploded while Witzke and Jahnke were at large, and on Tuesday, July 25, three days after the fatal explosion, Witzke applied for American citizenship. Wozniak and Scheele, it will be recalled, also went in for that citizenship camouflage. Also, an entry in Witzke's diary places him in a near-by town on the Saturday of the parade atrocity.

Immediately after asking for his first papers in San Francisco Witzke raced across the continent with Jahnke—and he is in New York City when Black Tom is blown up on July 30. Immediately thereafter he is back in San Francisco, publicly showing himself and manifesting vast interest in his citizenship maneuver.

Then he returns to New York City and he and Jahnke live together in an apartment at No. 100 West Fifty-sixth Street.

Witzke was just simply too smart to be identified with any other German spy except Jahnke; so the record is pretty empty of his actual movements and accomplishments. That he was exceedingly active is proven by his own admissions later, as we shall see.

And while we do not know when he left the United States for Mexico, we do know that it was not until after Kingsland, according to Hermann's confession, had been burned by Wozniak and Hermann and Hinsch.

IN any event, Witzke is found in Mexico City early in 1917 under the name of Pablo Waberski. The cordon of American secret service men thrown along the Mexican border was a joke to Witzke, for he crossed to and fro whenever he wanted to. Precisely what he did after he had slipped across into American territory can only be conjectured, but the dates and data on his papers when he was captured in Nogales show conclusively that he had been looking far ahead and preparing a marvelous alibi against that day when he should be captured.

Following a series of conferences in Mexico City between von Eckhardt and Jahnke and Dr. Delmar (Anton Dilger) and Witzke and Altendorf, it was decided that Witzke should again invade American territory for the purpose of stirring up mutiny among the Negro troops stationed in Arizona, inciting I. W. W. and other disloyal elements to riot and violence and sabotage, and learning what he might of troop movements and military plans and preparations in the United States.

About January 15, 1918, Witzke and Altendorf and Gleaves left Mexico City. They worked their way toward the west-coast ports and then north toward the frontier. Meanwhile, as we have seen, American agents had been apprised of the expedition and were waiting. The details of the journey north and some of the conversations held en route will be narrated presently.

On the morning of Thursday, January 31, Witzke and Gleaves registered at the Central Hotel in Nogales, Sonora, which is separated from Nogales, Arizona, simply by a street. That afternoon Witzke crossed the street and was in American territory. He was shadowed by Americans every moment of his brief visit, and he returned to his Mexican hotel before evening. There he conferred with several Negro deserters from a regiment stationed near by, at Fort Huachaca, and with one or two Wobbly leaders who had been waiting for him.

The next morning, Friday, February 1, he again crossed into American territory, and it was decided to arrest him. Byron S. Butcher, a special agent under Captain Joel A. Lipscomb, intelligence officer, and Informant S-2, as Agent Harry Smart was called, walked up to Witzke on Morley Avenue and covered him with their pistols. He was quickly handcuffed, placed in an automobile, and taken to the military camp guardhouse.

There he was surrounded by armed guards to await an interview with Captain Lipscomb. When Lipscomb walked into the room he saw a youth not yet twenty-three years of age, five feet seven and a half inches tall, weighing about 165 pounds, with sandy hair, ruddy complexion, and keen blue eyes. He flatly refused to answer any questions, but slouched in his chair, a sneer on his face. Lipscomb ordered him searched and found Witzke had $1,000 in American money and Mexican gold. The gold was in a money belt, and the American bank notes were tied in handkerchiefs just above the calves of both legs.

He had a Russian passport, Number 435, issued in Mexico City to " Paul Waberski, twenty-two, mechanic and auto engineer, resident of New York City and San Francisco for the last seventeen years; returning to U. S." The passport was " seen " No. 630 by the American consul general in Mexico City and stamped December 10, 1917. It was " passed " by the U. S. Immigration office in Nogales, Arizona, January 31, 1918.

In " The Declaration of Alien About to Leave Mexico for U. S." Waberski said he was born in Winski, Dziatozin, Russia, on May 5, 1895, and had lived in San Francisco from January, 1905, to November, 1917, and in Mexico City from November, 1917, to the date of the passport.

AN alien head-tax receipt also was found. It was Number 4304, issued in Laredo, Texas, on June 5, 1917, with the above data and " Destination, Portland, Oregon."

Witzke also had a Mexican passport, Number 396, issued in Laredo, Texas, on November 15, 1917, en route to Mexico. It contained the foregoing information about himself, with two additional entries of interest: he declared himself a " bachelor," and further down, in the space provided for this purpose, it said " accompanied by wife."

Witzke also had Selective Draft Registration C. H. 171, issued to Waberski in the First Precinct, San Francisco, on June 9, 1917. This indicates that Witzke went directly to California after passing through Laredo on June 5. There was also found a Certificate of Service to Able Seaman Number 10035, San Francisco, June 27, 1917, to Pablo Waberski. He also had a motor-car operator's license No. 332987, issued to Pablo Waberski on October 17, 1917.

There were a number of disastrous fires in the logging camps and sawmills around Portland, Oregon, between June and October, 1917. As noted, one of Witzke's documents showed his destination was Portland.

Witzke also had a special permit, dated January 29, 1918, from the mayor of Hermosillo, capital of Sonora, to Pablo Waberski, permitting him to carry a pistol.

There was also a memorandum book with hotel entries, cost of railway tickets en route from Mexico City to Nogales, disbursements on his expense account, and the names and addresses of several girls in towns along the way; two opals, a watch, several photographs, and personal effects. Questioned about each of these items, Witzke simply shrugged his shoulders and refused to talk. So Captain Lipscomb ordered that leg irons as well as handcuffs be put on the prisoner and that two guards armed with rifles stand beside him in the room. Several others were stationed outside in the hall.

That afternoon Captain Lipscomb crossed to the Central Hotel and took possession of Witzke's baggage. In it were found clothing, keys, a letter in code, and a cipher table for use in sending telegrams. The next day Lipscomb wrote out a complete report of the affair and sent it to headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, in San Antonio, Texas. In this report he included the statements made to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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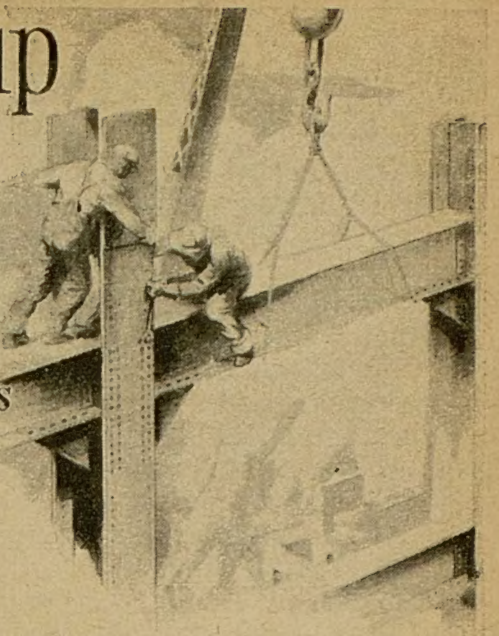

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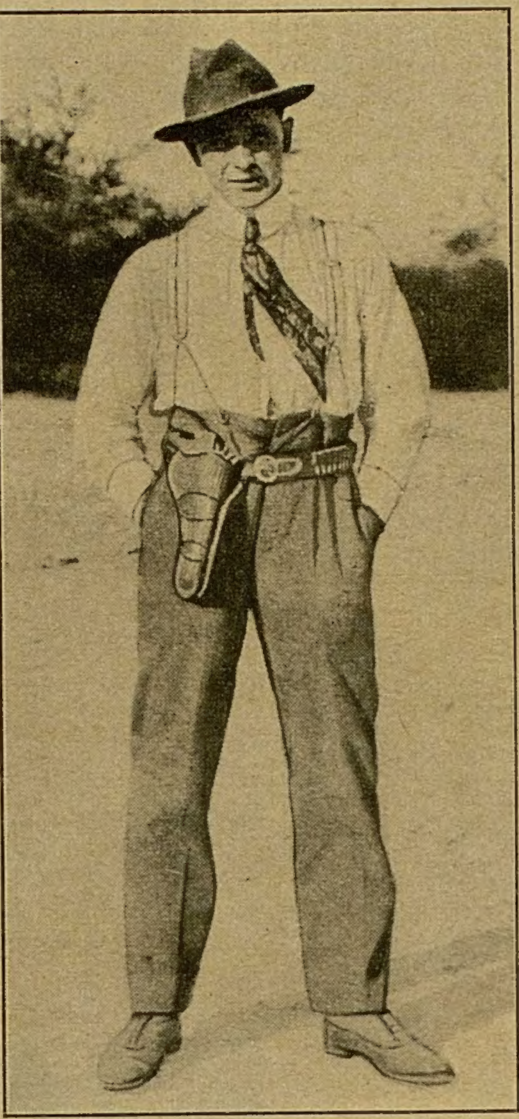
GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA

Continued from page seventy-three

him by Operative A-1, who was Dr. Paul Altendorf and who told this story:

" I have been working for the Intelligence Department in Sonora, the state of which Plutarco Elias Calles is governor. He is very pro-German and decidedly anti-American. I have been reporting, sometimes direct and at other times through American consuls in Mexico, to the secret service in San Diego, California.



Brown Bros.

A photograph of Witzke taken in Mexico by Altendorf forty-eight hours before the capture.

" I met Witzke, Jahnke, Neunhoffer, and other German agents in Mexico City last year, and reported frequently to Minister von Eckhardt for instructions. I was sent by von Eckhardt to work in Sonora, and on December 13, 1917, I left Guaymas for Mexico City with a note from German Consul Rademacher to von Eckhardt, asking for more funds so he could continue to dominate political affairs in Sonora where his friend Calles was in charge.

" Early in January, this year, Witzke and Jahnke conferred in Mexico City over maps and plans Witzke had made of harbors and railway yards in Mazatlán and Vera Cruz and Tampico. It was about that time that we discussed Witzke's trip to Nogales. His plans were to inaugurate a reign of terror in American military camps, to impede so far as possible the sending of troops to France, to assassinate important military personages if he found an opportunity, and to kill a certain American in Nogales. I think that was Byron Butcher, who had caused a lot of trouble for German spies along the border.

" Witzke and I left Mexico City on January 15 for Sonora via Manzanillo and Mazatlán. As we rode along Witzke told me something terrible was going to happen soon after he crossed the border. This, he boasted, would save Germany.

" The young German was drinking all along the way. Getting confidential he told me that he had blown up a powder magazine near San Francisco, probably at Mare Island navy yard, containing 250,000 pounds of powder. He said he did this one morning about 5 o'clock; and that sixteen persons, including six children, had been killed.

" He told me that while he was a machinist on the U.S.S. Minnesota he had disabled the vessel's boilers. His exact words about other sabotage were these:

" ' I also did the work in New Jersey with Jahnke when the munition barges were blown up and the piers wrecked. We were out in a small boat and the waves nearly swamped us and we came near drowning. I had to pull Jahnke out of the water. I'm afraid I have many lives on my conscience, but I expect to have some more.'

" HE also told me that he caused many fires in the lumber camps of the northwest; and that for a long time in America he had worked with Jahnke and Ambassador von Bernstorff.

" When Witzke and I reached Colima the train had departed, so Witzke hired a locomotive. While we were negotiating about the cost, I noticed the Negro, William Gleaves, standing around. I knew he was a German agent, but I didn't know he was going along until Witzke said he wanted him as a valet and to help cause mutiny among the Negro troops in Arizona.

" We all mounted the engine and proceeded. Witzke continued to drink, and Gleaves would undress him at night and put him to bed. We reached Guaymas on January 27, and left the next morning for Hermosillo. I introduced Witzke to Calles, in whose military forces I had once been a surgeon, and acted as interpreter for them.

" Witzke asked Governor Calles to protect him against American spies in Sonora and forward to the German legation from the governor's private telegraph room in the Capitol any code telegrams which Witzke might send from the United States or elsewhere. He told Calles that everything had been arranged and Calles would soon get orders from Mexico City. Of course, President Carranza and the whole Mexican government are pro-German.

" Calles replied that so far he knew nothing about the whole affair, but would transmit the cipher messages, and would protect Witzke while he was in Sonora, but could not, of course, be responsible for anything that might happen to him after he crossed the frontier.

" THAT very day, at my request, the American consul in Mazatlán had wired the secret service officials in San Diego, California, that A-1 was accompanying two German spies en route to the border to kill some officers in Nogales and otherwise create trouble. The San Diego bureau, I have since learned, wired the American consul at Nogales, Sonora, to be on the lookout for us, and to notify the authorities in Nogales, Arizona, of our arrival.

" On January 30 Witzke and Gleaves left for the border after Witzke got a permit to carry a pistol and accepted a revolver from Calles. I was to do some business for Witzke and then take the next train for Nogales. When Witzke and Gleaves alighted at the Nogales, Sonora, station Informant M-2 [an American agent] picked them up and followed them to the Central Hotel.

" I arrived on the 31st and reported to Witzke. He told me to stick around, and of course I came across to the American side and notified Mr. Butcher, after which I returned to Witzke's hotel."

On the morning of January 31 the unsuspecting Witzke went to American Consul Lawton's office to get his passport stamped, and Captain Lipscomb was in the next room. Witzke told Lawton he was returning to the United States to fill out his draft questionnaire and was going to San Francisco to report for military duty. Lawton, following Lipscomb's orders, approved the passport.

Pending a reply from Fort Sam Houston, Captain Lipscomb, acting with the greatest secrecy so that Mexico City would not know Witzke had been captured, sent the prisoner to the county jail at Tucson.

Meanwhile Minister von Eckhardt and Jahnke and Hinsch waited patiently in Mexico City for word from their favorite spy. They never knew what happened to him! It was not until Neunhoffer boarded his train that the chagrined diplomat learned what had become of Witzke.

In the middle of the summer, following orders from San Antonio, Witzke was transferred to the Nineteenth Infantry guardhouse at Fort Sam Houston to face a court-martial.

Mr. Sutherland will continue the story of Lothar Witzke in next week's Liberty.

	S	C	A	B		S	P	A	C	E		P	A	C	T	
S	T	A	T	E		H	A	M	A	N		A	D	O	R	E
H	O	V	E	L		A	P	A	R	T		L	O	V	E	R
A	R	E	■	T	A	W	■	H	E	E	L	S	■	E	A	R
M	E	S	S	■	S	L	Y	■	T	R	I	■	A	R	T	S
			P	A	S	S	E	S	■	S	O	O	N			
T	H	R	A	C	E	■	L	A	M	■	N	A	N	T	E	S
R	I	A	■	T	R	E	L	L	I	S	■	K	A	R	A	T
I	N	T	O	■	T	O	O	■	R	I	D	■	S	I	N	E
E	G	E	A	N	■	S	W	E	A	T	E	R	■	P	E	W
R	E	S	T	E	D	■	S	A	G	■	B	I	P	E	D	S
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D	A	R	N	■	A	L	T	■	S	E	T	■	T	I	R	E
O	R	A	■	T	R	I	E	D	■	T	E	D	■	R	U	N
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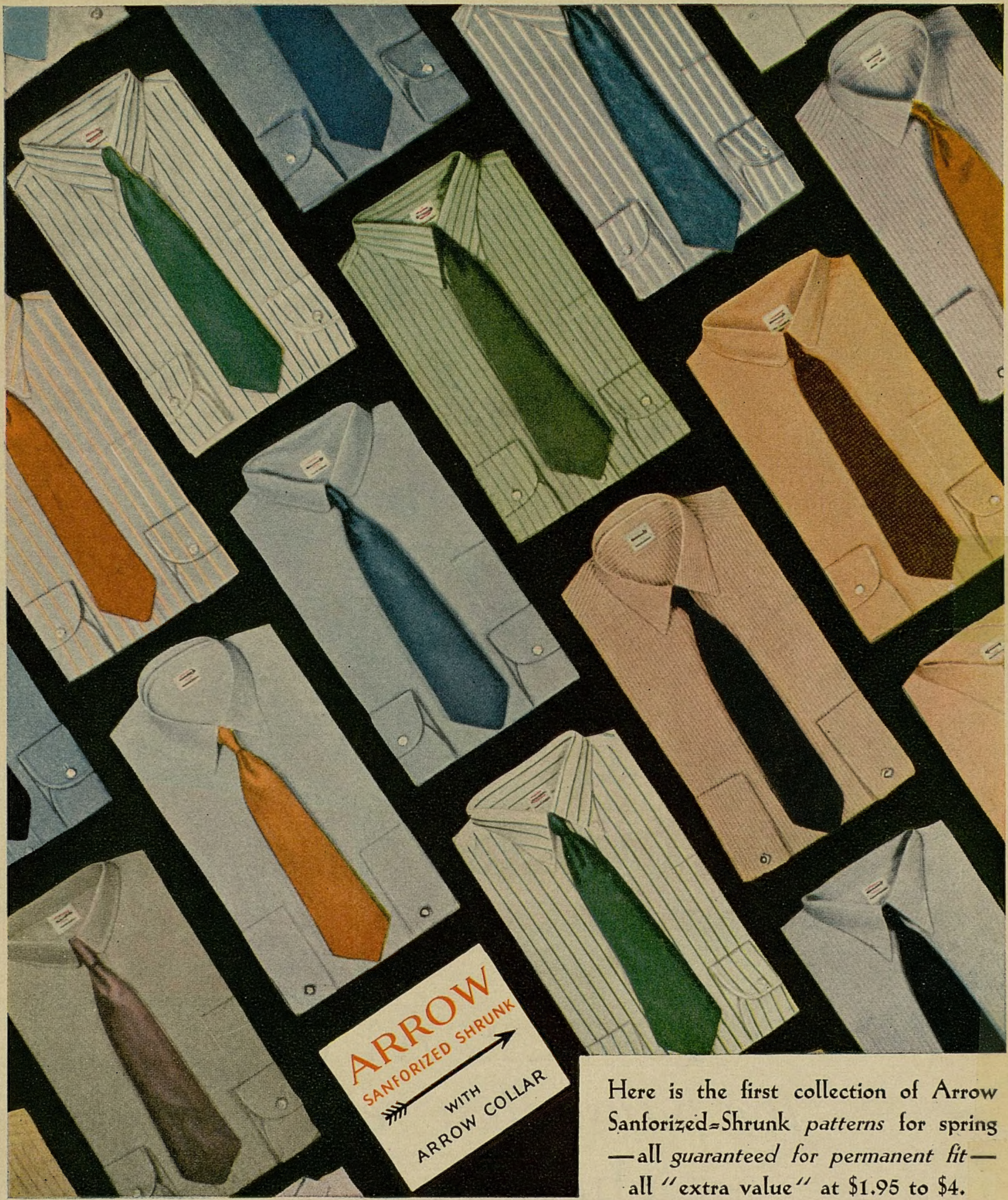
	N	E	S	T		S	E	E	P	S		L	E	S	S	

Answer to the puzzle on page 58

	C	A	R	O	T	I	D		S	T	I	L	T	S	
M	A	R	I	N	A	T	E		H	O	N	O	R	I	A
A	R	E	A	■	M	A	M	I	E	■	T	R	A	D	E
I	T	S	■	T	A	L	O	N	■	D	E	E	P	E	R
N	E	■	M	A	R	I	N	■	W	A	R	S			
		C	O	L	I	C	■	P	A	W	N	■	M	O	P
M	A	R	T	E	N	■	L	O	I	N	S	■	A	B	A
O	G	E	E	S	■	D	A	R	T	S	■	P	L	A	N
R	I	O	T	■	P	I	N	T	S	■	W	R	O	N	G
A	L	L	■	B	I	N	D	S	■	B	E	I	N	G	S
L	E	E	■	A	L	E	S	■	S	E	I	Z	E		
			I	T	E	R	■	S	E	R	G	E	■	T	E
S	H	U	N	T	S	■	P	A	R	A	H	■	A	R	K
P	A	N	N	E	■	B	E	R	E	T	■	B	R	I	E
A	R	T	E	R	I	O		A	N	E	M	O	N	E	S
	T	O	R	S	O	S		H	E	D	E	B	O	S	

Answer to the puzzle on page 59



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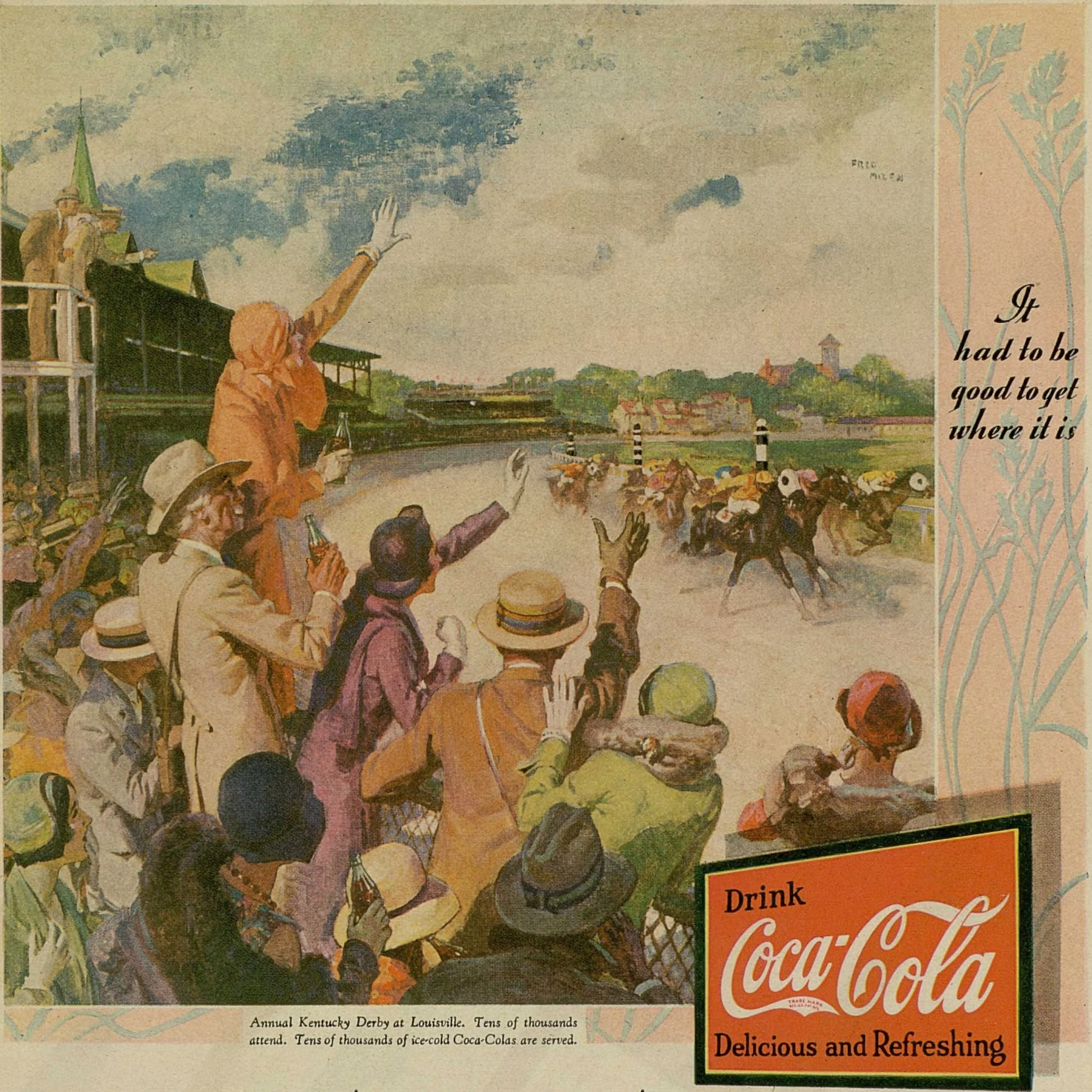

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